



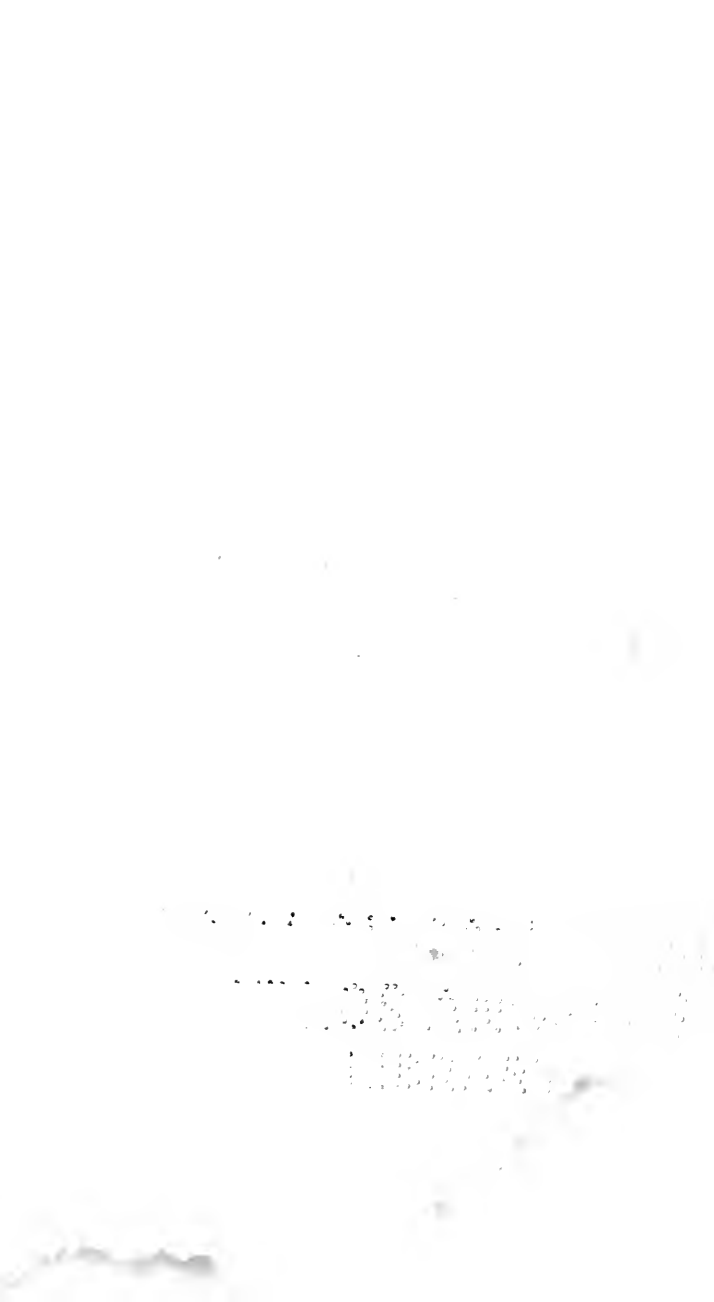
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



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Oxberry's Edition.

RUGANTINO ;
OR, THE BRAVO OF VENICE.

A MELO-DRAME:

By M. G. Lewis.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, AND
R. MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE-STREET;
AND C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL-MALL.

1820.

TO THE
ALPHABETICAL

Remarks.

RUGANTINO.

In life there is a period, a short epoch between boyhood and manhood in which the mind loses the wild imagination of the one state, without gaining the judgment of the other. There is always in this interval, this neutral ground, as it were, between fancy and reason, an affectation of wisdom, a supercilious disdain of that which delights, in opposition to that which informs. It has not yet learned the value of fiction simply considered as fiction, and invariably mistakes fastidiousness for taste. Even so, it is, but upon a more extended scale, in the history of literature; in its early age it is fruitful in prodigious fiction; the imagination of the writer, as of his readers, is curbed by no-restraint; in the next stage, the taste becomes fastidious, dry, and hard; the mind does not seek to attain that which is great, but to avoid that which is ridiculous; in the last period the empire of the imagination recommences, not because the mind has grown too weak to relish unadorned reason, but because it has grown strong enough to despise the littleness of affectation.

The present day is on the skirts of this last epoch; works of pure imagination are beginning to hold their proper place; the literature of the North is allowed to be a world in itself, the produce of which world is not to be judged by the relative produce of Grecian and Italian soils, but by its own intrinsic merit, all other considerations set aside; we are pleased to relish its peculiar fruits though essentially different in flavour from the fruits of warmer climates.

He, who inclines to these principles, will feel little hesitation in allowing praise to the wild, and improbable fiction of Rugantino. It seems to be written in downright mockery and defiance of reason; as if the author had set out with a firm resolution of leaving common sense behind him, a point which he has fully accomplished, leaving the poor creature in

utter amazement at his flight : yet, sooth to say, that straight-laced common sense which is too proud and unsocial to mix in the company of fairies, giants, gnomes, “*et id genus omne*,” is more to be pitied than admired. To us, the wonders of Rugantino are as delightful as the lamp of Aladdin, or the miraculous purse of Fortunatus ; it must indeed be confessed that the Melo-drama is by no means equal to the romance on which it is founded ; in Abellino there is no attempt to reconcile impossibilities with truth ; it is an honest, downright fiction, enjoying all the brilliant advantages of that class of composition ; the Melo-drama, on the other hand, has more of improbability and less of fiction. Rugantino is far from being the same bold bandit we have admired in Abellino ; still he is a very clever, and what is more to the purpose, a very popular gentleman.

The fiction itself has been dressed up in all manner of shapes. First there was the German Romance of Abälino : then a German drama founded upon it ; then Lewis’ translation of the first, followed by his Rugantino ; then the *L’homme a trois visages*, of the French, a clever little Melo-drama. Then, Abellino put on a woman’s habit and became in Germany *Die Weibliche Abälino*, the female Abälino, a play, —which was again transformed at Paris into the *La Femme a trois visages*, the woman of three faces. Whether the bandit has appeared under any other forms, we know not, but it is most probable that he has.

The merits of Lewis have been more frequently underrated than overrated ; he was a scholar in the liberal acceptance of the word ; a man most certainly of talent, if not of imagination ; no writer of modern times has played so powerfully with terror ; even now his “*Monk*,” remains unrivalled, a perfect model of romance ; his language and description are for the most part extremely simple, and if his effects are exaggerated, the means by which they are produced are simplicity itself. That he has borrowed largely, cannot be denied ; but what writer of modern, or even of the boasted ancient, times, has not done so ? Why should that be a sin in Lewis, which, if not a virtue, is at least excused, in others ?—Weeds will grow of themselves around the tomb of genius, but it must indeed be a barbarous hand that would erase one letter from its epitaph.

Costume.

RUGANTINO.—First dress.—Brown tunic.—Second dress.—A Bravo's dress of brown and scarlet serge.—Third dress.—Friar's gown.—Fourth dress.—Suit of armour.—Fifth dress.—White kerseymere doublet, pantaloons, and purple scarf, embroidered with silver.

MEMMO.—Brown doublet, breeches, and cloak embroidered with gold.

STEPHANO.—First dress.—Scarlet doublet, breeches, and cloak trimmed with blue, and gilt buttons.—Second dress.—Tunic suit.

CONTARINO.—Green velvet tunic suit, embroidered with silver.

PAROZZI.—Brown,—ibid.

DUKE.—Velvet robe and vest, embroidered with gold.

PATRIARCH.—White surpius, purple robe, and mitre.

FALIERI.—Orange coloured tunic, embroidered with silver.

GONZAGO.—Crimson,—ibid.

PISANI.—Black velvet tunic, embroidered with silver.

BERTOLDO.—Green cloth tunic, trimmed with yellow galoon.

JUANILLO.—Brown,—ibid.

PAOLO.—Drab serge doublet, trimmed with black.

HERALD.—Buff dress, and herald's coat.

LORDS.—Various coloured tunics, embroidered.

SERVANTS.—Various coloured liveries.

SAILORS.—Shape jackets and trowsers.

ROSABELLA.—First dress.—White muslin and veil.—Second dress.—White satin, spangled with silver, white drapery.—Third dress.—Spangled muslin, pale green crape drapery, embroidered with silver.

CAMILLA.—First dress.—Muslin petticoat, trimmed with pink and silver points, pink satin body, trimmed with silver.—Second dress.—Spangled muslin dress, and drapery trimmed with sea weed and cockle shells.

LAURA.—White petticoat, trimmed with blue points, white apron, and blue calico body.

NUNS.—White dresses, bibs, veils, and rosaries.

Persons Represented.

	1829. <i>Drury-lane.</i>	1805. <i>Covent-garden.</i>
<i>Andreas, Duke of Venice,</i>	Mr. Bengough.	Mr. Murray.
<i>Lomelino</i>	Mr. Carr.	Mr. Cresswell.
<i>Manfrone</i>	Mr. Marshall.	Mr. Bennett.
<i>The Patriarch of Venice</i>	Mr. Cooke.	Mr. Jeffries.
<i>Parozzi</i>	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Claremont.
<i>Contarino</i>	Mr. T. P. Cooke.	Mr. Brunton.
<i>Memmo</i>	Mr. Oxberry.	Mr. Liston.
<i>Falieri</i>	Mr. Kent.	Mr. Klanert.
<i>Gonzaga</i>	Mr. Ebsworth.	Mr. Field.
<i>Pisani</i>	Mr. Miller.	Mr. King.
<i>Stephano</i>	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Blanchard.
<i>Bertoldo</i>	Mr. Minton.	Mr. Beverley.
<i>Juanillo</i>	Mr. Coveney.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Paolo</i>	Mr. Evans.	Mr. Abbot.
<i>Herald</i>	Mr. Maddocks.	Mr. Street.
<i>Rugantino</i>	Mr. Wallack.	Mr. H. Johnston.
<i>Rosabella</i>	Mrs. Hill.	Mrs. Gibbs.
<i>Camilla</i>	Mrs. Sparks.	Mrs. Mattocks.
<i>Laura</i>	Miss Fairbrother.	Mrs. Frederick.
<i>Bettina</i>	Miss Tidswell.	Mrs. Emery.

THE CHARACTERS IN THE MASQUE

BY

Messrs. T. Blanchard, Lee, Menage, Dubois, &c.
Mrs. St. Leger, Mrs. Humphries, Miss Waddy, Miss Searle,
Mrs. Watts, Mrs. Follett, &c. &c.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is generally
Two hours.

Stage Directions.

By R.H.	is meant	Right Hand.
L.H.		Left Hand.
S.E.		Second Entrance.
U.E.		Upper Entrance.
M.D.		Middle Door.
D.F.		Door in flat.
R.H.D.		Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.		Left Hand Door.

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CALIFORNIA

RUGANTINO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Place of St. Giorgio Maggiore at sunset.
The Curtain rises to slow Music.*

Enter PAROZZI followed by MEMMO, L.H.S.E.

Mem. But be patient, Parozzi ; at least be patient !

Par. Patient ?—Has not Rosabella rejected me ? nay ; when I taxed her with a passion for Flodoardo, did she not insultingly contrast the virtues by which he dignified his obscurity, with the vices by which, she said, my nobility was disgraced ?

Mem. Well ! well ! To be sure nothing is half so disagreeable as truth ; and it's certainly mighty provoking—

Par. Provoking ? If I forgive her—— ! But her fate is fixed ! She dies.

Mem. (*Shuddering.*)—Dies ? My dear Parozzi, don't look so fierce, or I shall certainly take to my heels ! D—d—dies, said you ?

Par. She dies ! the Bravo Rugantino has received his hire——

Mem. Rugantino ?—I had much rather you wouldn't mention him.

Par. He, at whose name all Venice quakes——

Mem. I don't know what all Venice does ; but I'm sure I do !

Par. Annually, on the evening before her birth-day, Rosabella goes in solemn procession to pass some hours alone in the shrine of her patroness, St. Rosa. There will Rugantino meet her this very night ; there too will *I* be !

Mem. You? Won't it be dangerous too——

Par. Ha! my revenge would be but half gratified, did I not see the blow struck myself; did not Rosabella hear as she expires, "Remember the scorned Parozzi." (*A galley passes at a distance from R.II. to L.II.*) But look, Memmo, is not that the galley——

Mem. Which carried out Contarino? 'tis the same! It approaches! Contarino is on board.

The Galley arrives—CONTARINO springs on shore.

Par. and Mem. Welcome, Contarino: welcome!

Par. Quick; your tidings——

Con. Are excellent—The Emperor approves of our conspiracy: in a week his troops will arrive to assist us, and then shall we be masters of Venice. But the Duke's prime counsellors, Manfrone and Lomelino, suspect our plans, and traverse them: they must be despatched immediately.

Par. For that have I already provided; Rugantino is in my pay, and——

Con. Rugantino? I have heard much of this strange man; but what I am to believe——

Par. Learn that from me. Soon after your departure a young stranger arrived here, called Flodoardo. His plausible manners pleased the Duke; his Apollo-like form fascinated Rosabella; but he became the general idol when he found means to seize the five banditti, who had so long been the terror of Venice. We knew them well, Contarino, and had often found their daggers of use.

Con. But how did he discover their lurking-place?

Par. I know not; suffice it to say, that the five banditti were executed; but on the following morning this paper was found affixed to the palace-gates.

Con. (Reading.)—"Venetians! the banditti who suffered yesterday have left a sixth behind them, whose single arm equals those of the other five. Ye, who need my dagger, seek me! As a proof of my skill, let St. Bertrand's cave be searched; 'twas there I stabbed to the heart the senator Carlo Foscari. From the Venetian Bravo, Rugantino."—Carlo Foscari?

Par. The Duke's near kinsman, who had disappeared some months before.

Con. This paper shows a daring mind.

Par. "Ha!" cried I, when I had perused it "this is the very man we need!"—But Rugantino knew of my connection with his deceased associates, and ere I had time to seek *him*, he found *me*. Oh! 'tis the ugliest knave—his face so deform'd by scars—his eye-brows so black and bushy—then his smile is a terrific grin, and when he laughs, the sound is enough to scare mirth out of the universe.

Con. But Lomelino and Manfrone—

Par. He has engaged to despatch them the instant that he receives 10,000 ducats.

Con. Oh! a trifle! Memmo is rich; he'll furnish them.

Mem. I? That's ever your way. Always Memmo! and nothing but Memmo!

Con. Simpleton! If our plot succeeds, have we not promised—

Mem. Yes, yes! I own you give me plenty of promises—but you take from me plenty of realities! However, you shall have the 10,000 ducats this once—though I protest, it's like parting with ten thousand drops of my heart's blood.

Par. Peace! peace!—Have you brought the arms, Contarino?

Con. Yes: where shall I deposit—

Par. Oh! at Memmo's, where we'll meet again at ten to-night.

Mem. The arms at *my* house? Dear, dear! now why at mine?—If the house should be searched, then *I* shall get into a scrape, and—

Par. (*In a stern voice.*)—Silence! It shall be so.—Till ten farewell, Contarino.

Con. Farewell.

[*Exeunt; Con. L.H. Par. R.H.*]

Mem. Now that's the way I'm always treated! they borrow my money, make me their scape-goat, snap my nose off on all occasions, and all because I'm rather apt to be afraid, and honest enough to own it.—Hang it! I'll try, whether putting on a huff-bluff look like themselves, and strutting with a swaggering stride, thus, won't awe them into—(*Noise without.*) Hey! what's all this uproar?

Enter HERALD, followed by JUANILLO, BETTINA, PAOLO, and Mob, R.H.S.E.

Juan. Silence!

Bet. Aye, aye! let's hear the proclamation.

Paolo. Silence! silence!

Juan. Aye: silence! silence!

Mem. Why don't somebody knock that fellow down, who makes such a noise with crying silence?

All. Knock him down! knock him down! silence!

Herald. (*Reading.*)—"Whereas the senator Foscari was found murdered by the Bravo Rugantino, the Duke hereby promises five hundred ducats to any one who shall discover where the murderer is concealed."—God save the Duke!—(*Trumpets.*)

[*Exit, L.H.*

All. Huzza!

Mem. Now, friends, here's a good round sum to be earned by some of you.

Juan. By none of *us*, Signor Memmo. Oh! this Rugantino's a terrible fellow! why, when young Flodoardo seized the five other banditti, didn't this Rugantino, who was the sixth, still contrive to escape?

Enter STEPHANO, R.H.U.E.

Steph. I'm beyond my time, and I fear Camilla—Hey-day, what do all these people here?

Juan. But why did Flodoardo leave Venice?

Mem. 'Tis suspected, he was in love with the Duke's daughter, who is already promised to the Prince of Milan.

Steph. What say they of my master.

Juan. Well! before he left us, I wish he had caught this Rugantino as finely as he caught his five companions: I protest I can't sleep for fear of the villain.

Paolo. Nor I.

Juan. Nor I.

Steph. I see Camilla coming. Now then to scare them away.

Juan. One thing's certain: If ever Rugantino's found, Flodoardo is the only man to take him.

Mem. The *only* man?—Come! come! there are others—I don't boast of my courage—

Juan. And I'm sure, nobody else does, who knows you, Signor.

Mem. But if I once set eyes on this Rugantino, I'll put myself into this attitude, spring upon him thus, and exclaim in a terrible voice—

Steph. (*Who has approached softly, puts his head in among them, and cries in a hoarse voice.*)—Rugantino's coming!

All. (*Scream, and run off, some R.H. some L.H. crying,*) Where? where? where? Run! run! run!

Steph. (*Advances, laughing.*) Rugantino's name sent them off like so many peas out of a pop-gun.—But to give the Devil his due, Signor Memmo ran by far the fastest.—Now then for this antiquated Duenna, who, in defiance of time and her looking-glass, fancies herself a girl of fifteen; and who is so passionately fond of dancing, that she even walks the streets in a fandango step. 'Tis a hard task which the Prince of Milan has put on me, to make love to this superannuated coquette; but as he insists that no means of shaking Rosabella's constancy to Flodoardo should be left untried—She's here.

Enter CAMILLA, R.H.

Cam. Is it you, Signor Stephano?

Steph. (*In heroics.*) And is it you, divine object of my—

Cam. Oh! sweet Signor, no raptures, if you love me!—'Tis late, and I'm so *pressée*, as the French have it—I've only time to assure you, that I've spared no pains to influence my lady in your master's favour.

Steph. And what success—

Cam. Absolutely none! her love to Flodoardo is immovable; but perhaps when the Duke shall know of her attachment to this needy stranger, his remonstrances may induce her to give him up—But bless me! I must away, for I've a thousand things to do. You must know, that to-morrow night the Duke gives a grand *fête* on one of the islands of the Adriatic Sea, in honour of his daughter's birth-day. A mask is to be performed, called "*The Triumph of Thetis*;" and my lady, myself, and some other beauties of the Court are to represent heathen goddesses. Now you must know, that I'm reckoned excellent in a mask.

Steph. I don't doubt it, Signora ; I dare say, I should admire you in a mask more than in any other way.

Cam. And how, do you think, I was disguised at the last masquerade ?

Steph. How, pray ?

Cam. How ?—As Venus !—Wasn't that charming ?

Steph. As Venus ?—Ah ! Signora, how admirably you must have been disguised !*

Cam. Nobody found me out the whole night !

Steph. I dare say not ; how the devil should they ? (*Aside.*)

Cam. And when I unmasked, the surprize !—

Steph. Was excessive, I doubt not.

Cam. Universal, Signor !—As to the Duke, he was perfectly thunderstruck.

Steph. Struck, Signora ?—He must have been struck all of a heap ! why, if I had been there, I don't think, I should ever have recovered it !

Cam. And now guess, which of the heathen goddesses I am to be to-morrow night !

Steph. I can't imagine—Medusa perhaps—or very likely, one of the three—Furies. (*Aside.*)

Cam. A Syren, Signor ! a Syren !

Steph. A Syren ?—Ah ! Signora, I shouldn't have guess'd that in a century !

Cam. And I've such a divine dress ! I shall be all over seaweed and cockle-shells, with a comb in one hand, and a looking-glass in t'other ; and I shall dance an entire new *pas seul*, and—You never saw me dance, I think ?

Steph. Frequently !

Cam. Indeed ! Where pray ?

Steph. (*Bowing with a languishing air.*) In my dreams, Signora !

Cam. (*Aside.*) In his dreams ! How delicate a compliment ! How refined, how fanciful, how far-fetched, how French !

Steph. But as you're to be a Syren, oh ! too adorable Camilla, suffer me to be your attendant Triton !

Cam. An attendant Triton ? charming ! Granted ! granted, sweet Signor !

Steph. Then need I not envy Neptune himself the possession of his Amphitrite !

* This is borrowed from *La Sage's Comedy of Turcaret.*

Cam. (*Aside.*) Heroic creature! Let me die, but he's quite a *pastor fido*!—But I must begone.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Steph. First in the Prince's name let me force this jewel upon your finger, and next in my own print a kiss on your snowy hand!

(*Kneeling.*)

Cam. Oh! mercy!—I desire—I entreat—*je vous jure*—

Steph. (*Rising.*) Nectar and Ambrosia!

Cam. Oh! sweet Signor!

Steph. Divine Signora!

Cam. Adieu!

Steph. Farewell!

Both. Adieu! adieu! adieu!

[*Exeunt; Steph. R.H. Cam. L.H.*]

Enter PAROZZI, L.H.

Par. She comes! my lovely victim comes! But no more does my heart melt with tenderness at thy sight, Rosabella! No; hatred fills my bosom wholly, and should Rugantino's dagger fail, my own—They are here! Now then for St. Rosa's shrine! Away!

[*Exit, R.H.*]

(*A solemn Procession crosses the Stage, from L.H. to R.H.—Rosabella, Laura, and Ladies, Priests with lighted Torches, &c. Bettina, Juanillo, Paolo, and Mob, as Spectators.*)

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Palace.*

Enter LOMELINO and MANFRONE, R.H.

Man. Enough, Lomelino; the Prince of Milan may depend on my services.

Lom. His plans are daring and romantic, it's true; but still—

Man. Hush! the Duke. (*Flourish of Trumpets.*)

Enter the DUKE, with a paper, L.H.

The Duke. (*Crosses to Centre.*) Oh! insolence unparalleled! Look, my friends! this paper is from Rugantino.

Man. How?

Lom. And it contains—?

The Duke. Read! read!

Lom. (*Reading.*) “Duke of Venice! In your late proclamation you promise to any one who shall *discover* Rugantino, five hundred ducats; now to any one who shall *seize* him, *I* promise five thousand. Your servant, Signor; Rugantino.” Unheard-of assurance! But how did this paper reach you?

The Duke. Will you believe me, friends! ’Twas fixed against my chamber-door! against my very chamber-door!

Man. Inconceivable!

The Duke. Nothing is safe from this miscreant! I tremble for myself—for Venice—for my child—Say, where is Rosabella?

Lom. She ever passes the night preceding her birth-day in St. Rosa’s shrine alone.

The Duke. Alone? In this time of danger that must not be! Good Manfrone, tell Camilla to bear my orders, that her lady should return instantly.—(*Crosses to R.H.*)—[*Exit Manfrone, L.H.*—Follow me, Lomelino! I am half mad with anger and confusion!

[*Flourish of Trumpets.—Exeunt, R.H.*

SCENE III.—*An illuminated Church, with St. Rosa’s shrine in the centre. On L.H.S.E. large iron-grated doors; on R.H.S.E. a magnificent tomb, on which is inscribed, “Here lies Carlo Foscari, who was inhumanly murdered by the Bravo, Rugantino.” The Patriarch of Venice, Monks, Parozzi, Bettina, Juanillo, Paolo, and Spectators, are discovered in groupes. The Procession enters through the iron gates, L.H.S.E. Rosabella kneels to the Patriarch; he gives her his benediction, and then orders the Spectators to withdraw; they all obey, except Parozzi, who conceals himself behind the tomb. The Patriarch then retires with the Monks, closing the iron gates after him. Rosabella desires to be left alone, and Laura and the Ladies retire to a distant part of the Church, L.H.S.E.*

Ros. I know not why—but an unusual dread has seized on my heart—this sacred place—the dead and awful silence—that tomb too, where rests the murdered Foscari—Let me

banish these terrors in prayer at yonder shrine. Oh! Flo-
doardo! (Going.)

(During this speech an ancient BEGGAR comes slowly from behind the tomb, R.H.S.E. his head is nearly bald: he has a long white beard, is clad in loose tattered garments, and leans on a staff.)

Beggar. Alack! alack!

Ros. What feeble voice—?

Beggar. Will no one aid a poor old man?

Ros. (Hastening to support him.) Lean on me, father! Lean on me!

Beggar. Thanks, dear lady! The dampness of these marble walls—Alas! I faint!

Ros. And there is no seat—Stay! stay!—(She draws a low couch from the shrine; the Beggar sinks upon it: Rosabella kneels behind him, and supports his head.)—Rest here, father! Perhaps this essence may revive—(Giving a smelling-bottle.)

Beggar. Kindest lady! You are—you are the Duke's daughter, I think?

Ros. I am.

Beggar. Oh! dear lady—(In a low tone, and suddenly altering his voice.)—Start not! your life is in danger!

Ros. My life?—

Beggar. (Clasping her hand.) Hush!—Fear nothing! You shall not die; but if you value existence, be silent.

Ros. Unhand me!—I'll fly, and—(Attempting to go; the Beggar suddenly starts up, still detaining her, and whistles; she sinks on one knee, as if imploring mercy. Parozzi springs from behind the tomb.)

Par. Is't done?—(The Beggar has drawn a dagger, with which he points to the kneeling Rosabella.—Ha!—Strike, I say! Strike, or thus—(Drawing his dagger, and rushing to stab her.)

Beggar. (In a voice of thunder.) I strike!—(At the moment that Parozzi raises his arm, the Beggar stabs him, and Parozzi falls lifeless at his feet. Rosabella with a faint scream starts from the ground, but the Beggar still detains her, and she falls exhausted into his arms.)—Fear not! tremble not! but mark me! I have saved your life;

Rosabella, remember that ! Remember too, that from this hour our fates are united indissolubly ! thou art mine, Rosabella ; thou never shalt be another's.

Ros. Thine ? thine ?

Beggar. Mine !—(*Holding up the dagger.*)—I swear it by this blood, which I have shed for thee ! by this heart, which I would drain for thee ! by this kiss, thou Bravo's bride !

Ros. (*Struggling to disengage herself.*)—Fearful man—my voice—my cries—

Enter CAMILLA, L.H.S.E. by the Iron Gate.

Cam. Signora, I come—Help ! murder ! murder !

[*Exit, L.H.S.E.*

Beggar. I must away ! But know'st thou, *who* press'd thy cheek, Rosabella ? Go ; tell thy father, the proud Duke, 'twas the Bravo Rugantino !

Ros. Rugantino ?—(*She staggers back a few paces, and supports herself against a pillar.*)

Re-enter CAMILLA, L.H.S.E. followed by the PATRIARCH, and Monks, with Torches ; Laura and the Ladies also return in confusion. While they enter, RUGANTINO throws off his false beard and Beggar's dress, and appears as a Friar ; he steps behind a pillar, draws a cowl over his face, and when the Monks enter, he mixes with the crowd.

Cam. This way ! this way !

Patriarch. No one is here !

Cam. 'Twas a Beggar, whose bloody dagger—

Patriarch. Search every aisle ! Away !

(*They disperse themselves through the aisles.*)

Rug. (*As he passes Rosabella, whose Ladies are listening to Camilla's story, he clasps her hand, and says in a low voice.*)—Remember !

Ros. (*Starting.*) Heavens !—that Friar is—

Rug. (*Still in a low voice, while he shows her the bloody dagger.*) I saved your life !

Ros. (*After a moment's struggle.*) Leave me ! save yourself ! Fly !—

Rug. (Aloud, in a sanctified tone.) Benedicite! fair daughter!

[Exit, L.H.U.E.]

Ros. I die!—Oh! support me!—*(Her Ladies crowd around her; at the same moment the Patriarch and Monks return, and form a groupe, while the Scene closes.)*

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber, with folding Doors and Steps, in Memmo's House.*

Enter CONTARINO, FALIERI, and GONZAGA, M.D. *Servants bring in a Table, with Goblets, Lights, &c.*

Fal. 'Tis strange that Parozzi is not yet arrived.

Con. 'Tis past the hour he mentioned.

Gon. Memmo too, who went to seek him, returns not.—

(During these speeches, the Servants arrange the Table, and retire.)

Con. Where is the place of general rendezvous?

Fal. In the ruined Carthusian Monastery. When last we mustered—

Mem. (Without, M.D.) Contarino! Falieri!

Con. 'Tis Memmo's voice.

MEMMO *rushes in*, M.D. *followed by* PISANI.

Mem. There! there's a pretty spot of work!

Con. What's the matter?

Mem. There's a fine kettle of fish!

Con. What's the matter, I say?

Mem. The devil's the matter! murder's the matter! hanging's the matter! the matter! Parozzi is—he is—I can't bring my tongue to speak such a terrible word!

Pis. Friends, Parozzi is murdered.

Con. Murdered?

Fal. By whom?

Mem. By whom? by that fiend in a human form! by that pest, from whose knife no man's throat is safe! by Rugantino.

Con. Fal. and Gon. Rugantino?

Pis. Even so!

Mem. And what's worst, Parozzi has let him into our secret; and to obtain his own pardon, perhaps at this moment the Bravo is telling all to the Duke.

Con. Confusion ! (Noise without, M.D.)

Fal. Steps on the stairs !

Mem. I dare say, the officers of justice ! (Runs to L.H.)

Gon. Bar the door ! (Contarino bars it hastily ; instantly a loud knock is heard.)

Mem. We're all undone ! (The knock is repeated.)

Con. Is there no out-let ?

Mem. None ! none ! except one. Thirty feet high, out of the window into the canal ! (A third knock.)

A Voice. (Without, M.D.) Open, I say !

All Consp. What's that ? what's that ?

Con. Who speaks ? (The door bursts open, and Rugantino appears in his Bravo's habit ; his girdle is stuck full of daggers and pistols, his forehead is high, bald on one side, on the other covered with long straight shining hair ; his beard, thick eye-brows, and enormous mustachoes are black, and his face is marked with several scars.)

Rug. (In a terrible voice as the door opens.) Rugantino !—Your slave, sweet Gentlemen Conspirators.

Mem. I'm a dead man !

Con. (Struggling to recover himself.) You among us ? You—Parozzi's murderer ?

Rug. Right ! but mark me ! I loved Rosabella, Parozzi was my rival, and I stabbed him to the heart. Now swear, that Rosabella shall be mine, elect me your chief, and I'll keep your secret.

Con. You our chief ? Think you we'll stoop—

Rug. Ye have stooped to Vice ; can ye stoop lower ? Will you accept my terms ?

All. Never !

Rug. Then go your own way ; mine leads to the Duke ! to the Duke, sweet Signors ! Farewell ! (Going.)

Con. (Placing himself before the door, which he closes.) —Not so fast ! Draw, friends, draw ! the villain's in our power, and— (All draw.)

Rug. In your power ? Ho ! ho ! (Laughing.) Now listen. When I left my home—

Mem. (Pointing downwards.) That must be there for certain.

Rug. (Sternly.) Silence !

Mem. Oh ! mercy on me !

Rug. I left on my table a sealed packet, containing a full

account of your plans. This packet, if I return not before the clock strikes eleven, will be conveyed to the Duke. Now then, if you choose to stab me, I'll lend you a sword myself. (*Throwing himself carelessly into a seat.*)

Con. Before eleven? (*The chimes are heard.*)

Mem. And hark! it chimes the three quarters! Oh! go, go, go, my dear Rugantino.

Rug. Do you accept my terms?

All. We do! we do!

Rug. A list of your associates!

Con. Thou hast it. (*Giving a paper.*)

Rug. (*Rises.*) So! the attack must be made to-morrow night.

Con. To-morrow? The emperor's troops not arrived—

Rug. (*Proudly.*) Cowards! Have ye not an host in Rugantino?

Con. It must not be, for—

Rug. No? must *not*? Then here I sit, and the clock must strike eleven. (*Resuming his seat.*)

Mem. Sit? sit? For Heaven's sake, consent to every thing if he will but go!

Con. I could tear my flesh!—Rugantino, be all as thou wilt! But time flies! The packet—

Rug. Nay, I go; but first some wine.

Mem. (*Filling a goblet hastily.*) There! there! my dear little fellow!

Rug. Now pledge me! Pledge me on your knees!

(*All take goblets and kneel, except Rugantino.*)

All. We pledge you, Rugantino!

Rug. (*Starting from his chair, and looking at them as they kneel.*) Ho! ho! Look! how low guilt can reduce the proudest! Rise, rise! Rugantino will not deign to drink with you—(*Dashing down the goblet*)—Farewell! (*Going.*)

Con. (*In a low voice to Falieri.*) At least I'll watch whither—(*Following him; Rugantino turns suddenly round, and presents a pistol at his breast.*)

Rug. (*In a thundering voice.*)—Follow me, and I fire! This pistol can kill but *one*, 'tis true: but who among you chooses to be that one?

Mem. Not I, I'm sure!

Rug. Then let no one quit the room, till he hears my whistle, (*In a terrible voice*) or he dies! (*He stops at*

the door, takes off his hat, and bows.) Sweet Signors,
eternally your slave ! [*Exit*, M.D.]

Mem. Thank Heaven ! he's gone at last !

Con. 'Tis in vain to struggle.

Fal. We are in his toils; yet if he's honest, he'll be a
powerful ally. (*The whistle is heard.*)

Con. Hark ! 'tis the signal !

Fal. Away then ! [*Exeunt*, M.D.]

Mem. Aye ! aye ! away with you !—Oh ! Memmo,
Memmo, Memmo ! Cursed was the hour, when you poked
your foolish noddle into a plot ! [*Exit*, M.D.]

SCENE V.—*Rosabella's Chamber.*

Enter ROSABELLA and CAMILLA, R.H.

Cam. Yes, child ; your adventure with this Bravo has
made the Duke resolve, that you shall marry the Prince of
Milan instantly. As to your love for Flodoardo—

Rosa. Love, Camilla ? Dear, dear, there's no love in the
case ! what I feel for him is friendship—esteem—and surely
Flodoardo deserves to inspire such sentiments. Deserves?—
ah ! what does Flodoardo *not* deserve ? (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Cam. Very well ; then you'd be quite contented, were
Flodoardo to marry another woman ?

Rosa. Oh ! but Flodoardo would *not* marry another wo-
man ; of that I'm quite sure, Camilla !

Cam. Ah ! child, child ! I see this Flodoardo will make
you give a great deal of pain to your dear good father.—
(*Practising her dance.*)

Rosa. Indeed ? Then I am sure, I wish, I had never seen
him ! This odious Flodoardo !—to make me give pain—
I'm quite vexed with him—quite angry—I don't like him at
all !

Cam. (*Shaking her head.*) What ? not like him ?

Rosa. No ! not at all ! (*Hesitating.*)

Cam. Not at all.

Rosa. Not that I *hate* him neither ; for you know, Ca-
milla, there's no reason, why I should *hate* this poor dear
Flodoardo ?

Cam. But there are reasons why you should try to forget
him !

Rosa. (Eagerly.) Oh! as to that, I protest, I vow so often every day to think no more of him, that all day long I think of nothing else! and when he declared his love, didn't I frown and order him to quit Venice?—though I'm sure, I've done nothing but weep ever since he obeyed me? Now what *can* I do more?—Camilla, I'll go to my father, (*Crosses to L.H.*) avow every thing to him, and perhaps—

Cam. (Dancing.) No! that step's not right.

Rosa. And why is that step not right!

Cam. Because first you should sink thus—then *borée* thus—then— (*Dancing.*)

Rosa. What? before I go to my father?

Cam. Lord! child, I wasn't thinking about your father; I was thinking of my new *pas seul*, which I mean to dance at the *fête* to-morrow.

Rosa. Psha!

Enter LAURA, L.H.

Laura. Signora Camilla, your Syren's dress is finished.

Cam. (Crosses to L.H.) Oh! charming!—I come, dear Laura. [*Exit Laura, L.H.*]

Rosa. (Surprised.) What?—a Syren's dress?

Cam. Yes; as *you* are to be the goddess Thetis, *I* mean to be one of your Syrens. Oh! such a dress, Signora! (*Going.*)

Rosa. Stay, stay, Camilla.—Surely at your age—

Cam. My age? Let me die, child, but to hear you talk, one would think I was quite *passée*! Because the bud is more delicate, has the rose full-blown no merits? Because I mayn't do for the blaze of meridian day, is there no such thing as candlelight beauty? Let me tell you, child, that in the eyes of *some* people, *some* people may have scarcely less charms than—*some* people; (*Crosses to R.H.*) and though I mayn't represent quite as well as yourself the Goddess of *Spring*, I flatter myself I may still figure with great effect as a *Summer* Syren.—(*Crosses to L.H.*) But time runs away, my tire-woman waits, and I fly to arrange my cockle-shells; *Adieu, Mademoiselle.* [*Exit dancing, L.H.*]

Rosa. Poor Camilla! what pity that with so good a heart the levity of her head—yet why blame a folly so innocent, and which keeps her in such good humour with herself and

others? Ah! rather let me strive to dispel my own delusion, so dangerous to myself and so repugnant to the wishes of my friends. Oh! Love, love, love! Dear, dear, I wish I didn't know what the disagreeable word means!

[*Exit*, L.H.]

SCENE VI.—*The Duke's Bed-Chamber. Night.*

A balcony in the centre; on one side of it, a bed in an alcove; on the other, a large mirror.

The DUKE, LOMELINO, MANFRONE, STEPHANO, BERTOLDO, and Attendants are discovered. The Duke delivers letters to Stephano, who promises to use speed, and goes off, R.H. The Duke dismisses the rest. The room is now only lighted by a large candlestick with three branches placed on a table near the alcove, at which the Duke is seated.

The Duke. Yet after all it must be owned, this Rugantino is a singular character! The man, who can do what *he* has done, must possess such talents and such courage, as at the head of an army would enable him to conquer half the world! Would I could once see this Rugantino!

Rug. (*Who during this speech has come softly from the alcove, and now claps the Duke on the shoulder.*) Look up, then! (*The Duke starts from his chair—Rugantino nods to him familiarly.*)

The Duke. (*After a pause.*) Man—who art thou?

Rug. Thou see'st me! and can'st doubt? Well then, I am the Bravo Rugantino! Foscari's murderer—and the Republic's most devoted slave.

The Duke. Rugantino—thou art a fearful—a detestable man!

Rug. Aye? Well! perhaps I am so; but at least 'tis certain, Andreas, that you and I stand on the same line; for at this moment are *we* the two greatest men in Venice, *you* in *your* way, *I* in *mine*—(*The Duke moves towards the door, Rugantino bars his passage.*) Hold, friend! not so fast! we must first have some conversation.

The Duke. (*With offended dignity.*) Indeed? then be this the subject. Mark me, miscreant! Instantly confess

who bribed you to murder Foscari, abjure your bloody trade, quit the Republic, or I swear—

Rug. Quit it? abjure—and why should I do all this?—through fear of *thee*? Ho! ho! (*Laughing rudely.*) through fear of Venice? Ha! Rugantino fears not Venice; tis Venice that fears Rugantino! Quit the Republic? Well! on one condition—

The Duke. Name it!

Rug. 'Tis a mere trifle!—Give me your daughter for my bride.

The Duke. Insolent!—My daughter is already a *Prince's* bride! Within this hour my written promise sent to the Prince of Milan—

Rug. Aye? Well, well! within another hour this dagger in the Prince's heart shall make your written promise void.

The Duke. Has Heaven no lightnings? (*Goes to his seat.*)

Rug. Hear yet more—I've sold for ten thousand ducats the lives of your friends Lomelino and Manfrone: now give me Rosabella, and I'll break the bargain.

The Duke. (*Frantic with rage, snatches up the light, and hastens to the door.*) Monster!—Guards! guards!

Rug. Say you so? Thus then! (*Takes off his hat, and suddenly strikes out the light with it; he then steps back to the mirror, which he pushes away, and passes through the aperture.*)

The Duke. Ha! miscreant—Lights! lights, I say? (*The door opens.*)

Rug. (*Putting his head out.*) Au revoir, good father that is to be! (*Closes the mirror.*)

Enter BERTOLDO and Guards, R.H. with Torches.

The Duke. Seize him!

Ber. Whom, my Lord? We see no one.

(*The Guards search the Room.*)

The Duke. Traitors! Have you let him pass?

Ber. Pass? No one has past us.

The Duke. Not pass'd you?

Ber. Nor is any one here.

The Duke. My brain turns round!—'Tis a fiend in human shape.

Enter ROSABELLA, R.H.

Ros. Dear father what means—

The Duke. Oh! my child—Rugantino—even now he was here!

Ros. Good Heavens!

The Duke. He threatened too—(*To Bertoldo.*) Call Manfrone and Lomelino hither instantly!—Fly!

[*Exit Bertoldo, R.H.*]

Steph. (*Without.*) Where is the Duke?

The Duke. What new alarm?

Enter STEPHANO, R.H.

Steph. Justice, justice!—The prince of Milan—

The Duke. Say on! Be quick!

Steph. Within this hour arrived at Venice.—Even now I found him in his chamber—bleeding—dying—

The Duke. Heavens!

Steph. He murmured—“ A base assassin—!” and expired. Near him lay your written promise; a bloody dagger was struck through it, and—

The Duke. That dagger—Bring it! Away!

[*Exit Stephano, R.H.*]

Enter BERTOLDO, R.H.

Bert. (*A letter in his hand.*) My lord, the chambers of Manfrone and Lomelino both are vacant. In vain—(*A sealed packet is thrown into the room.*)

The Duke. What's that?

Bert. This letter was thrown into the balcony—(*Giving it to the Duke.*)

The Duke. Manfrone's hand?—I tremble.—Read, read, my child!

Ros. (*Opens it, and reads.*) Lomelino lies dead at my feet, and his murderer compels me to write this in his blood—I die, Andreas, and by the hand of—(*She screams, and drops the letter which the Duke snatches up.*)

Enter STEPHANO, and Guards, R.H.

Steph. Here is the dagger, and on the hilt stands the name of —

Ros. (*Looking at the dagger.*)

The Duke. (*examining the letter at the time.*). } 'Tis
Rugantino.

Rug. (*Without, as if under the balcony.*) Ho! ho?

All. Hark! (*some run to the balcony; the rest remain, as if petrified by amazement, and form a tabular.*)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Palace Gardens.*

“Huzzas” are heard without, and shouts of “Flodoardo!
Flodoardo!”

ROSABELLA enters from the Palace, R.H. S.E.

Ros. He is returned!—Flodoardo is returned!—Oh! joy past utterance. But he returned against my positive orders—I must be angry with him—*very* angry.—But alas the day! how shall I manage to conceal my pleasure! See, see, he comes!

Enter RUGANTINO, R.H.S.E. clad in glittering armour, from the Palace. Every trace of deformity is gone, and he appears a young and handsome warrior.

Rug. (*Aside.*) She's here—and oh! so lovely!—Alas! sweet maid! how would the roses of thy cheek grow pale, knew'st thou, that the man now approaching is the dreaded Rugantino!—(*He advances, bowing respectfully.*)—Lady!

Ros. (*Aside.*) Cavalier—I—you—you have been *very* long absent—that is—I mean—did you receive much pleasure from your travels?

Rug. (*His voice during this scene is always tender and melancholy.*) Much—for every where I heard the praise of Rosabella.

Ros. (*Seriously.*) Flodoardo!—will you again offend me?

Rug. After this hour I shall never offend you more—Lady, I come to say farewell—for ever?

Ros. For ever?—Ah! Flodoardo, and can you then leave me?—Can you leave my father, I meant to say?

Rug. (*With a melancholy smile.*) Your father?

Ros. His friendship for you is so warm—

Rug. I value it highly; but it cannot make me happy.

Ros. (*Smiling faintly.*) Does then your happiness require so much?

Rug. (*With enthusiasm.*) It does! it does!—But one boon can make me happy—I have begged for it on my knees!—(*Pressing her hand to his lips*)—I have begged for it, Rosabella, and my suit has been rejected.

Ros. (*Trying gently to disengage her hand.*) Enthusiast!

Rug. (*Drawing her nearer to him.*) Rosabella!

Ros. What would you of me?

Rug. Your heart! my happiness!

Ros. Flodoardo! (*After a moment's struggle with herself, she forces her hand from him.*) Leave me! I command you!—leave me this instant. (*He bows, and retires with a melancholy air. At the palace-gate he stops, and waves his hand.*)

Rug. Lady, farewell!—We meet—no more!

Ros. Stay, oh! stay, Flodoardo! I—I am thine!

Rug. (*Rushing back.*) Rosabella!

Ros. Thine!—and for ever? (*He falls on his knee, and she sinks upon his bosom.*)

The DUKE enters from the palace, R.H. U.E.

The Duke. Do my eyes deceive me?

Ros. (*Shrieking.*) My father!

The Duke. How has my confidence been betrayed! (*He turns to leave them.*)

Rug. Stay, noble Andreas; stay, and hear—

The Duke. Young man, what excuse?—

Rug. Excuse? Oh! I need none for loving Rosabella; 'twere for him to excuse himself, who had seen Rosebella, and *not* loved her!—Andreas, I adore your daughter; I demand her for my bride.

The Duke. (*Proudly.*) *You?*—A needy stranger, who—

Ros. (*Hastening to the Duke, throwing her arms round his neck, and hiding her face in his bosom.*) Oh! be not incensed with him, dear father!

The Duke. (*With solemnity.*) Rosabella!—hast thou given this youth thy heart,—given it to him—*irrevocably?*

Rug. (*Repeats with emphasis, while his countenance becomes suddenly overcast, and he presses his hand against his breast, as if to repress some painful feeling.*) *Irrevocably?*—Ah! (*Rosabella raises her head with a smile, and while one arm is still round the Duke's neck, she extends the other towards Rugantino, and presses his hand.*)

The Duke. I am answered! Flodoardo, (*Crosses to centre.*) you see this maid!—will you *deserve* her?

Rug. Deserve her? Ask what thou wilt, and I swear—

The Duke. Mark then! The murderer of Manfrone and Lomelino, of Foscari and the Prince of Milan.—Go! bring him hither!—alive, or dead, thou must give into my power the terrible banditti-king, Rugantino.

Rug. (*Starting.*) My noble lord!—

Ros. Oh! no, no, no! he must not! Too surely this detested monster—

Rug. (*Anxiously.*) *Detested?*—Oh! silence, Rosabella; at least allow me to *hope!* Wilt thou swear, Andreas, that Rugantino once in your power, nothing shall prevent Rosabella from being my bride?

The Duke. I swear it.

Rug. Enough! now mark me, Duke—You give a masque this night in the Nereid's Island?

The Duke. I do. All Venice is invited.

Rug. 'Tis well! Let my purpose be kept secret; and as soon as all those are arrived, whose names are in this list, (*Giving a paper,*) your guards must surround the only entrance to the Saloon. Then let them discharge their muskets, and if I *still* live, at that signal will I produce before you this dreaded Rugantino.

The Duke. You shall be obeyed—But how—

Rug. No questions! I must away—Rosabella—

Ros. (*Crosses to centre, weeping, and embracing him.*)
Oh! Flodoardo—perhaps—Rugantino's dagger—But no,
no, no!—Heaven is just, Heaven is merciful, and we *shall*
meet again!—Away then!—Come, father, come!

[*Exit Ros. and Duke, R.H. U.E. Rug. L.H.*

SCENE II.—*A ruined Monastery.—Sunset.*

Enter FALIERI, MEMMO, and GONZAGA, L.H. U.E.

Fal. Our associates not arrived?—Yet Rugantino charged
us to muster our forces here, and engaged to meet us at
sunset.

Gon. 'Tis a perilous knave, that Rugantino!

Mem. Perilous?—I protest, I'm glad our plot is to be
executed to-night, if it's only that I mayn't come into con-
tact any more with that devil incarnate! I really believe
he deals with the Black Gentleman, and that no mischief
happens in Venice without *his* having a finger in the pye!
—If any one dies, it's *he* kills them; if a house is on fire, it's
he kindles it; nay, I'm morally certain, 'twas he that occa-
sioned the last earthquake!

Fal. Yet at least he keeps his word—Lomelino and
Manfrone are already no more.

Mem. Very true, but yet—Heigho! my poor ten thou-
sand ducats!

Gon. Hark?

Fal. 'Tis Contarino!—Now, friend, where's Rugantino?

Enter CONTARINO, R.H. U.E.

Con. Even now I left him. Flodoardo is returned, and
Rugantino thinks it good to despatch him immediately. I
warrant he'll soon give a good account of him!

Mem. Nay, when *despatching* is the business, to do the
gentleman justice, he loses no time.

Com. Are you all invited to the Duke's masque to-night?

Fal. All! and in the most urgent and flattering manner.

Con. That's well! it proves we are not suspected.

Mem. I only hope there's no trick in all this.—If this

show of kindness should be only a take-in, now—Mercy on me! my teeth chatter at the thought!

Con. Mark me, friends—we must go armed to the Duke's.

Fal. Leave his highness to *me*; this poniard is quite at his service.

Gon. The whole Council of Ten are invited—

Con. Down with them every man.

Mem. Aye, aye! fine talking!—But suppose it should turn out to be—“Down with *ourselves*?”

Con. Silence, thou white-livered wretch!

Mem. Come! don't be so snappish, if you please! (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Con. The stroke of midnight must be the signal for Gonzaga's quitting the saloon, and hastening to seize the Arsenal.

Fal. As soon as he hears the alarm-bell, the Admiral Adorno will lead his people to our assistance.

Con. Oh! our success is sure, and—But our comrades approach. Be alert, friends; hasten to distribute the arms and crimson scarfs, which are to distinguish our partizans.

Enter PISANI and CONSPIRATORS, L.H.—scarfs, swords, pistols, &c. are distributed; and each drawing his sword, they kneel, and swear fidelity

Con. Strangers approach—Disperse, and remember that the signal is—

All. Midnight! [*Exeunt, severally,*

Enter the DUKE, R.H. CAMILLA, L.H. dressed as a Syren, with a comb in one hand, and a looking-glass in the other.

The Duke. What news, Camilla?

Cam. The best, your highness. Every thing's ready, the Tritons and Nereids are dressed, the gondolas are waiting, and we're all impatient to be gone.

The Duke. Why, Camilla, you are in high spirits!

Cam. In spirits? In ecstacies! My head's at this moment a chaos of the most enchanting images, of nothing but masks, coloured lamps, and musicians, conchs, cupids, and cockle-shells!

The Duke. Delightful!—And may I ask what *you* are to be?

Cam. (*Curtseying with a smile of self-satisfaction.*) A Syren, your highness.

The Duke. A Syren!—Truly, Camilla, 'twas lucky for Ulysses that you were not a Syren in *his* days; closing his ears would not have availed him; he must have closed his eyes too.

Cam. (*Curtseying.*) Oh! mercy!—Oh! Heaven!—Let me die, but your highness makes me blush!

The Duke. 'Tis the better:—Nothing becomes beauty like blushing. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Cam. So! So!—Such warmth!—“Nothing becomes beauty like—” Let me die if his highness isn't a little smitten with me himself.

Steph. (*Without, L.H.*) Camilla! Signora Camilla!

Cam. It's Stephano! and quite *Tritonised*, I protest.

Enter STEPHANO, dressed as a Triton, L.H.

Cam. Charming, Signor! charming!—Well, let me die, But sea-green's a most becoming colour! and then that beard's so divinely *degagée* as the French have it—

Steph. Very likely! But come, come! the Duke stays for you!

Cam. Stays for *me*? I fly, Signor, I fly!—Now then for the Nereid's island. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*An immense Grotto, composed of variegated spars and crystals. In the centre a large porch (with folding doors richly ornamented) projects far into the scene.*

On R.H. S.E. the DUKE is seated under a canopy on an elevated throne; FALIERI stands on the steps of it, conversing with the Duke. Two Gothic seats below the throne. On the L.H. in the front are CONTARINO, MEMMO, and GONZAGA; LAURA, PISANI, Lords and Ladies, &c. form groupes in the back-ground.

Con. Look, Gonzaga, how kindly the Duke smiles on Falieri.

Gon. 'Tis plain that he suspects nothing.

Con. Now, Memmo, what are become of your fears?

Mem. Fears? I feel so bold, so desperate, that I quite long for midnight.

Con. (*Laughing.*) Oh! brave Memmo!—(*Flourish of music.*)—But the masque is beginning.—Look! Pan and the Sylvan Deities are arriving in honour of the birth-day of Thetis.

(*A procession enters—Pan, dancing, Satyrs and Hamadryads—Diana with her Nymphs*—Mars in his chariot; Warriors—Bacchus seated on a ton; Bacchannals. On one side, Venus with Cupid descends; and Minerva on the other. The Celestial Palace comes down amidst thunder and lightning—Jupiter, Juno, &c. come out of the Palace, which re-ascends—Pluto and Proserpine rise on a burning throne; they alight, and the Car sinks.*)

Mem. Well! Pluto's as like Rugan—

Con. (*Stopping his mouth.*) Hush!

(*Proserpine expresses her envy of the beauty of the three Goddesses; she waves her sceptre, and a golden apple appears with this inscription—"For the Fairest."*—*She throws it before them.—They contend for it.—Marine Music.—At this moment a volley of musquetry is heard. All start in horror; the music stops abruptly; a dead silence for a moment.*)

All the Guests. What was that!

The Duke. (*Aside.*) 'Twas the signal.

Ros. (*Aside to Camilla.*) My heart beats—!

Mem. (*To the Duke.*) Suffer me to enquire what noise—
(*He opens the folding doors; the Porch appears filled with guards.*)

Guards. Back!

Mem. (*Starting.*) Guards? (*Runs down to L.H.*)

The Guests. Guards? Guards?

The Duke. (*Advancing.*) Fear nothing, my friends!—this precaution regards no one here; but know, before an

* The remainder of the Masque is now transposed to the conclusion of the piece.

hour expires, you will see in this saloon—the Bravo Rugantino.

All. How ?

The Duke. Yes ! Flodoardo has engaged,——

Rug. (*Without.*) Give us way !

Ros. (*In raptures.*) 'Tis he, and safe !

(*The Guards open to the right and left, and Rugantino still as Flodoardo, rushes in, wrapt in a large mantle.*)

Mem. Bless me !—I'm afraid that—

Con. (*Sternly.*) Be calm, Signor ! there is nothing to fear.

Rug. Signors, you all know my business here ! Answer then, Duke of Venice ; have you not sworn, that Rugantino once in your power, nothing shall prevent Rosabella from being my bride ?

The Duke. I have.

Rug. Know then, he *is* in your power—is in *mine*.

The Duke. Dead or living ?

Rug. He still lives.

All Consp. (*Hastily.*) He lives !

Rug. He still lives, Signors. (*Bowing.*)

Ros. (*Embracing Camilla.*) Did'st thou hear *that* Camilla ? the villain still lives ! Not one drop of blood has stained the innocent hand of Flodoardo.

Rug. (*Shuddering.*) *Innocent* ?—Ah !—Now then be prepared—I'll produce the Bravo before you, and—

Cam. Oh ! Heavens, not here, Signor ! I shall die of a thousand little fears, if you bring him here !

Mem. And I shall die of ten thousand little fears.

Rug. Fear nothing, good Camilla. Be seated, Andreas. Let the rest arrange themselves behind the Duke—*Rugantino's coming !*

(*The Duke seats himself ; Rosabella is on one side leaning on Camilla ; the Conspirators are on the other in evident dismay.*)

Rug. (*Advancing towards the porch.*) Rugantino!—(*A pause—he retires still further back.*)—Rugantino !

Ros. I tremble, lest—

Rug. (*Within the porch, but still in sight, though his back is turned to the spectators.*)—Rugantino ! I say.

Ros. (*Rushing towards him.*) Oh ! venture not, Flodo-

ardo—(*At the moment that she lays her hand on his arm, he throws off his cloak and helmet, and appears in the habit, and with the countenance of the Bravo!*)

Rug. Ho! ho!—(*Rosabella falls senseless at his feet, Andreas starts from his chair. All utter a cry of surprise and terror.*)

Rug. (*In the Bravo's voice.*) Now then! You wished to see the Bravo Rugantino? Here he stands, and is come to claim his bride.

Con. Without there! Guards!

Rug. (*Presenting a pistol.*) That word again, and you never speak another!

Ros. (*Recovering.*)—Dreadful illusion!—Methought—Flodoardo—

Rug. (*In his natural voice.*) Illusion?—Rosabella, 'twas none; your beloved Flodoardo and the Bravo Rugantino are the same; in me you behold both.

Ros. (*In despair.*) 'Tis false! 'tis false! Flodoardo's actions were good and glorious as a Demi-God's! Flodoardo and thou—Wretch, whom many a bleeding ghost has long since accused at the throne of Heaven, dare not thou to prophane the name of Flodoardo!—'Tis false! 'tis false!

Rug. (*Proud and earnest.*) Then mark, and be convinced!—(*He turns away, and in a moment appears with Flodoardo's countenance and the Bravo's habit.*) Look on me now, Rosabella; you see me changed; but change as I may, of one thing be assured; I am the man whom you loved as Flodoardo. Rosabella—dost thou love me still?

Ros. (*Throwing herself on Camilla's bosom.*) Man! man! Now God forgive you for torturing me so cruelly!

The Duke. (*Recovering from his stupor.*)—Guards! seize him! To the scaffold!

Rug. What?—Have I not kept my promise? Duke of Venice, will you not keep your oath?

The Duke. It was given to the virtuous Flodoardo; with the murderer Rugantino I made no compact. Speak, Senators; ought I to keep an oath so made?

The Senators. No, no! To the scaffold!

Mem. Aye, to the scaffold!

Rug. Is it so then? and will no one intercede?—Signor Contarino! One word in my favour—

Con. Away! address not thyself to me!

Rug. Good Signor Memmo, plead for me ! You know me well, and—

Mem. (*Alarmed.*) I ?—I know nothing at all about you !—I never saw you before—never heard of you—and hope never to see or hear of you again !

Rug. What ? and does no one pity the wretched Rugantino ?—*No one ?*—Are *all* silent ?—*all ?*—My fate then is decided ! To the scaffold !—(*Going.*)

Ros. (*Springing forward with a cry of agony, and falling at the Duke's feet, who is crossing to the Conspirators, L.H.*)—Mercy ! mercy !—Pardon him !—Pardon—*Rugantino !*

Rug. (*In rapture.*) Say'st thou so ?—Ha ! an Angel pleads for Rugantino in his last moments.

Ros. He is a sinner—but leave him to the justice of Heaven ! He is a sinner—but Rosabella adores him still !

The Duke. (*Repulsing her.*) Away, unworthy girl !—he dies !

Rug. And can you look on with dry eyes, while that innocent dove bleeds at your feet ? Go, barbarian ? you never loved her as she deserved ! (*Raising her from the ground.*) Now then she is yours no longer ! thou art mine, Rosabella ; art Rugantino's ; thou lov'st me, as I *would* be loved ; I am blessed, and now to business !—(*The Duke returns to the throne. He places Rosabella, who is almost fainting, in Camilla's arms.*)—Within there !—(*He sounds a whistle ; Guards rush in, M.D. and surround the Conspirators ; the doors are closed after them.*)—Guard them well ! You have your orders !

The Duke. What means—

Rug. It means, that this night *your* life and the constitution of Venice were doomed to conclude together.

Con. Noble Andreas, believe not—

Rug. (*With majesty.*) Silence ! I know your whole plot, and the officers of justice by my orders have already seized the gentry with the crimson scarfs. Duke, still doubt you my truth ? Mark then ! (*Turning to the Conspirators.*) The first, who acknowledges his guilt, shall be freely pardoned ! I swear it, *I*, the Bravo Rugantino.

Mem. (*Falling at the Duke's feet.*) Venetians, Rugantino has told you true !

Rug. Live !—(*Memmo rises.*)

Mem. So I will as long as I can.

[*Exit, M.D.*

The Consp. 'Tis false! 'tis false!

Rug. False? Then hear me—and then tremble—Manfrone and Lomelino, the Duke's friends, are still alive. (*The doors fly open; Manfrone and Lomelino appear.*) Away with them!—(*The Duke embraces Manfrone and Lomelino.*)

Ros. Joy; joy! Camilla, joy!—Rugantino is *not* then a murderer! Alas? and yet Foscari's death—

Rug. Fear nothing, my love! Chance led me to the cave, where Foscari lay robbed and wounded by banditti, and before the venerable man expired, I swore to revenge his murder.—Traced out the villains; in whose society I received some hints of the conspiracy. I made my plans for defeating it known to Lomelino, who assisted me in my designs; he taught me a private entrance to the Duke's chamber, and persuaded Manfrone to share his concealment, until it became needful that their deaths should be believed.

The Duke. But the Prince of Milan's murder—

Rug. Was imaginary. Stephano was in my secret, and acted by my orders.

The Duke. And the Prince of Milan himself—

Rug. (*Throwing off his Bravo's habit, and appearing splendidly dressed with several orders, &c.*)—Behold him!

The Duke. Amazement!

Ros. You? you the Prince of Milan?—

The Prince. Even so. The perfidy of *one* ungrateful woman had made me distrust the whole sex; and I swore never to unite my fate but to her who would be constant to me under *every* circumstance. Rosabella has stood the trial; and I now glory to salute as Milan's future mistress the *Bravo's Bride!*

Ros. Oh! happy, happy Rosabella!

The Duke. How bright a sunshine after a day so stormy! Forth, forth, my son! Let a thousand torches show Venice her preserver! Let a thousand voices join in the exulting shout—"Honoured be the Bravo!—Happy is the Bravo's Bride!"

All. Huzza!

(*The folding doors open—the back ground is lighted by the Moon. Neptune and Amphitrite enter—then*

Nereids and Tritons, Stephano is among them—then Camilla and two other females as Syrens—Last a machine representing a rock of red coral floating on a silver sea, whose wares are in motion. On the summit of the rock is a brilliant conch-shell, in which sits Rosabella. Artificial Zephyrs hang over her, some seeming to fan her with their wings, others with their breath to impel the rock forwards, which is drawn by enormous Dolphins, spouting up water ; while on the head of each stands a little Cupid, holding golden reins, with which he appears to guide the animal. The three rival Goddesses agree to give Rosabella the apple, even Proserpine applauding the decision.—The Conch sinks gently, till it touches the earth, when Rosabella quits the machine, and receives the apple from the Goddesses. The Prince and Rosabella enter the conch, which ascends to its former elevation ; the machine moves on in triumph, and as it passes along the front of the stage, the curtain falls.)

Finis.

Oxberry's Edition.

THE MAGPIE;
OR, THE MAID OF PALAISEAU.

A MELO-DRAME.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

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Remarks.

MAGPIE.

This piece was once a great favourite with the town, but Fashion, like Time, hath—

A wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude.

And truly, amongst many better things, Fashion hath popped the Maid and Magpie into his wallet for the tooth of the great-sized monster, who seems to be making a comfortable meal upon it. The piece is seldom played, and never with much attraction. Besides, too, it has the crying sin of being a melo-drama, a sin which of all others most offends the delicate nose of criticism. The critics have agreed, “*magno consensu*,” that the trash of pantomime, the trash of farce, the trash of burletta, nay any trash, and all trash, may be tolerated, but not melo-drama: it is the very hobgoblin of criticism—it is the natural enemy of the legitimate drama! Legitimate drama—What does this phrase mean, and where is it to be found? In the songs and dances of the Greek tragedy, in the cold unnatural dialogues of the French school, or in the witchery and music of Macbeth? It is to be hoped that some wise critic of some wise magazine will settle this knotty point, till when, we must be content to think that this melo-drama is a delightful composition, and much more true to nature than the hobgoblin tragedies which it was the fashion to admire about two years since, or the prosaic insipidities, which have since acquired the palm of popular approbation. Let it be clearly understood that this remark is limited to the productions of the last ten years.

The Maid and Magpie is founded on an event of real life, and may therefore set at defiance the sharpest arrow in the quiver of criticism;—its fable can not be called unnatural,—

and to this advantage, which is perhaps fortuitous, may be added the excellent blending of the under-plot, which is so mixed up with the main story, as to seem an essential part of it. This is a merit which is not to be found in many superior writings to the *Maid and Magpie*, but it seems absolutely necessary to dramatic perfection. The two stories of a play, if not visibly and strongly united, destroy each other's interest by distracting the attention. The mind, no sooner becomes fixed on one plot, than it is called off to another, and is to be satisfied in the end by the union of these divided streams.

The comedy of this piece, if comedy it may be called, is not very striking; Blaisot is a very every-day sort of gentleman, and even the Farmer, is more interesting than humorous. But to make amends for this deficiency there is a great portion of nature and character in both of them. Annette, too, deserves the same praise; she is from beginning to end the *Maid of Palaiseau*, and more particularly in Miss Kelly's acting. It may in truth be said to want nothing of perfection.

Of the three alterations from the French original, that by Mr. Arnold is decidedly the best. By the blending of Blaisot and Richard into one part, the interest of the drama is brought more to a focus, while nothing that we can see is lost in character. On the contrary, Blaisot seems a fitter lover for Annette than Richard, who moreover, always appears like an intruder, or at least by his presence makes Blaisot such. Indeed by this scattering of the strength, both were wanted, yet both seemed in the way, and thus it always will be while the interest is divided amongst too many characters. The oak that is strong in its wholeness, is weak as childhood when split into many rods.

Costume.

EVARD.

White regimental suit, drab-coloured roquelaure.

ST. CLAIR.

Ibid.

FARMER GERVAIS.

Grey coat, flowered waistcoat, and cord breeches.

BAILLIE.

Old fashioned black cloth suit, black stuff gown, and small cocked hat.

BLAISOT.

Grey country coat, flowered waistcoat, and buff breeches.

ISAAC.

Black gaberdene, &c. hat.

RICHARD.

White regimental jacket, breeches and gaiters.

DANCERS.

White military jackets, pantaloons and caps.

DAME GERVAIS.

Scarlet stuff gown striped with black, muslin apron trimmed with black, and high cap.

ANNETTE.

Buff cloth petticoat trimmed with black, brown sarsnet body trimmed with green and yellow, green sarsnet apron trimmed with the same, and French cap.

PEASANTS.

White petticoats, red and white striped body's bound with black, muslin bandeau's for the head.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Original cast, at Drury Lane.</i>	<i>Drury Lane, 1820.</i>
<i>Evrard</i>	Mr. R. Philips.	Mr. Thompson.
<i>Farmer Gervas</i> . . .	Mr. Dowton.	Mr. Gattie.
<i>Baillie</i>	Mr. Munden.	Mr. Hughes.
<i>Blaisot</i>	Mr. Knight.	Mr. Knight.
<i>Isaac</i>	Mr. Oxberry.	Mr. Oxberry.
<i>Richard</i>	Mr. Wallack.	Mr. Barnard.
<i>Gaoler</i>	Mr. Penley.	Mr. Smith.
<i>St. Clair</i>	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Elliott.
 <i>Annette</i>	 Miss Kelly.	 Miss Kelly.
<i>Dame Gervas</i> . . .	Mrs. Sparks.	Mrs. Harlowe.

Soldiers, Officers of Police, Peasantry, &c.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is nearly two hours.

Stage Directions.

By R.H.	is meant	Right Hand.
L.H.		Left Hand.
S.E.		Second Entrance.
U.E.		Upper Entrance.
M.D.		Middle Door.
D.F.		Door in flat.
R.H.D.		Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.		Left Hand Door.

THE MAGPIE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Represents a large court in the Farm of Palaiseau. At the left, the entry (or front door) of the house; on the right, trees, with very thick foliage, particularly one, on a branch of which hangs a large basket-cage, with a Magpie in it. At the bottom of the stage, in front, a hedge; in the centre of which is a rustic gate for entrance; and, in the back-ground, a hill, and the country in perspective.*

BLAISOT, L.H.S.E. *from Cottage door.*

Mag. Blaisot! Blaisot!

Blais. (*In the house.*) Coming, coming. (*Enters in a hurry, wiping his mouth.*) One has never a moment's time to—Here I am; what do you want?—Nobody here! (*Sees Annette coming down the hill, R.H. to the gate.*) Ah! there's Miss Annette; to be sure, it was she call'd me.—What a nice girl that is—and to be a servant too! it's a thousand pities.

Enter ANNETTE, R.H.U.E.

Ann. (*Very gaily.*) Ah! Blaisot, is it you?

Blais. I say, Miss Annette, here I am; you call'd me, didn't you?

Ann. Not I.

Mag. Blaisot! Blaisot!

Blais. What! it's *you*, is it, with your cursed ugly mug?
“Blaisot! Blaisot!” (*Mocking the bird.*)

Ann. (*Laughing.*) Why, Blaisot, Maggy is always laughing at you. But you ought to be used to it by this time.

Blais. Used to it indeed ! I wonder how you'd like to be served so.—I had just got the bottle of dame Gervas's cordial up to my mouth, when that spiteful tell-tale halloos out, "Blaisot ! Blaisot !" before I could take a drop of it.

Ann. Serv'd you right. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Mag. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Blais. You laughing at me too ?—I wish I could wring your neck off ! (*Threatening the bird.*) It's a pity some good cat doesn't strangle her—I can't see the use of such vermin.

Ann. One good use at least—to prevent people from drinking what doesn't belong to them. (*Crosses to L.H.*) So take care of Maggy in future, Mr. Blaisot.

[*Music.—Exit into the Cottage, L.H.S.E.*]

Blais. "Take care of her !"—that I will. I wonder why dame Gervas takes such pleasure in such a chattering devil ! Birds of a feather, they say. Ecod ! I don't know which chatters most all day long.—I'll be up with you one of these days, (*To the Magpie*) you jackdaw !

Dame. (*Speaking within the house, L.H.*) Do mind what you're about—sweep out the parlour, Annette, and try and get things ready to lay the cloth.

Enters from the Cottage,

Nothing done here at five o'clock, and our dear son Richard coming at six !—Where's that lazy Blaisot ?

Blais. (*Who had been putting his fingers into the cage.*) Oh ! oh !

Dame. Well, what's the matter now ?

Blais. A murrain take the nasty beast ! Look here—look at my finger !

Dame. I'm glad of it. What business have you with the bird ?

Blais. (*To the Cage.*) Wait a bit—wait a bit ; I'll do for you one of these mornings.

Dame. Do you mean to stand there all day, doing nothing ? Go and get the large table, and place it under the trees—do you mind—it is there we shall sup.

Blais. And is Master Richard coming? What a fine fellow my cousin must be by this time!—and he has got his discharge—that's the best on't.

Dame. Yes, yes, Blaisot; thank Heaven, after six years and eight months, my dear son is coming back, never to leave us again. But will you stir, sir, I say?

Blais. And such a fine thing to hear him talk of his battles, and bullets, and sabres, and——

Dame. Will you go and mind your business, I say, and not stand there prating all day long?

(*Pushes him over to L.H.*)

Enter GERVAS, L.H.U.E. rolling a barrel.

Gerv. Here! Blaisot, my boy, lend a hand.

Blais. That I will.

Dame. What are you about, Mr. Gervas?

Gerv. That side—take care—now we have it: roll him up snug—that's it. There won't be too much, wife, never fear. Consider, all the village is coming, young and old, for our boy's arrival. No fête without wine—that's Farmer Gervas's maxim.

Blais. Yes—that's our maxim; and the fiddlers, you know, must whet their whistles—and we shall have such fun.

Dame. Don't prate so; but go and lay the table, as I told you.

Blais. I'm going.—(*Goes to arrange the table, after carrying it in.*)

Gerv. Well, wife, is all ready? nothing forgot?

Dame. “Nothing forgot,” indeed!—I like that. Things would go on prettily in the house, if I was not to look about me, and do every thing myself.

Gerv. I know it, wife: for vigilance, activity, and cleverness, there's not such another within twenty miles round.

Dame. I defy you to shew me a woman in the whole village of such patience and gentleness.—(*Blaisot laughs.*) And what are you doing, Mr. Drone? (*Giving him a box on the ear.*) You are to laugh, are you, instead of minding your business?—a lazy knave!—and the table not half laid: every thing must be done by me; I see, not a creature in the house to assist me.

Blais. Lord! lord! how can you say so! I have not

time to say my prayers, not one moment in twenty-four hours—and Miss Annette, she does nothing either perhaps—poor little soul!

Dame. Hold your tongue I say—she's not a bit better than you are.

Gerv. Fie, fie, Dame—you don't do justice to that excellent girl—is she not always at her duty, and with mildness?

Dame. I hate mildness—who cares for a girl that's always watching every look of your's, to do a thing before she's bid: I'd rather have that oaf, though he sets me mad twenty times a day with his stupidity—there's some use in a block-head of that kind—he puts me in a passion—I give him a box on the ear—it makes my blood circulate, and keeps me in health.

Blais. Ecod, but I don't like to bē your doctor after that there fashion.

Dame. Yes, indeed! Annette this, and Annette that, and so handsome forsooth! and every body in love with her—and such sweet stuff—even that old fool the Baillie, Heaven forgive me, but I think he's in love with her too.

Gerv. Do you know I have observed it, wife; was there ever such a silly dotard?

Dame. And let me tell you, Mr. Gervas, all this nonsense spoils the girl—it is a good working person I want, and not one of your handsome folks, for a servant.

Gerv. Gently, gently wife; recollect that Annette is not in our house as a common servant—you know she was rather committed to our protection, by my sister at Paris—she is the daughter of as good a farmer as myself; and though poor Mr. Granville, her father, lost all his property, and was obliged to turn soldier at last, that isn't the fault of the poor girl, who, you must allow, deserves every thing we can do for her.

Dame. Mighty well—all that's true enough, but a young and handsome girl in a farm-house—I don't like such people about me—Mr. Gervas.

Gerv. There's something in that to be sure—never mind wife—we can't all be handsome you know—let me see,—(*Looking at his watch.*)—half-past five: and Richard writes that we may expect him at six.

Dame. True; well then—I'll tell you what we'll do—I'll just go into the house, and give a look to see how things are

going on, and we'll walk to the top of the hill to meet the dear boy.

Gerv. Well said, dame—how happy shall I be to embrace our son after such an absence;—hearkye, dame, we must think of getting him a wife.

Dame. Aye, aye; we shall see in proper time.

Gerv. I have something in my head.

Dame. In your head indeed? that's my affair; Richard's marriage is my business, Mr. Gervas,—(*Calls Annette.*)—and he shall marry—

Mag. Annette! Annette!

Gerv. Dame—did you hear Mag, there? that bird's a witch—He knew my thoughts.

Dame. And let me tell you Mr. Gervas, it's not my thoughts, I assure you, and don't let me hear—

Enter ANNETTE, from the Cottage.

Ann. Did you call me, ma'am?

Dame. Yes, child; you must assist in laying the table, and getting things ready and nice—I shall go and prepare the linen and plate, but take care and don't let the same thing happen this time that did a fortnight ago; on my husband's birth-day—I don't blame any body—another loss of that kind would be no joke to me—a silver fork's a silver fork.

Ann. Oh! ma'am, you may depend upon it—that unlucky fork has made me miserable ever since.

Gerv. Bah—and after all it's a mighty loss, indeed! I tell you, wife, I'll hear no more about it—you dinn'd it into our ears for a week together; and that's more than it was worth.

Dame. Well, and do I say any more about it? I don't think of it for my part—come with me, Blaisot, I want you; don't be impatient, my good man—I shall be with you in two minutes.

[*Exit with Blaisot, into Cottage.*]

Gerv. What's the matter, Annette? you look unhappy.

Ann. Madame Gervas will still talk to me of that fork.

Gerv. Poh! don't mind—let her talk; you know she loves it—but she means nothing.

Ann. Oh! yes—she means, I know, that if I had been

more attentive, the fork would not have been lost, and that makes me so unhappy.

Gerv. What does it signify, people can't answer for such accidents—let us talk of other matters—here's Richard a coming—I dare say you're very sorry now, eh?

Ann. Oh no, I am delighted,—who would not be glad to see Richard?—so good a son, so mild—so kind—why he's the very picture of you, Mr. Gervas.

Gerv. Indeed! a little flatter'd or so—I see you like *him*, merely out of friendship for *me*, you little rogue; suppose now I was to make you a present of this likeness of mine.

Ann. To me, sir!

Gerv. Come, come, my dear child, Richard has no secret from me—you are a good girl—your education, your sentiments are such as I could wish—your father is a poor man—what then? he is an *honest* one, that's enough for me—and his alliance would do honour to the best—but I'll say no more.

Ann. Good Heaven! what have I heard! can the poor Annette hope! but Dame Gervas—may perhaps—

Gerv. We must let her scold a little to be sure—she'd fall sick if she could'nt scold; but at bottom she's a good soul, believe me;—therefore, hope the best, we'll manage matters.

Ann. Oh! sir, your goodness—

Enter DAME GERVAS and BLAISOT, from the Cottage.

Dame. Come, Mr. Gervas—I'm ready.—(*Carrying a small basket of Forks and Spoons.*)—Here, Annette—I need not tell you to take care of the plate. I should not use it, I assure you, if it wasn't for Richard's fête—have an eye to it child.

Ann. Certainly, ma'am.

Gerv. Annette—we're going to meet Richard.

Blais. To meet Richard! ecod I'll be first though.

(*Throwing down what he has in his hands, he scampers through the gate up the hill before them.*)

Gerv. Adieu, Annette, we shall return directly, remember what I told you; and rely upon me.

Dame. Do have done with your compliments, and come along. [*Exeunt Gerv. and Dame, through the Gate, R.H.U.E.*]

Ann. (*Arranging the Table, and laying the Knives and Forks.*) The worthy Mr. Gervas! he bids me hope, and I shall see my dear Richard once more; every thing conspires to make me so happy! and my dear father too, whom I shall soon embrace! he writes me word that his regiment is coming to Paris, and that he will ask permission to come here, for a few days—I am so delighted! and he says he has received the little money I have been able to spare.

ISAAC, at a little distance behind the hedge. L.H.U.E.

Isa. Knives, scissars, lace, watches—any potty wants to py, &c.

Ann. Ah! here's the Jew that comes every year to our village—I've no money now, and I don't regret it; how could it be so well disposed of as assisting a father in distress?

Isa. (*Looking over the hedge.*) Knives, scissars, &c.

Ann. We want nothing now, good man, there's nobody at home.

Isa. Lookye here, matimoiselle; here's the fine tings all fresh from Paris—here's the thimbles, the crosses, &c.

Ann. I tell you, we want nothing now.

Isa. Don't be anger, matimoiselle—no faché—I'm lodg'd in te fite horse in te village, two days, no more, if you wants any ting in my little vay.

Ann. Very well—very well.

Isa. Gentile Demoiselle, vary pretty knives, scissars, &c.
[*Music.—Exit,* R.H. U.E.]

Enter BLAISOT, R.H.U.E. running down the hill.

Blais. Here he is! I saw him first.

Ann. You saw him, Blaisot?

Blais. To be sure I did. “Blaisot my boy,” says he, “how is my dear Annette?” She's dying to see you, says I—you're grown a very handsome fellow; and then, says he, catching hold of my hand, he gave it such a squeeze, that I can hardly open my fingers.

Ann. Oh! Richard, and is it true that we may once more—
(*Music.*) What do I hear?

Blais. Why the fiddles to be sure—arn't the whole village, in their best Sunday clothes coming to Master Richard's fête?—here they are, here they are.

Ann. I can hardly breathe with joy.

Enter RICHARD, GERVAS, DAME, and all the VILLAGERS coming down the hill.—Richard, when he sees Annette, runs forward to embrace her.

Rich. My belov'd Annette.

Ann. Oh ! Mr. Richard.

Gerv. Bravo ! bravo !—come my friends : make haste with the supper, Dame.

Dame. Poor Richard must be so hungry after his long march.

Rich. No, mother, I don't think of eating now.

Dame. Come, Miss Annette, is there nothing to do ?

Gerv. Easy, wife, let them ask one another how they do.

Dame. Yes ; but I don't like——

Gerv. I say you *do* like to see our Richard arrive ; ar'n't you glad to see him so strong, and healthy, and gay ?

Dame. Do you hear your father, Richard ? He asks me if I am glad to see you—why I'm mad with joy.

Rich. Dear mother, I know it. *(Embraces her.)*

Gerv. That's it—that's as it should be.

Rich. (To Annette.) How much you are improved, my dear Annette !

Gerv. (To the Villagers.) Come, my friends, here's a barrel of old wine to drink Richard's health in.

Vill. Thank ye, thank ye, farmer Gervas.

Ann. (To Richard.) You sometimes thought of poor Annette ?

Rich. Oh !—always—never a moment from my thoughts. *(They all sit.)*

A Dance.

Dame. (Bustling at the table.) Put that dish here—that's Richard's favorite dish—set it before him.

Gerv. Blaisot, tap this fellow ; *(Pointing to the barrel.)* bleed him without mercy.

Blais. We'll not leave a drop in his body.

Gerv. (To Richard.) There he is ! why the sight of him makes me ten years younger. What do you say of Annette ? Isn't she——

Rich. Handsomer than ever !

Gerv. Not a word of that now—mum.—Well, Richard, you quit us no more.

Rich. No, father; having served my country with honour, I have now a right to share my father's labours, and make his life comfortable and happy.

Gerv. Dear boy!

Dame. Now for it, every thing's ready, let us sit down.

Gerv. Richard, there's your place, near your mother—Annette sits here—if the Baillie comes, he shall sit there, and you, master Thomas, and farmer Lucas sit down. Blaisot, take care. There dance away; here's Richard's health! (*All touch glasses.*) health and joy to our friends and neighbours.—(*Rising.*)—Bravo, bravo; now, my friends, all go into the inclosures, under the chesnut-trees, and we will follow and join in the dance. Blaisot, carry bottles and glasses, and when they want filling, there's the fountain. (*Points to the barrel.*)

Blais. Yes, master Gervas, here we go; follow me, boys.

[*Music.—Exeunt dancers at the gate.*]

Rich. And now, mother, before it is dark, I must go and see my dear uncle!

Gerv. Do so, Richard, the sight of you will cure the gout, I warrant me. What do you say, wife, let's go along with him, and see my poor brother?

Dame. To be sure—it's quite right; Annette, child, do you stay here; you know what you have to do?

Ann. Yes, ma'am.

Rich. Dear Annette, we shall not be long.

Ann. Adieu, dear Richard.

Gerv. Here take my arm, wife.

Dame. Not I indeed! here's the arm that I shall never quit again.

[*Exeunt with Richard over platform.*]

Enter EVRARD, disguised in an old great coat and flapped hat. R.H.U.E.

Ann. I must make haste, and put up all the things, or Dame Gervas will be so angry. Let me first count the plate. (*Puts them one after another at the upper end of the table.*) How I love thee, dear Richard!

Evr. (*Hesitating and looking about.*) This must be the farm-house.

Ann. It's all right, the number is exact.

Evr. My daughter!—If I could but speak to her alone.

Ann. He's such a charming young man!—how he vowed to me at the very table, that he would make me the happiest of wives.

Evr. My poor child! and I am come to destroy all her prospects! cruel destiny!

Ann. What is this!—the poor man looks distressed. What is the matter, good friend?

Evr. (*Discovering himself.*) My child!

Ann. (*She throws down the last spoon, and runs to embrace him.*) My dearest father!

Evr. Hush! speak softly.

Ann. Good heavens!—why?

Evr. Last night our regiment came to Paris; I asked permission to come and embrace my child—but for one day;—the commanding-officer refused me—I urged—I entreated—he answered me harshly and cruelly—I upbraided him with want of feeling. It was imprudent, I confess; he lifted his cane to strike me, when, forgetting the subordination due from a soldier to his officer, I drew my sabre, and would have put him to instant death, if my comrades had not prevented me.

Ann. Oh, horror!

Evr. Orders were immediately given to arrest me; but, beloved by my fellow soldiers, they assisted my escape; with the little money you sent me, I bought this disguise, and at day break my brave friend, St. Clair, conducted me to the wood hard by.

Ann. My dearest father, let us still hope—

Evr. No, my child, it is in vain; the court-martial must assemble this morning, and sentence of death will infallibly be pronounced.

Ann. Then remain with us: with your child there is yet safety. Mr. Gervas—his wife—his son—I am sure will do every thing.

Evr. How, Annette! plunge your benefactors in danger. No, this village is too near Paris; since I have been lucky enough to find you alone, promise me—swear to me, by the duty and affection you owe your father, that you will never discover to human being, my imprudence or my fate.

Ann. Not to Mr. Gervas?

Evr. Not even to him, if you wish to save your father from despair ; promise me never to reveal his unfortunate story.

Ann. I solemnly promise.

Evr. It is for your sake, my beloved child, that I demand this promise ; you have (unknowingly) confided to me your hopes ; it is of consequence to you, that neither Richard or his parents should be even acquainted with my disgrace. I am known in the regiment only by my assumed name of Evrard, and none suspect me to be Farmer Granville—the death of the poor soldier, Evrard, will excite no attention ; and if they hear it in this house, they will little think it is their old friend.

Ann. Oh ! my father, if nothing but flight and eternal exile will do, happiness is banished from Annette's thoughts ; we'll fly together, always with you ; I shall but breathe for your safety—I will partake of all your danger—live or die in the arms of my father.

Evr. Best of children ! Heaven forbid I should accept such a sacrifice—alone, and marching by nights in the woods and unfrequented paths, there may be still a hope that passing the frontiers safely—

Ann. (*She sees the Baillie coming at a distance.*) Good Heaven—somebody—it's the Baillie.

Evr. Cruel interruption ! I had something more to tell you.

Ann. 'Tis impossible now, here is the vile Baillie ; sit down at the corner of the table ; and cover your uniform. (*He crosses to R.H. and sits down at the upper end.*)

Enter the BAILLIE at the Gate, R.H. U.E.

Bail. (L.H.) There she is, and alone ! I met Dame Gervas and the family in the square. (*Aside.*) I'm come apropos to find the beautiful Annette at last by herself.

Ann. Come, my poor man, take this glass of wine ; it will comfort you, and give you strength to continue your journey.

Bail. Good day—good day, beautiful Annette.

Ann. Your servant, Mr. Baillie.

Bail. Who is that man ?

Ann. A poor traveller, quite worn out with hunger and

fatigue ; I made the poor man sit down and refresh himself a little.

Bail. Very right, very right—always charitable, but when shall I have any kindness in return for——

Ann. Drink a little more, don't you find yourself better ? Pretend to fall asleep. (*Aside to him.*) Mr. and Mrs. Gervas are gone out, Mr. Baillie.

Bail. No matter—I'm not in a hurry ; I can wait for them. (*Evrard appears to sleep, but looks up at times.*)

Ann. Excuse me, Mr. Baillie—be so good as to leave me.

Bail. No, little chicken, I won't be so good as to lose this opportunity—but will that man stay for ever ? you ought to——

Ann. Let the poor man sleep a little, I'm sure he wants it.

Bail. If he's asleep, I don't care. (*Aside.*) Come here, Annette—you know how I long to talk to you. (*Takes her hand, which she withdraws.*) Nay, don't be angry. (*Evrard looks up.*)

Ann. You know, Mr. Baillie, that I don't like any such——

Bail. Aye, aye ; no jokes with the Baillie : you don't like this, and you don't like that, but you do like to see such a man as me captivated—well, I confess it, you have won my heart, you little witch !

Evr. Insolent dotard ! (*Aside.*)

Ann. How shall I get rid of him ? (*Aside.*)

Bail. Come, my little angel, I see you don't mean to be always cruel—the devil—here's my servant.

Enter GEORGET at the Gate, R.H. U.E.

Geor. (*In centre.*) Mr. Baillie, here's a packet to be delivered immediately.

Bail. Who brought it ?

Geor. A soldier.

Bail. Let me see—you may go, Georget.

[*Exit Georget at the gate, R.H. U.E.*]

Ann. A soldier ! (*Aside.*)

Bail. Let me see—where's my spectacles—where can I have left them ? in the house, I suppose ; let us try to make it out ! (*Holding the letter at a distance from him.*) Hum : “ Mr. Baillie.” “ Description”—soldier, “ Evrard ;” hum.

Ann. Good heaven ! (*Aside.*)

Evr. All's lost ! (*Aside.*)

Bail. It's in vain, I cannot read any more of it without my spectacles—no matter—it's only the old story—some deserter—why, Annette may as well read it for me—do, my dear girl, just read this a little.

Ann. Why not go home, Mr. Baillie, and read it at your leisure ?

Bail. It's not worth while, I tell you, to go so far ; won't you oblige me ?

Ann. (*Trembling.*) “ Mr. Baillie, enclosed is the description of a soldier of the Royal Regiment of Champaign, condemned to death (*Faltering.*) by a court-martial.”

Evr. Ah ! I was sure of it ! (*Aside.*)

Ann. By name—

Bail. A trifle—what signifies being so affected about such nonsense ? read on, read on.

Ann. Every thing is lost if I go on—forty-five years old, five feet ten inches high. (*Aside.*)

Bail. Well, can't *you* make it out ?

Ann. The writing is so small and cramp.

Bail. Small ! why it looked to me the finest large round hand—if I had but my spectacles—

Ann. Yes, yes ; now I look again, it's quite plain ; Heaven inspire me. (*Aside.*) By name “ Louis Evrard.” Aged twenty-three years.

Bail. Poor young man !

Ann. Six feet three inches—

Bail. The devil ! he's a giant !

Ann. Large, blue eyes, flaxen hair—

Bail. Why, he's an Adonis too ! “ Large, blue eyes ! flaxen hair ! ”

Ann. (*Looking at her father's black gaiters.*) And long white gaiters. The Baillie of Palaiseau is desired to take immediate measures for arresting the above soldier, if he should pass through any of the places within his jurisdiction, and distribute copies of the enclosed at the—

Bail. Aye, aye, at the different outposts.—Very well ; it shall be done. Give me the papers.—Eh ! let me see—we may as well examine this man a little. (*Crosses to centre, goes up to Evrard, who pretends to be asleep, and tups him on the shoulder.*) Friend ! stand up—take off your hat.

Ann. I'm ready to expire. (*Aside.*)

Bail. Twenty-three years old—six feet three—blue eyes—flaxen hair. Ha! ha! ha! a good bit made of here. There, go your way, good man.

Ann. Thank Heaven! (*Aside.*) Speed you well, my poor man: good bye.—Hide yourself there till he is gone. (*Aside.*) [*Evrard retires, L.H. U.E.*]

Bail. Upon my word, Mr. Louis Evrard, with your blue eyes and flaxen hair, I would have you keep out of my clutches.

Ann. Now, Mr. Baillie, I must beg of you to leave me to finish my work.

Bail. Certainly, certainly, my little angel! but upon one condition—Promise to think upon what I told you, and give a kiss as a pledge.

Evr. (Appears.) The villain! (*Aside.*)

Bail. Somebody spoke.

Ann. He is discovered! (*But observing the Magpie, who has come out of his cage, and was then on a branch of the tree over the table she says—*) Look, Mr. Baillie!

Bail. Ah! I see—Dame Gervas's cursed Magpie! But, Annette, remember the condition. (*Goes to kiss her.*)

Ann. Mr. Baillie! (*With great dignity.*)—Begone, or you shall repent.

Bail. Threatening too! I should like to know who is to prevent me from—

Ann. Some one who will punish this insolence.

Bail. What do I hear? A servant dare to treat me so! Me! Chrisostome Athanasius de Rocher, Baillie de Palaiseau! I know where all this pride and impertinence proceeds: it is upon Richard, your master's son, that you have your views; but you shall know what it is to affront a Baillie; you shall repent this!—A saucy, impertinent servant maid, indeed! I'm in office, hussy! and may chance to teach you, that, when little folks forget their respect to great ones, great ones never forget to remember it.

[*Music.—Exit, muttering, at gate, R.H. U.E.*]

Enter EVRARD, from L.H. U.E.

Evr. And to be obliged to bear such an outrage!

Ann. Be calm, my dear father: my fears were but for

you ; and, now we are alone, you had something more to tell me.

Evr. Yes, my child ;—my money is all exhausted.

Ann. And, alas ! I have none.

Evr. I know it ; you sent me all you possessed. But one thing remains : here is my last resource—a silver spoon of your poor mother's, which I have kept to this moment.

Ann. My mother's ! (*She takes and kisses it.*)

Evr. I hoped to have kept it all my life—but hard necessity ! You may perhaps be able to dispose of it in the village this evening ; but do it discreetly. I observed an old tree near the road, at the entrance of this little wood ; it has a hollow in it.

Ann. I know it.

Evr. Whatever little money the spoon will bring, you can deposit it in that hollow, in the course of to-night ; and, at day break, I shall be there to receive it.

Ann. At day-break ! I fear I shall not have time—stop a moment—yes, perhaps, in an hour or two. The Jew, who was here a while ago—Yes, my dear father, the money shall be there this very night.

Evr. Adieu, then, my child ; this may be the last embrace !

Ann. My father !

[*She conducts him through the rustic gate, R.H. U.E. following him with her eyes, and then exit into the cottage, L.H. S.E.—when the curtain drops. Previous to this, the Magpie hops from the branch upon the table, and, taking a spoon into his beak, has flown across the stage behind the scenes. This takes place when Annette is looking after her father, and before she goes into the cottage.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A room in the farm-house ; door in front ; a window at each side ; a large table, on which are heaps of plates, glasses, &c. and, at one end of it, the basket of knives, forks, and spoons. In a corner*

of the room is seen the Magpie in a cage, hung up against the wall.

ANNETTE, *going to the door in front, that looks into the street.*

Ann. The Jew, I fear, is really gone. To offer me so little!—it would be of no use to my poor father; and time passes. (*Looking out with anxiety.*) If he does not come back, what shall I do? and what will become of him, if he does not find the money in the hollow tree? he must wait till night—and then, perhaps, it may be too late! If I could but see the Jew again—he might give me a little more—(*Isaac speaks behind.*)—I hear him—how lucky!

Enter ISAAC, M.D.

Isa. Knives! scissars?—Fell, miss, I give turteen shillings—can't gif more, upon my conscience.

Ann. Thirteen shillings! I must have stolen it to take so little.

Isa. That's not my business.

Ann. It's a shame.

Isa. Vell—I gif fifteen shillings—that is the lasht.

Ann. Go your ways.

Isa. I'm a going, matimoiselle.

Ann. I must take it, here.

Isa. Good—I was going to gif seventeen. (*Aside.*)

Ann. Make haste—somebody may come.

Isa. I undershtand—(*Counting the money.*)—fourteen, fifteen.

Ann. Very well, it's all right—go away.

[*Exit Isaac, M.D.*

Enter BLAISOT, D.F. at the other side.

Blais. (R.H.) What have you been selling to that ugly Jew?

Ann. (*Putting her money in her pocket.*) I wanted a little money, Blaisot, so I have been selling him something.

Blais. Say for nothing at all—these Jews are such Jews! mercy on us.

Ann. Yes, but I was in such distress for a little money.

Blais. And wasn't Blaisot's leather purse at your service, Miss Annette? aye, and to the last farthing, small as it is.

Ann. Thank you good Blaisot; but leave me now. I have got so much to do this morning.

Blais. And so have I too—ecod, Dame Gervas keeps us to it finely. [*Exit running off*, M.D.]

Ann. Now to the hollow tree: my poor father must be so impatient; ah!—(*Stopped by Richard, who enters at M.D.*)

Rich. (L.H.) Dear Annette, good morning.

Ann. So early, Mr. Richard!

Rich. I could not sleep, the pleasure of being again with my family, the joy of finding my Annette still faithful, and the hope of soon calling her mine, agitated me so much, that I have not closed my eyes—and you, my dear girl!

Ann. Ah, Richard! I could not sleep either.

Rich. What is the matter? you look alarmed!

Ann. Me! not at all, Richard—my father waiting all this time! (*Aside.*)

Rich. You are unhappy—tell me.

Ann. No, indeed—nothing at all—I must be gone for a moment—adieu, dear Richard!

Rich. One instant; I must enquire; my mother, perhaps, has been saying something.

Ann. Your mother! I'll let him think so. (*Aside.*) Ah, Richard! I fear Dame Gervas will never consent to your marrying the daughter of a poor soldier.

Rich. And what am I, then? it is my pride and boast to be a soldier—and what state more honourable than his, who is ever ready to face all perils in the service of his country?

Enter GERVAS, L.H.

Gerv. Ah, here they are together! very well, very well, my dear children! Eh! what's a clock?

Rich. About six, father.

Gerv. Six—why I overslept myself.

Ann. It will be too late! (*Aside.*)

Gerv. It's your fault, Richard; one sleeps so sound when the heart is at ease!

Rich. And yet mine, father, never was so much at ease, and I have not slept a wink.

Gerv. Aye : but Richard, this love, they say, is a terrible disturber.

Ann. If I could but get away ! (*Retiring to the door.*)

Gerv. Am I right, Annette ? what are you doing there a mile off ? come here, I say (*She comes down, L.H.*) none of your little demure looks—they don't become you, my dearchild, listen to me. (*Taking a hand of each of them under his arm.*) We must begin a battery against my wife, this very day.

Rich. Yes, father, this very day.

Ann. Alas ! (*Aside.*)

Gerv. Don't be afraid, little coward ! I'll tell you how it will be—she'll scold, fume, fret.—Lord ! how she will give it to us all ! well, well—let her go to the end of her letter, and then I—no, then you, Richard, you'll begin.

Rich. And why not you, father ?

Gerv. No, no. I should spoil all, I tell you—my Dame is one of the best women in the world ; but the truth is, that if I am of one opinion, it's quite enough that she should be of another ; there's no help for it.

Rich. Well father, I shall begin.

Gerv. That's it—she's so fond of you, that she may listen a little, and then we'll tell her, that Annette, though not rich, has a hundred good qualities, more necessary in a wife—eh ! where the devil is she running ? (*Annette retiring at last, makes her escape, R.H.*) Annette ! Annette ! ah ! there's my wife got hold of her.

DAME with ANNETTE, come forward, R.H.

Dame. Where are you going in such a hurry, Miss ? one would think there was nothing to do in the house—good morning, Richard, how do you do child, after your fatigue ?

Rich. Very well, mother, and you, I hope—

Dame. Mercy ! what a room ! nothing set to rights—plates, glasses, standing about—did any body ever see such disorder ? and you (*To Father and Son.*) there you stand looking at each other, and won't leave me to settle my household affairs. (*Ann. sits down, R.H. U.E.*)

Gerv. Well, wife, we're going. Richard, better choose another time—there's a storm brewing; come along, boy.

Rich. But shall we leave Annette?

Gerv. Aye, aye; she's us'd to it—let us go.

[*Exeunt Gervas and Richard, M.D.*]

Dame. What have they been all three talking about? some secret from me, I dare say.—Annette, do you know any thing?

Ann. I, ma'am!

Dame. Hem! hem! there's something or other; but I'll get to the bottom of it—if people think I am to be deceived, they don't know Dame Gervas—I have a tongue that can speak, and a head that won't follow other people's opinion, believe me—come, child, help to put things to rights; take away these plates and glasses; where's the basket with the silver forks and spoons?

Ann. Here it is ma'am.

Dame. Very well—I shall count them over. (*She reckons and talks alternately, while Annette is occupied in carrying things from the table into another room behind the scenes.*)

Well, sure enough, we had a very pleasant fête of it! for our dear Richard! and poor farmer Lucas! he had a dose of wine, and how his wife did talk! oh Lord—eleven forks—how people can go on all day chattering so, is quite wonderful! one, two, three; and her daughters! seven, eight. I hope they danced enough at last: such jumpers I never saw! ten, eleven! I must be mistaken—(*Counts them again.*) ten—eleven—no more—there it is! so here's a spoon wanting now.

Ann. How! a spoon? (*Goes to count them.*)

Dame. Yes, count them yourself; there were eleven forks—here they are; and twelve spoons.

Ann. Ten, eleven. I can see no more; and yet I'm sure I paid the greatest attention.

Dame. So it seems, miss! but let's see—look about under the table—it is really inconceivable. (*Calling.*) Farmer Gervas, what are you doing out there? Come to me directly, Blaisot.

Enter BLAISOT, M.D.

Go along and look under the tree where we supped, and see if you can find a spoon. [*Music.—Exit Blaisot, M.D.*]

Enter GERVAS, M.D.

Gerv. (L.H.) What's the matter, wife? what are you in such a fuss about? what spoon?

Dame. Yes, indeed, this time a spoon is lost. Well, Annette, can't you find it?

Ann. No, ma'am; I have looked every where—how disagreeable it is!

Dame. Yes, miss, very disagreeable, and very extraordinary too, give me leave to say, to lose two such valuable things in the same way.

Gerv. Pah! it will be found bye and bye.

Dame. It's enough to set one mad to see how easily you take things, Mr. Gervas; but it shall not pass as it did before—I shall insist upon examining—

Gerv. There, she is at her tantrums again! as if every thing that's missing for a moment must be stolen.

Dame. Mighty well, mighty well!

Enter BLAISOT, M.D.

Blais. (L.H.) I've searched and searched all under and over—no more spoon than on the back of my hand—ecod, I have it.—

Gerv. What! the spoon?

Blais. No; but, for my part, I think the spoon must be gone after the fork.

Gerv. Fool!

Dame. Not such a fool either; but did you look every—

Blais. Not only look'd myself, but I met Georget, the Baillie's man, and he help'd me; but not the spoon we could find.

Gerv. And a wise thing it was of you to tell that prating fellow any thing about it.

Dame. It's lucky he did, Mr. Gervas—it's no harm if the Baillie himself knew it—the same accident cou'dn't happen twice without some—in short, Mr. Gervas, the spoon must be stolen—and who took it?

Mag. Annette—Annette!

Ann. Oh! Heaven!

Gerv. (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha! listen to that nonsensical bird.

Dame. It's rather singular, you must allow.

Gerv. (*To Annette.*) What are you crying for, child? Do you think I mind what that bird says; and my wife, I am sure, has too much sense, too much justice to imagine for a moment—is it not so wife?

Dame. Surely—I don't believe—I am far from thinking—I don't accuse *any* body; but a silver spoon is a silver spoon, and the spoon is gone, Mr. Gervas, and I must suspect somebody.

Blais. Eeod then, mayhap you suspect Blaisot; but I scorn your words, and dang it, if I was to go for to think you meant as I had any hand in it—(*Muttering in a great passion.*)

Dame. Nobody spoke to you, blockhead!

Blais. Aye, blockhead! and a blockhead may be a very honest man, I'd have you to know.

Ann. (*In great distress.*) My good Blaisot, don't you see, it is not to you that all this is directed, but to me? I am very unfortunate. (*Retires up the stage.*)

Gerv. Hush! here's the Baillie.

Dame. So much the better.

Enter the BAILLIE, M.D.

Bail. (*In centre.*) What's the matter here, neighbours? Georget has been telling me of a robbery! Eh! something about a silver spoon; I ordered my clerk to follow me—we must examine—

Gerv. Not at all, Mr. Baillie—there are no thieves in my house—nothing has been stolen.

Bail. However, I am informed—

Dame. My husband doesn't know what he says. I'll tell you, Mr. Baillie—here's a silver spoon missing, we must know what has become of it, and I am sure you will do your duty.

Bail. Most judiciously expressed, Dame Gervas. What, sir! was there not a silver fork missing a fortnight ago? and is it found yet? And now a spoon! The case is evident—House-breaking—household robbery! I must examine witnesses—take depositions.

Gerv. Pshaw! Mr. Baillie, it's a trifle.

Bail. Trifle, indeed! Hanging matter, I say! Where

is my clerk? (*Looking about sees Annette.*) So, Miss Annette, you can read papers prettily, I see.

Gerv. What? (*To Annette.*)

Bail. Only a cunning trick of this young lady, while I was looking for my spectacles, to save a notorious culprit.—I shall remember it.

Enter GRIPEALL, M.D.

Bail. Have you sent the gens d'armes?

Grip. They are in waiting.

Bail. And my servant Georget—

Grip. Is with them.

Bail. Good! Now, Farmer Gervas, and you, Dame Gervas, sit down, if you please, both of you. A table here. (*Gripeall and Baillie sit down to a table opposite; Gripeall takes out of his pocket, papers, pens, and ink.*) Write the preamble—In the year of our Lord, 1760, came before us——We shall begin by examining all present.

Blais. Aye, do. I don't value you three skips of a grasshopper.

Ann. There's nobody here afraid, Mr. Baillie.

Bail. First deposition.—Dame Gervas deposeth, that about a fortnight ago, a large silver fork was stolen from her house—ditto this day, a large silver spoon, same value, and stolen by the same person.

Dame. I don't say that, Mr. Baillie—I don't know who took them.

Bail. Silence! we must stick to the forms of the law. Now, Dame Gervas, I ask you who is the person in your house who has the care of your plate?

Dame. Annette.

Bail. Ah, ah! pretty innocent!—Now is my turn. (*Aside.*) Strong presumption against the said Annette.

Ann. Against me!—just Heaven! (*Advances to the centre.*)

Bail. Her family name?

Dame. Granville.

Gerv. Stop a little. I must tell you, Mr. Baillie, Annette was never responsible.

Bail. Write down Annette Granville.

Gerv. But speak, wife.

Dame. Mr. Baillie, I don't say Annette is by any means—

Bail. No—you don't say, I know, but you confide in Annette, and particularly all your silver plate; and, therefore, upon her naturally falls the first suspicion.

Blais. (R.H.) And so, Mr. Baillie, if I have the care of the pigs, and one of them throws himself into a pit, I'm to be suspected of eating 'em.—Dang such law!

Bail. Silence! impertinent! Dame Gervas further deposeseth.

Ann. And you, madam, don't contradict this unjust—this vile insinuation!—wretched Annette! (*Pulls out her handkerchief to wipe her eyes, the money she got from the Jew, being wrapped up in it, falls on the stage.*)

Dame. What is all this?

Ann. (*Picking up the money in a hurry.*) It belongs to me, ma'am!

Dame. To you! and we know it was but the other day you sent ev'ry farthing you had to your father.

Gerv. True, Annette.—How comes it then?

Ann. And you, too, Mr. Gervas.—Oh! by every thing that is sacred, I swear this money is mine.

Gerv. I believe you, my child; but I only wish to know—

Bail. Write down, "Aggravating circumstances."

Blais. Stop a minute, old Quill. (*To Gripeall.*) It is Annette's money.—I know all about it.

Gerv. Speak then, Blaisot.

Blais. Don't you know Isaac, the Jew? there, below, at the White Horse, in the village! now, to my knowledge, he gave Miss Annette money this morning, for some bits of old things she sold 'um.

Bail. A Jew! here we have it.

Dame. Now, Mr. Gervas, is it pretty clear?

Gerv. Annette, does Blaisot speak the truth?

Ann. He does.

Dame. Let her tell us what she sold.—It could not be her cross, for there it is.

Ann. My cross! (*Looking at it.*) would to heaven it was!

Bail. Write down, said "Stolen article was sold to a Jew." Let me see that money.—(*Ann. gives the money to Gerv. who throws it on the table.*)—Give it to me, I say.

Ann. What, my last resource! (*Falling on her knees.*) I conjure you, Mr. Baillie, leave me that money; it is a sa-

cred trust. What I sold, belonged to me—Pity my despair.—I am as innocent as yourself of this.

Bail. Paid into court—(*Puts it into his pocket.*) Bad affair! the Jew is a damning proof; and this very day, the judge comes in his rounds to Palaiseau. Now write down, Blaisot deposeth, that he saw fifteen shillings given by the said Jew to the said Annette Granville for a silver-spoon.

Blais. I tell you it's a lie! and I'll knock your paper about your head, if you come for to write—

Bail. Contempt of court! commit him.—Make out a mittimus.

Blais. Here I thought to save the poor girl, and I made it all worse.—Dear me! dear me!

Gerv. Mr. Baillie—I protest against this way of going on.—We must have the proper witnesses.

Bail. True! we must hear the Jew.

Blais. And, by the mass, if he's above ground, I'll bring 'um here: *that* will repair all. (*Runs off, M.D.*)

Gerv. Annette; perhaps the Jew will come? (*Observing her.*)

Ann. Oh! I hope so, and quickly.

Rich. (*Without, M.D.*) Annette!

Enter RICHARD, M.D.

Ann. Richard!

Rich. (*On R.H. of Ann.*) Tell me, father, Blaisot has been saying—who dares to accuse Annette of any crime?

Ann. Oh! Richard, *you* will not believe—

Rich. Never, my beloved girl! you, whose noble heart and rectitude of conduct, have attached me more than your beauty.

Dame. What do you say, my son?

Rich. Yes, mother; for to her only will Richard be united for ever.

Dame. You don't know what you say—you are ignorant of what has passed.—This girl—

Rich. I know this, that my dearest Annette is innocent, and that I answer for it with my life. Mr. Baillie, you may retire; your presence is no longer necessary.

Bail. Hey-day—chaos is come again.

Rich. Carry off your cursed scrawls, and don't let *my* ears be offended with your calumnies.

Bail. Young man, young man, justice is not to be interrupted by your audacious sallies—here are proofs of household robbery, and——

Rich. Falsehood ; it is not so ; my father——

Gerv. I hope it will turn out so.

Bail. Read the depositions, read the discovery of the money found upon the defendant, which money was given to her this morning by a Jew, for the article in question : read, read.

Rich. Very well, I know it—the whole proceeding is infamous—and these are your proofs ! because Annette sold something that belonged to her, and probably to assist the unfortunate ; for I know her goodness : and because, by mere chance at the same time, some little piece of plate is missing in the house, can you dare to conclude from that, that Annette is guilty ? Tremble, Mr. Justice, to increase the number of those fatal judgments by which too often the innocent and unprotected fall victims to error and precipitation.

Bail. And give me leave to tell you, Mr. Richard, that I am not to learn my duty from a jackanapes, who only because he is in love with the defendant——

Rich. Peace, old man ! would to Heaven that your motives for persecuting were as pure as mine for defending the innocent.

Dame. Hold your tongue, Richard ; and Mr. Baillie, you need not tell us about my son's love, for I dislike it as much as you do ; but what he says is true enough, we must not condemn people in a hurry, and I had rather he was married to Annette, than we should suspect her wrongfully.

Gerv. Well said, wife.

Enter BLAISOT, dragging in ISAAC, M.D.

Blais. Here he is—I got hold on 'um. (*Aside to Annette.*) Now, Annette, it will be all right.

Ann. Speak my friend.

Isa. O, vell den it—Tam te tevil, dere's dat auld Paily here. (*Aside.*)

Rich. Come forward, Mr. Jew, and tell us——

Bail. Hold—I must examine the witness ; your name, and profession ? answer, I say.

Isa. Sholomon Isaac. I does a little bishness in de vay of trade.—I puyes of some peoples, and sells to oder peoples, but all upon my conslince.

Bail. Do you know this young girl?

Isa. Yesh, I do.

Bail. What was it she sold you this morning?

Isa. Vat vash it I pought of you, my tear?—(*To Annette, aside.*)—it vash one silver shpoon.

Gerv.

Dame.

Blais.

} A silver spoon !

Rich. What do you say, villain?

Ann. The truth, Richard—Show the spoon I sold you.

Isa. Dat's impossible, my tear. I shold it directly to my friend Abrahams, and I don't know where he's gone.

Ann. Then I am lost !

Gerv. Annette, where did you get this spoon?

Ann. Good Mr. Gervas, do not ask me ; I cannot, must not tell you.

Blais. Here's another pretty job I made of it, to bring this cursed Jew here !

Bail. Silence in the court ! you all see now that the evidence is conclusive.

Rich. I am thunderstruck !

Ann. Bitter humiliation, and still to tremble for my poor father's life ! merciful Heaven !—

Dame. I begin to pity her from my heart.

Bail. (*Coming forward.*) Come, young lady, it can't be help'd, but you must to prison.

All. To prison !

Gerv. But, Mr, Baillie, can't we settle this matter?

Bail. Impossible, Mr. Gervas ; it is too late.

[*Isaac stealing off, towards M.D.*

Rich. Stop that villain, a thought has struck me—mother, fetch one of our spoons.

Dame. Directly, my son !

[*Exit, and shortly after Re-enters with a spoon.*

Enter Gens D'Armes, M.D.

Rich. Describe the spoon you bought.

Isa. Vell, vell, I shall speak de truth.

Rich. Was it plain, or otherwise ? the form, weight, arms, or cypher ?

Isa. It had a shyfer.

Rich. Take care.

Isa. Vell, vell, I speak de truth: it was markt mit—mit a G.

Ann. Fatal circumstance! Gervas and Granville, the same letters.

Rich. Here, wretch; compare and pronounce; was it like this?

Isa. Yes, 'tis very like vat I bought—but mind, I can't shwear it.

Rich. I am confounded!

Gerv. There must be something more in this.

Bail. To prison, to prison with her; the Jew may be discharged. [*Exeunt Isaac, Baillie, and Man.* M.D.]

Ann. (*In tears.*) Richard! Richard!

Rich. Annette, I lov'd—I ador'd you.—My happiness is gone for ever.

Ann. Richard—my friends—I am unfortunate, but innocent.

Rich. Prove it then.

Ann. It is impossible. And do you abandon me; (*To Dame Gervas.*) you think me guilty? Oh! my father! (*Aside.*) Oh! Richard, I am innocent—I am innocent.

[*The Gens d'Armes, in two files, conduct her—Dame covers her face with her handkerchief—Gervas holds his son, who would follow Annette—Blaisot lifts his hands in despair. Curtain falls.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Prison.*

ANNETTE discovered.—After a few bars of descriptive Music, she Advances.

Ann. My poor father.—What will become of him, when he finds I have not been able to place the money as I promised! and should he hear that his poor child is the victim

of so disgraceful an accusation! dreadful thought!—If he was but gone before it happened.—This cross; perhaps—but how dispose of it? or how send the money? Mr. Gervas—Richard.—No, no; they would ask me explanations which I cannot give. Blaisot, that good young man, who was so friendly in his offers.—Yes, I can trust *him* without betraying any thing.—I'll ask the jailor. Bertrand—Bertrand.

Enter BERTRAND, L.H. D.F.

Bert. Here's Blaisot wants to see you.

Ann. 'Tis fortunate!

Blais. (*Approaching with a melancholy air.*) There she is, poor girl.

Ann. Yes, I can depend upon him. (*Aside.*) Blaisot, you can do me a great service; but you must ask me no questions.

Blais. I won't—I won't ask no questions, Miss Annette.

Ann. You saw this morning they took the little money I had.

Blais. Yes, Miss Annette—the Baillie has got hold on it; nobody will ever see *that* again.

Ann. Well then, my dear Blaisot—

Blais. I see what you mean—say the word, and every thing poor Blaisot has is at your service.

Ann. I know it Blaisot—and therefore I wish you to lend me just the same sum—here is my gold cross, which is worth about—

Blais. Softly, softly, (*Putting her hand back.*) where am I to carry the money?

Ann. Going out of the little wood, just by the Paris road, have you remarked an old hollow tree?

Blais. To be sure I have.

Ann. Well: it is in the hollow of that tree that you must leave the money, this evening.

Blais. What, in the tree! all alone!

Ann. But nobody must see you; and, above all things, I must insist that you will not remain there to see who comes to take it.

Blais. Oh! then it's perhaps—

Ann. You promised to ask no questions.

Blais. True, I did—leave it to Blaisot.—I know it's some good action—I'll do it directly. *(Going.)*

Ann. But, Blaisot, you forgot the cross.

Blais. Me take your cross!

Ann. If you refuse me, I cannot accept—

Blais. That's very good! now I know what I am to do. I defy you, Miss Annette.

Ann. Hear me, Blaisot—think, my good friend, that to-morrow, perhaps to-day this little ornament can be no longer of use to Annette.

Blais. No, no, Miss Annette, don't talk so—it's impossible they should be such hard-hearted d—d brutes—keep your cross.

Ann. Then accept it as a token of Annette's regard.

Blais. Then I will—and if I part with it, no, never. *(Sobbing, and crying, and going.)*

Ann. *(Taking hold of his hand.)* Farewell.

Blais. Here's Richard. *[Exit, L.H. D.F.]*

Enter RICHARD, L.H. D.F.

Rich. Forgive me, dear Annette—the idea of your being accused of such a crime, the apparent proofs, which you refuse to give any account of, all affect and distract me so, that my very frame is disorder'd; I have resolved to return to the army, to bid an eternal adieu to my family, and find in a glorious death the end of my misfortunes, but first to take the only chance that remains to save me from despair—to ask you for the last time—are you guilty?—

Ann. No, Richard! *(With dignity.)*

Rich. By what fatality then—

Ann. I can prove nothing—explain nothing—nor make any defence;—it only remains for Annette to implore the Divine assistance, and lament the errors and injustice of the world.

Rich. You have a secret then, the discovery of which would justify you, and you refuse to tell it to me, the friend of your bosom; to me, who would sacrifice an hundred lives to save your's?

Ann. Dear Richard! add not to my affliction—the secret is not my own—besides, of what use could it be to me? I have but one witness, and such is his unfortunate situation,

that his evidence would not be believ'd—his own life would be risk'd without saving mine—no—I must be silent—prudence—duty—an oath forbids me.

Rich. I know not what to think!—then summon up all your fortitude, Annette—the judges are arrived—this odious Baillie, who persecutes you for reasons, I well know, has denounced you to the tribunal—and this very day—

Ann. I may be condemned—alas! a time will come, when my innocence shall be acknowledged, but poor Annette will not enjoy the triumph.

Rich. She makes me shudder! no—she cannot be guilty—such truth—such candour—impossible!

Ann. And now, Richard, I have a question to ask you, and I depend upon your truth and honour.

Rich. Speak—rely upon them.

Ann. If I am convicted—what will your thoughts be?

Rich. That you are innocent.

Ann. Then I shall die consoled.

Rich. Yes, my father, and mother—all—

Ann. Ah, Madame Gervas!

Rich. I know you have reason to believe her cruel to you—but believe me, dear Annette, she has been miserable ever since.

Ann. I forgive her!

Rich. At this very moment, she and my father are moving heaven and earth, to soften this infamous Baillie.

Enter BERTRAND, L.H. D.F.

Bert. Young woman, you must return into the prison, the Baillie is coming for the last interrogation.

Ann. Adieu, Richard.

Rich. Adieu, dearest Annette!

Bert. I hear a noise below; go in, go in; quick. (*Richard and Annette embrace; Bertrand locks the door upon her, R.H.*)

Rich. And, for the last time, I have seen her!

Bert. Farmer Gervas and his wife, I see; they can't see her now.

Enter GERVAS and DAME, L.H. D.F.

Rich. (*To them.*) Have you seen the Baillie?

Gerv. Not yet ; they told us he was coming. And is she there, dear child ?

Dame. There ; and all my fault. (*Sobbing.*)

Gerv. Did you speak to her, my son ?

Rich. Oh ! yes—and had you but seen her, mother !

Dame. Oh ! Richard, she cannot reproach me more than I do myself ; and, if it's to be the death of Annette, I know I shall not survive it.

Gerv. Come, come, my dear wife ; there is still hope. We will speak to the Baillie ; we'll use every means—make every sacrifice.

Dame. Yes, husband ; we'll give him every thing we possess to save the poor girl ; for I never can think her guilty in my heart.

Rich. True, mother ; she must be innocent.

Gerv. Has she told you any thing ?

Rich. No ; there is some mystery, some imperious duty or other, prevents her speaking.

Gerv. Here's the Baillie, I think ; leave us, Richard.

Enter BAILLIE, L.H.D.F.

Rich. I will, father ; for I dare not trust myself. But if he resists your intreaties, (*The Baillie advances.*) he shall hear me publish the unworthy motives that have urged him to oppress the innocent.

Bail. Mr. Richard !

Rich. Your servant, Mr. Baillie ; you heard me, I hope—we were talking of you, sir. [*Exit, L.H.D.F.*]

Dame. Pardon him, Mr. Baillie ; it is his despair makes him talk so.

Gerv. Yes, Mr. Baillie ; and Richard would be the first person to acknowledge your kindness, if you comply with our wishes.

Bail. What do you want ? let us hear.

Dame. We want you to throw all the papers into the fire—that's all ; and not to have us, for a miserable spoon, be the death of a poor girl.

Bail. It is too late, Dame Gervas ; the affair is before the judge.

Gerv. I don't believe it, Mr. Baillie ; it's very easy to gain time—let the matter rest a little.

Bail. Very easy, indeed!

Gerv. And any sacrifice —

Dame. Yes, we'll pay any thing—I don't mean to you, Mr. Baillie—you are above it; but any expense attending the stopping of the matter—we don't mind what it is. Take our silver, gold—take every thing! (*Crying.*)

Bail. Once again, I say, it is impossible; and give me leave to tell you, that the Baillie of Palaiseau is not a man to be bribed.

Gerv. And let me tell the Baillie of Palaiseau, that his duty is not to press this affair; it is by no means a clear case, and you would have much to answer for, if——

Bail. I know what I have to answer for; I am not apt to be mistaken in *my* judgment, Mr. Gervas.

Gerv. Except when a certain passion hinders you from seeing clearly.

Dame. (*To Gervas.*) For Heaven's sake, husband!

Gerv. Let me alone: the Baillie would have found Annette innocent enough, if she had been guilty in his way; but we know very well how she scorn'd his proposals—and here's a man who talks of duty and justice!

Bail. I'll make you repent this, fellow!

Dame. Ah! Mr. Baillie, (*Going on her knees.*)

Gerv. (*Preventing her.*) We only kneel to ask pardon;—we demand justice! (*Standing up.*)—Mr. Baillie, it is not your office to oppress the innocent, nor is it my duty to speak half what I feel on this villainous occasion. I reverence the laws; and you never had more cause to be grateful to them than at this very moment: for, while I know they always protect me as an honest man, I feel, even to my fingers' ends, that they also protect you as an unfeeling——Poh!—Come along, wife. [*Exeunt Gervas and Dame, L.H.D.F.*]

Bail. O—so you're an honest man, and I'm an unfeeling——*Pah!*—And the law is this—and my office is that. And I'll let you know, that the law shall teach you to respect my office—and that my office shall teach you to respect the law—and that——*Pah!* [*Exit in a rage, L.H.D.F.*]

SCENE II.—*Represents the square of the village. In front, but inclining to the right hand side, part of a church with a steeple and large bell; just under which is a sort of small scaffolding; to which is attached a*

strong rope, which does not hang down at present, but is carelessly thrown on the scaffolding. On the opposite side, the court-house, which makes the corner of a street, with steps going up to it. A sentinel, who walks before the door, sometimes disappearing round the corner at the other entrance: on the same side, nearer to the audience, is a rustic gate to lead down to the farm of Mr. Gervas, and a stone bench by the side of it.

Enter ST. CLAIR, L.H.S.E.

St. Cl. I can find no one to tell me the Baillie's house, or Farmer Gervas's. Eyward, I know, came here to see his daughter—how lucky it would be to find him still here, and to embrace my brave comrade!—he can't be far off.

BLAISOT—Coming out of the gate, L.H.S.E. and counting his money.

Blais. That's just the money—and now away with us to the tree.

St. Cl. Honest lad, mayhap you can tell me where the Baillie lives, and Farmer Gervas?

Blais. Yes, master soldier; this gate is the short cut to our farm.

St. Cl. And the Baillie?

Blais. You'll find him, fast enough, round the corner.

St. Cl. Thank ye, good friend. [*Exit, L.H.S.E.*

Blais. He'll not find any body at home, howsomever; ev'ry body's gone to poor Annette's trial. I can't bear to think on it! Here's first of all the fifteen shillings, and then I have left—poh! I can count afterwards. Poor girl, it makes one's heart ache; poor Annette! [*Exit, R.H.*

Enter EVWARD, R.H.S.E.

Evr. Sure I heard my daughter's name! and (*With an air of pity.*) some accident must have prevented her sending the money. I cannot support it; and yet, to appear in this village by day light! A sentinel! I am undone if I go that way.

Enter GEORGET, R.H.U.E.

Evr. Can you oblige me, good friend, to go as far as farmer Gervas's?

Geor. Why there's the gate of the farm-yard; you'll find nobody there; they are in trouble, poor souls.

Evr. In trouble!

Geor. Yes; that nice servant maid of theirs, young Annette.

Evr. What of her?

Geor. Who'd have thought such a thing; she'll be condemn'd, I'm sartin.

Evr. Condemn'd! for what?

Geor. For robbing her mistress, that's all.

Evr. Impossible!

Geor. True enough, tho'; the whole of the village is gone to the court-house, and I'm going myself.

Evr. Stop, wretch! her name, this moment.

Geor. I tell you, Annette—Annette Granville.

[*Exit, up the steps, R.H.*]

Evr. Granville! Merciful Heaven!

Enter ST. CLAIR, L.H.

Evr. No; it cannot be my daughter! what is my life, if such a charge is hanging over her.

St. Cl. What do I see? let me embrace my dear Evrard. I went to the Baillie's, but he was out.

Evr. Ah, St. Clair, is it you?

St. Cl. Yes, Evrard; here is your pardon. The whole regiment petitioned his majesty, and your captain himself had the generosity to own that he had given you provocation; he himself nobly presented the petition, and the king has signed your pardon.

Evr. You bring *me* life. My daughter! oh, fatal stroke! To the farm, that I may hear the worst.

St. Cl. Evrard, I shall never quit you. [*Exeunt, L.H.S.E.*]

Enter GEORGET, followed by RICHARD, GERVAS, DAME, &c. down the steps, L.H.

Geor. Here are all the people coming out; it is all over with poor Annette. (*Retires.*)

Rich. Yes; I will publish to the world this infamous in-

justice. The barbarians condemn'd her without hearing me ; but I will see her again, and receive her last adieu.

Gerv. You must come with me. Obey your father ; I will have it so.

Rich. Oh ! torture, torture ! [*Exeunt L.H.*

(*Dead march—ANNETTE, preceded and followed by Gens d'Armes, and surrounded by others, comes down the steps of the court house towards the stage : then turns by the church, and stops a moment, with bended knee and attitude of prayer. She then rises, and the melancholy procession passes by the end of the stage round the court house. The music continues till the procession is quite out of sight.*)

Enter BLAISOT, R.H. from the other side.

Blais. Ecod—I've popp'd the money into the tree ; and now let us see the rest of my little fortune.—It won't be long counting. I'll sit down here. (*On the bench, near the gate.*) One, two, three.—I'm richer than I thought.—Four, five, and the new shilling that poor Annette gave me for my Christmas-box.—I'll put that a one side with the cross. The dear, sweet girl ! I think I hear her last words,—“ Farewell, Blaisot.”

GEORGET comes forward.

Geor. Ah ! Blaisot, there you are.

Blais. (*Getting up in a hurry, leaves part of his money on the Bench.*) Ah ! Georget, tell us,—were you in the court ?

Geor. Its all over—I heard the sentence.

Blais. Condemn'd ?

Geor. To death ;—and gone—

Blais. To execution.—I tell you, Georget, it's an abomination ; and that damn'd Baillie.

(*Returns to the bench to take his money. The Magpie has just come down and carried off something in her beak.*)

Geor. Look, Blaisot !

Blais. (*Following with his eyes.*) Will you drop that, you cursed Magpie ? Lookye here, Georget, if she 'arnt carried off my new shilling, that I wouldn't have given—

Geor. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Poor Blaisot ; I can't help laughing.

Blais. (*Running and looking up after the bird, as he approaches the sentinel, who looks and laughs.*) And

you're laughing too; (*To the sentinel.*) there she is, the d—d thief! into the belfry. I watch'd the place; if I could but climb up. Wait a bit, if I but catch you.

(*Goes to the church door, which the workmen are supposed to have left open; he goes in and gets inside the belfry.*)

Geor. He thinks the Magpie will wait for him; poor Blaisot! ha! ha! ha!

Blais. (*Hallooing out of the Belfry—something in his hand.*) Holloo! Georget! Georget! (*Screaming with impatience.*) Annette is innocent! look here, look here—the spoon! Oh lud, oh lud—and there they're carrying the poor girl; will nobody hear me! Stop there, holloo! they can't hear me. I know what I'll do.

(*He goes into the Belfry and rings with great violence, never stopping.*)

Geor. The man's mad!

Enter GERVAS, DAME, RICHARD, and Villagers, L.H.S.E.

Gerv. } What is the matter?
 Dame. }

Blais. (*Stopping.*) Come here all of you, come here, Annette's innocent! (*Rings again.*)

Gerv. But Blaisot, Blaisot—tell us.

Blais. (*Stopping the Bell.*) Dame, Gervas, Richard! Oh! (*Out of breath.*) run as fast as you can, here's the spoon and fork, and ever so many things, and my new shilling. It was the Magpie that stole 'um.

Blais. Here, Dame Gervas, hold your apron. (*He throws them down.*) [*Exeunt Gervas and Richard, L.H.U.E.*]

BLAISOT continues ringing.

Blais. (*On the scaffolding, looking out.*) here she is, and Richard carrying her in his arms.

Re-enter GERVAS with RICHARD, carrying ANNETTE, L.H.U.E. her father enters, and clasps her in his arms. All the villagers shout—Dame Gervas falls on her knees to Annette, who tenderly raises her—the characters form a general tableau, and the curtain drops.

THE END.

Orberry's Edition.

ROB ROY MACGREGOR;

OR, AULD LANG SYNE.

AN OPERA:

By J. Pocock, Esq.

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Remarks.

ROB ROY.

This is a very successful effort to realize romance ; as successful at least as any such effort can be ; all that could be done has been done in this drama, but there are radical defects in romance as applied to purposes of the stage, that all the skill and ingenuity of Mr. Pocock have not been able to overcome. We are the more inclined to enter into the question here, as this is by far the best specimen of its kind, and as the author yields precedence to none in knowledge of the stage.

The first objection to dramatizing these romances is from their celebrity, whether that celebrity be just or unjust ; the whole of the novel-reading world, in which is included nine tenths of the audience, come with the romance at their fingers' ends, and expect to find a literal transcript of it on the stage ; the whole three volumes, the usual quantum in which these popular works are doled out, must be spoken and acted in three brief hours, or at least without any material deviations. Any aberration from the direct broad road of the romance, is considered a high crime and misdemeanour against the name of Walter Scott, who, by the bye, needs none of this little party-spirit to support him : it is in vain that the dramatist points out a road better suited to his purpose ; the audience and the critics sing to the same tune, the burthen of which is that every body and any body knows more about dramatic composition than the dramatist.

With such expectations on the part of the audience, it is quite clear that the merit of the play must be limited by the dramatic capabilities of the romance ; the author can neither add nor diminish, nor alter the arrangement of the original : in the time of Shakspeare it was otherwise, but the present age, it is presumed, is wiser. Now it unfortunately happens that the very first merit of

the romance is that which is most opposed to the drama. A good romance has a strong resemblance to history; it enters into the most minute details, and its action is confined neither by time nor place; a few lines are sufficient to connect years and distance; it does not of necessity bring forward one figure in particular, while the others in painting are thrown in the back-ground. The reverse of this in every instance holds true with the drama; it must have one action as its ultimate end, to which all the others are insubservient; it must have one principal figure to which all the rest are secondary. This seems to be a vital principle of the drama, for according as it is observed with more or less strictness, is the interest and compactness of dramatic writing.

But there is yet another, and perhaps some more serious objection to dramatising these novels; their principal contents are of a nature not to be represented; a battle may be very striking in narration, but how is it to be put into action; when the novel-writer describes Loch Lomond, and the midnight skirmish, he is eminently successful, because he leaves so much to the imagination, a potent principle that acts with a power beyond all the fables of enchantment; not so the dramatist; he must present all to the eye, a cold, calculating judge, that is much more difficult to be deceived. That which is sublime in story is often humble or ludicrous in art; to quote one of a thousand instances in the novel before us. The casting Morris into the lake, the splash of the waters as it receives the body, and the man's cries, followed by the utter silence and the calmness of the tide, all this is beautiful in detail, but what would it be on the stage?

A candid consideration of these difficulties will show the present work in a very favourable light. The chief incidents of the novel have been brought together with great dexterity, and have been compelled, if we may use the phrase, into dramatic form; the small quantity of additional matter is a judicious imitation of the original, and is not often to be distinguished from it by the most curious eye; whether the play will be lasting or not, it ought to be for the sake of the talent which has been wasted upon materials, which though eminently beautiful, can hardly be called dramatic.

Mr. Pocock is the son of the celebrated marine painter of that name, and has himself been eminently successful as an artist. But in the year 1818 the death of his aunt, Lady Pocock, made all exertion whether in the arts or the drama unnecessary ; she was the wife of Admiral Pocock, and died possessed of a large estate at Maidenhead Bridge, which her last will bequeathed to her nephew ; on this estate he now resides, having quitted the turmoils of a dramatic life for the independence of a country gentleman. His wife was a Miss Hume of Liverpool, a young lady of worth and accomplishment, by whom he has a large family, but the precise date of his birth or marriage we have not been able to ascertain.

His dramatic works are :—

Green Dragon, *F.*—Hit or Miss, *F.* 8vo.—Twenty Years Ago, *F.* 8vo.—Yes or No? *F.* 8vo.—Any Thing New? *F.* 8vo.—Harry Le Roy, *Burletta*, 8vo. (altered from the Miller of Mansfield.)—Miller and his Men, *M.D.* 8vo.—For England Ho! *O.* 2 acts, 8vo.—John of Paris, *O.* 2 acts, 8vo.—Zembuca, *M.D.* 8vo.—Magpie, or Maid? *M.D.* 8vo.—Farce Writer, *F.* (not printed.)—Heir of Vironi, *O.* (not printed.)—Robinson Crusoe, *M.D.* 8vo.—The Libertine, *O.* 2 acts, 8vo.—Rob Roy Macgregor, *O.* 3 acts, 8vo.—Antiquary, (jointly with Mr. Terry,) 8vo.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is three hours.
The half price commences at nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

By R.H..... is meant..... Right Hand.
L.H..... Left Hand.
S.E..... Second Entrance.
U.E..... Upper Entrance.
M.D..... Middle Door.
D.F..... Door in flat.
R.H.D..... Right Hand Door.
L.H.D..... Left Hand Door.

Costume.

CAPTAIN THORNTON.—Old fashioned scarlet plain regimentals, and high top-boots.

MAJOR GALBRAITH.—Ibid.

SIR FREDERICK VERNON.—Plumb-coloured velvet dress and spangled trimming, with breast plate.

RASHLEIGH OSBALDISTONE.—Purple cloth dress, and black velvet trimming.

FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE.—Buff cloth dress, with blue velvet trimming.

OWEN.—Plain blue cloth suit.

ROB ROY.—First dress.—Old fashioned Grazier's.—Second dress.—Highland Chief's.

HAMISH.—Highlander's plaid.

ROBERT.—Ibid.

DOUGAL.—Scotch dress.

BAILIE NICOL JARVIE.—Comic, old fashioned drab silk suit.

M'VITTIE.—Old fashioned brown suit.

JOBSON.—Black,—ibid.

WILLIE.—Ibid, with plaid waistcoat.

LANCIE.

HOST.

ANDREW.

SERJEANT.

CORPORAL.

} Old fashioned clothes.

SOLDIERS.—Old fashioned scarlet clothes, and high top-boots.

DIANA VERNON.—Leno petticoat, trimmed with white satin and beads, plaid silk scarf, white hat and feathers.

HELEN M'GREGOR.—Drab-coloured cloth petticoat, crimson jacket, stuff plaid robe, leather belt for pistols, Scotch bonnet like the Highlanders, with Heron feathers, flesh-coloured stockings and sandals.

MATTIE.—Light-coloured stuff jacket and petticoat, white apron.

MARTHA.—Blue stuff petticoat, and plaid body.

JEAN M'ALPINE.—Plaid petticoat, brown jacket, and plaid over her head.

CHORUS.—Scotch peasants, very poor.

DANCERS.—Striped stuff petticoats, brown stuff jackets and plaid scarfs.

Persons Represented.

Covent-garden.

<i>Sir Frederick Vernon</i>	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Rashleigh Osbaldistone</i>	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Francis Osbaldistone</i>	{ Mr. Sinclair. Mr. Duruset.
<i>Owen</i>	
<i>Captain Thornton</i>	Mr. Blanchard.
<i>Captain Thornton</i>	Mr. Connor.
<i>Rob Roy M^cGregor Campbell</i>	Mr. Macready.
<i>Dougal</i>	{ Mr. Emery. Mr. Tokely.
<i>Hamish and Robert, (Rob Roy's Sons)</i>	
<i>Major Galbraith</i>	Mr. Sutton.
<i>M^cStuart</i>	Master Parslee.
<i>Major Galbraith</i>	Mr. Taylor.
<i>M^cStuart</i>	Mr. Comer.
<i>Allan</i>	Mr. Norris.
<i>Bailie Nicol Jarvie</i>	Mr. Liston.
<i>M^cVittie</i>	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Jobson</i>	Mr. Simmons.
<i>Saunders Wylie</i> ...	Mr. Penn.
<i>Andrew</i>	Mr. Treby.
<i>Lancie Wingfield</i>	Mr. Heath.
<i>Host</i>	Mr. Tinney.
<i>Willie</i>	Mr. Goodwin.
<i>Serjeant</i>	Mr. Grant.
<i>Corporal</i>	Mr. Ryalls.
<i>Diana Vernon</i>	Miss Stephens.
<i>Martha</i>	Miss Green.
<i>Mattie</i>	Mrs. Sterling.
<i>Jean M^cAlpine</i>	Miss Logan.
<i>Hostess</i>	Mrs. Coates.
<i>Katty</i>	Mrs. Bishop.
<i>Helen M^cGregor</i>	{ Mrs. Egerton. Mrs. Faucit.

ROB ROY MACGREGOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The interior of a small Public-house in Scotland ; A door and a large Window in front through which is seen Osbaldistone-Hall, and Country.—Travellers of various descriptions preparing to set forward on their journey ; Host and Hostess assisting them.*

GLEE.—HOST and TRAVELLERS.

*Soon the sun will gae to rest,
Let's awa' together ;
Company is aye the best
Crossing o'er the heather.*

*Tak each lad his stirrup cup,
His heart will be the lighter ;
Tak each lass a wee sup,
Her e'e will sparkle brighter.*

*Bold Rob Roy, the Southernns say,
Is now upon the border ;
Should he meet wi' us the day,
'Twad breed a sad disorder.*

*But tak each man his stirrup cup,
His heart will feel the bolder ;
Then set your lip,
The whisky sip,
And shoulder keep to shoulder.
Soon the sun, &c.*

Host. Brawly sung, my masters, brawly sung! I wish you all safe home, for your own sakes, and a quick return, for mine. Here, wife! give our friends their stirrup-cup, while I rub down the table. I wish you good e'en, friends.

(*The Travellers disperse, L.H.D.F.*)

—Odd! there are two more travellers just alighting.—Wha'd a' thought of more company at the Thistle and Bagpipes so late in the day? But what with Whigs and Tories, and Jacobites, and Rob Roy;—we in the North here drive a bonny trade.

Enter CAMPBELL, plainly dressed, something like a North-country Grazier; and OWEN in a plain brown Suit, Boots, a Whip, &c. shewn in by WILLIE, L.H.D.F.

Willie. Travellers to Glasgow, Maister.

Camp. Landlord, let us have your best, and quickly.

Host. Troth will I sir;—ye'll be for a dram, na doubt, till we can tass ye up something hot for your late dinner.

[*Exit, L.H.D.F.*

(*Owen has placed a small Saddle-bag on the Table, and sunk into a Chair, apparently greatly fatigued.*)

Owen. Oh! my poor bones! the firm of my constitution has been worse shaken than the House of Osbaldistone and Co. Crane-Alley, London.—(*Willie places Liquor and Cups on the Table.*)—Young man, have you sent my message to the hall hard by?

(*Campbell pours out, and Owen drinks.*)

Willie. Yes, sir; the lassie will soon be back wi' the answer.

Camp. Weel fellow traveller, how does our Scotch whisky agree with your English stomach?

Owen. Thank you, sir; it cheers the body, but cannot raise the spirit,—I'm quite below par, as we say in the city,

Camp. Try it again, man. (*Filling his Cup.*)

Owen. I hope Mr. Frank Osbaldistone will make haste.—Yet I have a sad tale to tell to him. (*Rises.*)

Camp. Osbaldistone ! I know something of that family, sir ; and if there's any thing I can serve you in, you may command me.

Owen. You are very kind, sir ; but it's far beyond your help.

Camp. Perhaps not : will you trust me with the matter ?

Owen. Surely I will, sir ; the affairs of the great Commercial and Banking-house of Osbaldistone and Co. Crane-Alley, London, are no secret by this time, —all public as the Gazette ;—that I should live to see it and say it !—Oh dear !

Camp. Come, come, nought's so bad but what it may be mended. Let's hear the business that brings you to the hall.

Owen. It's a long account, sir ; but I'll sum it up by the shortest rules. You must know my name is Owen : I am head clerk of the house of Osbaldistone and Co. Crane-Alley, London, and now on my way to Glasgow, to recover certain papers which have been taken, —stolen I'm afraid,—in the absence of the head of the firm.

Camp. Stolen ! by whom ?

Owen. By his nephew, Mr. Rashleigh.

Camp. Rashleigh ! I know—I remember—the son of Sir Hildebrand, late of the hall here.

Owen. The same, sir. Sir Hildebrand and the rest of his sons were taken up on suspicion of treasonable practices :—it's an awful balance they have to strike !

Camp. But how happened it ?—The son,—this Mr. Frank you talk of, was not left in charge of his father's affairs, rather than the nephew, Rashleigh ?

Owen. Ah, sir ! there lies all the mischief :—Mr. Frank loathed the counting-house worse than I loathe a bankruptcy. While his father was making money, he was making poetry ; and so, his father, sir, being a stern man, said that his nephew Rashleigh should take

Mr. Frank's place; for he would never ask his only child a second time, to be the partner of his fortunes and affections.—Oh dear!

Camp. Well, sir, but what motive could induce this Rashleigh to betray a trust, which, for his own advantage, one would naturally suppose he would be most faithful to?

Owen. I suspect to aid some political purpose, whereby, at the expense of honour, and conscience, he expects to make a larger per centage of worldly profit. He knew that, to shake the house of Osbaldistone and Co. Crane-Alley, London, was to alarm the government;—the cash he took was no hurt, but the assets—the assets, sir!—however, I'll not give 'em up,—I know Rashleigh has come north.

Camp. North! indeed!—Umph—he's a cunning chield that!—he'll be too cunning for himself at last;—a false friend never served a good cause.

Owen. You say true, sir; such people are as variable as the course of exchange. When we reach Glasgow, sir; perhaps you can assist my inquiries.

Camp. I—I'll meet you there, my friend;—I just recollect a small matter of business that I have to do in this neighbourhood.—(*Aside.*)—I must go to the hall:—Rashleigh has been there, no doubt, and Sir Frederick Vernon may wish to speak—I'll meet you at Glasgow, Mr. Owen.

Owen. Heaven help me! I shall never live to balance an account there, without a companion, or a guide. I was never ten miles from Crane-Alley before, in all my days.

Camp. Pho! man, there is no fear.—Where shall I hear of you?

Owen. At Messrs. M'Vittie and M'Fin's, in the Gallowgate, sir. We have another agent, one Mr. Nicol Jarvie, in the Salt-market; but I can't depend on him.

Camp. Fare ye weel, Mr. Owen.—Rashleigh in the North! then the heather will soon be on fire.

Enter WILLIE, 'L.H.D.F.

Willie. Here's the 'Squire to speak with one Maister Owen. (*Campbell retires as Frank Osbaldistone enters, L.H.D.F. and retreats hastily unperceived, L.H.D.F.*)

Frank. Owen, my excellent kind friend.

Owen. O, Mr. Frank! O, Mr. Osbaldistone, such news! (*Wiping his eyes.*) But why did you never answer our letters,—mine, and your good father's?

Frank. Letters! I have never yet received one. I have written repeatedly, and have been astonish'd at receiving noreply.

Owen. O lord! no letters! O my stars, no letters! then they have been intercepted;—how has your poor father been deceived! O, Mr. Frank what have you not to answer for? But that's past now,—it's all over!

Frank. Good heaven! is my father—he is ill—dead?

Owen. No, no, not so bad as that; thank heaven, his day-book is still open,—but his affairs are in worse confusion than my poor brain.—Oh dear!

Frank. Explain yourself, I beseech you, and in terms less technical.

Owen. Well, well, the sum total is,—that your cousin Rashleigh, taking advantage of my good master's absence in Holland, has absconded with papers of such consequence to ourselves and the government, that unless we can recover them, or get help from our agents by a certain day, the house of Osbaldistone and Co. Crane-Alley, London, is in the bankrupt list as sure as the Gazette!

Frank. Gracious heaven! my folly and disobedience then, have ruined my father! How shall I redeem the consequence of my error?

Owen. O, Mr. Frank, you raise my heart ten per cent. to hear you talk in that way. Repair to Glasgow, and assist my poor endeavours. Though you understand little, I grieve to say it, of Debtor and

Creditor, you thoroughly understand, I rejoice to tell it, the great fundamental principle of all moral accounting—the great Ethic Rule of Three:—let A do to B, as he would have B do to him, and the product will give the rule of conduct required.

Frank. It shall, it must be so;—this very hour I'll bid adieu to the enchantress, who still must rule my destiny, and seek this destroyer, this traitor, Rashleigh! Set forward, Owen, instantly:—by the time you have made the necessary inquiries at Glasgow, I shall be with you. Oh, Diana! must we then part?

Owen. Diana!—Ah, love,—love, I thought so;—never knew a man open an account with him, but his affairs got into confusion. I never had any dealings with him in all my life. It's more dangerous, Mr. Frank, than meddling with contraband goods; but I've heard of the consignment!—to Miss Diana Vernon, best affections!—Item, heart!—Item, honour!—Item—Oh, Mr. Frank, look at the per Contra.—Blank! ruin!—Oh dear! [Exit, L.H.D.F.]

Frank. Yes, for a while we must separate; yet, I cannot cease to love, cannot live without her.

SONG—FRANK.

(*Words by Burns.*)

*O my love's like the red red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my love's like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I,
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Tho' a' the seas gang dry.*

*Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.*

*But fare thee weel, my only love,
And fare thee weel awhile ;
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.*

[*Exit, L.H.D.F.*

SCENE II.—*The Library of Osbaldistone-Hall.*

DIANA VERNON and SIR FREDERICK VERNON seated at a Table, L.H.—MARTHA attending. *As the Scene is disclosed, Diana and Sir Frederick rise, and come forward.—A Portrait is conspicuous, full length, after the fashion of which Sir Frederick is dressed.*

Sir F. It is now time we separate. Remember, Diana, my instructions :—We are surrounded by perils, which will require all your prudence to avert :—'tis evident, your cousin Francis suspects the visits of a stranger to these apartments, and though this dress, resembling that of your ancestor's portrait, has hitherto enabled me to impose on the weak minds of the domestics, his penetration may discover who, and what I am, before the plans are matured, on which my hopes of future happiness now entirely rest.

Diana. Rely on my discretion, sir ;—you may with safety. (*Martha takes a Cloak from the back of a chair, resembling that of a Catholic Priest, and gives it to Sir Frederick, L.H.*)

Martha. Indeed, Sir Frederick,—I beg pardon,—Father Vaughan, your reverence has nothing to fear, though you are a Catholic and a Jacobite. There is not a soul in the place, myself excepted, that dare stir a foot toward this part of the house after night-fall !

Sir F. I repeat, it is not from them I fear discovery ; the character I openly bear, of Confessor to Miss Vernon, is a sufficient security ; but remember, Diana, Francis Osbaldistone and his father are firm adherents of the present government, and should he discover

me, or the purpose which renders my concealment in this part of the country necessary, it might be fatal to the cause of Scotland and to ourselves.

Diana. But my cousin is a man of honourable and affectionate feelings;—he would never betray you, sir.

Sir F. You mean he would never sacrifice his love in the person of Diana Vernon. Subdue those reflexions, for the sake of your future peace of mind,—annihilate them, while it yet is in your power;—think that you are devoted to a cloister, or the betrothed bride of Rashleigh Osbaldistone.

[*Exit, at a Tapestry Panel, L.H.*

Diana. You may leave me now, Martha. When my cousin Frank returns, say I wish to speak with him here. [*Exit Martha, L.H.*].—The bride of Rashleigh! never, never! any lot rather than that;—the convent, the jail, the grave!—I must act as becomes the descendant of a noble ancestry! Yet, how preferable is the lot of those, whose birth and situation neither renders them meanly dependant, or raises them to the difficulties and dangers that too often accompany wealth and grandeur.

SONG—DIANA.

RECITATIVE.

*I dedicate my lay to thee,
Endearing, calm Felicity!*

AIR.

*Ah! would it were my humble lot
To shure with thee some lowly cot,
Where Fame and Fortune ne'er intrude
To mar the Lover's solitude.
Then I'd sing nonny, O!
And merry be
With love and thee,
From morn till e'en so bonny, O!*

*If far away from lordly pride
 The stream of life could calmly glide,
 And I content, if thou wert nigh,
 In joy could live, in peace could die.
 And I'd sing nonny, O! &c &c.*

Enter MARTHA, introducing FRANK OSBALDISTONE,
 L.H.

Frank. Diana, you sent for me.

Diana. Yes;—it was to bid you farewell; suppress your amazement, while I tell you I am acquainted with the distresses which the treachery of Rashleigh has brought upon your father.

Frank. How, in the name of heaven! since but within these few minutes I myself was informed?

Diana. Ask me no questions. I have it not in my power to reply to them. Fate has involved me in such a series of nets and entanglements, that I dare hardly speak a word, for fear of consequences. You must meet, and obviate the difficulties this blow has occasioned.

Frank. And how is that possible?

Diana. Every thing is possible to him who possesses courage and activity.

Frank. What do you advise?

Diana. Quit this place instantly, and for ever!

Frank. Diana!

Diana. You have only one friend to regret; and she has long been accustomed to sacrifice her friendships and comforts to the welfare of others. (*Falters.*)

Frank. What alarms you? (*Turning.*) Ha! I thought—

Diana. It is nothing, nothing—(*Detaining him.*) Take Andrew the gardener, for your guide, and repair instantly to Glasgow.

Frank. Such was my intention; but if Rashleigh has really formed the scheme of plundering his benefactor, and disturbing the state, what prospect is there

that I can find means of frustrating a plan so deeply laid?

Diana. Stay, (yes, I will insist upon it;) do not leave this room till I return. [Exit, R.H.]

Frank. She has then a confederate, a friend! perhaps a lover!—Every thing confirms it, the light from these windows, which I have seen at unusual times;—the footsteps which I have traced in the morning's dew, from the private entrance to the apartment beneath this library;—the report too of apparitions;—a thousand circumstances tend to confirm my suspicions. But she comes.

Enter DIANA, R.H.

Diana. Frank, I trust you with this proof of my friendship, because I have the most perfect confidence in your honour. If I understand the nature of this business rightly, the funds in Rashleigh's possession must be recovered by a certain day;—take this packet, but do not open it till all other means have failed. Ten days before the bills are due, you are at liberty to break the seal.

Frank. It has no superscription!

Diana. If you are compelled to open it, you will find directions inclosed.

Frank. And now, Diana, after the mysterious, but kind interest you have shown to my worldly cares, relieve my heart, by explaining—

Diana. I can explain nothing. Oh, Frank! we are now to part, perhaps never to meet more; do not then make my mysterious miseries embitter the last moments we may pass together. In the world, away from me, you may find a being less incumbered by unhappy appearances, less influenced by evil fortunes and evil times.

Frank. Never, never! the world can afford me nothing to repay the loss of her I must leave behind me.

DUET—DIANA *and* FRANK.

Diana. { *'Tho'* { *you* } *leave* { *me* } *now in sorrow,*
Frank. { *I* } { *thee* }

*Smiles may light our loves to-morrow.
Doom'd to part ! my faithful heart
A gleam of joy from Hope shall borrow.*

Ah! ne'er forget when friends are near,

This heart alone is thine, $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{for ever,} \\ \text{Diana;} \end{array} \right.$

Thou may'st find those will love thee, dear,

But not a love like mine, $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} O \text{ never,} \\ Diana. \end{array} \right.$

Tho' you leave, &c.

[*Exeunt; Diana, R.H. Frank, L.H.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the House of Bailie Nicol Jurvie, at Glasgow.*

Enter BAILIE, and SAUNDERS WYLIE, L.H.

Bailie. I tell you, Saunders, you're daft,—you're mad! Osbaldistone and Co. in danger! it's impossible.

Wylie. It's true, sir; and I thought it but right to let you, my old master, know on't.

Bailie. Troth, Saunders, you've stunned me with the evil communication. Osbaldistone and Co. fail! stop! —*Mattie!*—(*Calling off, R.H.*)

Wylie. Mr. Owen, the head clerk, and junior partner, has been at our house wi'th the tidings, and begging for time to take up the bills.

Bailie. Owen! I remember he's a man of figures! a man of calculation! if he talks of ruin, by my soul, it's not far off!—but, why did'nt he call upon Nicol Jarvie! I am a merchant, and a magistrate, as well as

M'Vittie; but he thinks no more of me, I suppose, than of a Scotch pedlar. Mattie! O!

Enter MATTIE, R.H.

Tell the Clerk to bring the ledger.

Matt. The clerk! Lord, sir! he's safe in bed these twa hours!

Bailie. The lazy blackguard! a-bed!—then do you fetch it yourself, Mattie.

Matt. I'll do your bidding, sir. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Bailie. My conscience! I hav'n't had such a shock since my father, the Deacon (peace be with him!) left me to fight my way alone in this wicked world.—But what says M'Vittie? Will he grant the time?

Wylie. Not a day, Mr. Jarvie;—not an hour! things look so bad, I fear my employers mean to resort to the severest measures. I heard them talk of arresting Mr. Owen, so you had best look to yourself.

Enter MATTIE, with a Book, R.H.

Bailie. Let me look at the ledger! (*Opening it eagerly.*) L—M—N—O—os—Osbal—as I'm a Bailie, the balance must be enormous—but I've no heart to run it up. (*Returning the Book.*) How much is M'Vittie out with him?

Wylie. I can't justly say, but some hundreds.

Bailie. Hundreds! only hundreds! damn their supple snouts, and would they press a falling man for the sake of hundreds, that have made thousands by him?—Your masters, Wylie, have taken many a good job from between my teeth, but, I'll snap 'em this turn!

Wylie. I wish you could, Mr. Jarvie, I wish you could.—Ah! I made a sair change, when I left you to serve two such infernal—

Bailie. Whish't! Saunders, whish't! while you eat their bread, don't abuse the scoundrels behind their backs.

Wylie. You've a kind heart, Mr. Jarvie, and an honest one too.

Bailie. So had the Deacon, my father, Saunders, rest and bless him!

Wylie. Would you be pleased to consult on this business with our partners, sir?

Bailie. No;—I'll see them both d—d—that is, a man that meddles with pitch, must be defiled!—I'd sooner hold a parley with Belzebub! No, no,—Nicol Jarvie has a way of his own to manage this matter.—Go your ways, Mattie, with that huge memorial of misfortune, and get my walking gear, and the lantern! [*Exit Mattie, R.H.*].—As for you, Saunders, speed you home again, and not a word, man, that you've seen me. [*Exit Wylie, L.H.*].—Osbaldistone and Co. stop! My conscience!—I'd sooner ha'dreamed o'the downfall of the Bank o'London!—Why, its enough to make the very hairs o'my wig rise, and stand on end!—but the distress can't be permanent.—At any rate, I'll prove myself a friend;—if the House regains its credit, I shall recover my loss, and if not, why I have done as I would be done by, like my father, the Deacon, good man! blessings on his memory, say I! that taught me good-will towards my fellows!

Enter MATTIE, R.H. Decked out for walking—her Apron pinned up, &c. and bearing the Bailie's Great-coat, Hat, Lantern, &c.

Matt. I've brought your gear, sir; but, gude save us! where wad ye be ganging to, a'sie a time o'night?
(*She helps him on with his Dress.*)

Bailie. You'll soon know, Mattie, for you must e'en tramp along wi' me.—I wouldn't like to be breaking my shins in the dark just now, for truth to speak, I'd never more occasion to stand firm on my legs, both at home and abroad. Now, give us the beaver, lassie.
(*She gives him his Hat.*)

Matt. Weel! to think o'putting on claithes when ye suld be taking 'em off, and scampering abroad, when ye suld be ganging to your bed!

Bailie. Time and tide wait for no man.

Matt. But where are you going, Bailie?

Bailie. To many places, that I'd as lief bide away from.

Matt. Now wrap this 'kerchief about your thrapple.
(*Ties a handkerchief round his neck.*)

Bailie. You're a kind-hearted lassie, Mattie!

Matt. There—leave a wee bit room for your mouth—ye must needs ha' a drap o'the cordial, your father, the Deacon was so fond of;—he aye liked to sip it.

(*Gives him a Flask.*)

Bailie. Rest, and bless him! so he did! and so do I, Mattie!—(*Drinks.*) You're a good-tempered soul, and a bonnie lassie too! you come of good kith and kin, Mattie—the Laird o'Limmerfield's cousin only seven times removed. (*Muttie is moving away the Bottle.*)—Stay! you may bring the bottle with you, Mattie, and tuck yourself under my arm—there's no disgrace in a Bailie walking hand in arm with gentle blood!—so, come your ways, Mattie! Osbaldistone and Co. stop!—My conscience!—Come along Mattie.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*Glasgow.—The Bridge extending in perspective to the opposite side of the River.—The Tolbooth, or Jail, conspicuous in front.*

Enter FRANK OSBALDISTONE and ANDREW, L.H.U.E.

And. Well, sir, thanks to the good guidance of Andrew, here you are in Glasgow, 'spite o'the bogles and bad ways.

Frank. Was it the bogles, or the brandy, that made you ride at such an infernal pace? You are half drunk, you scoundrel! but get you gone:—see the horses taken care of, and order something for my supper; while it's preparing I shall walk here upon the bridge. (*Campbell, muffled in a long Cloak, appears at the back, and seeing Andrew, retreats.*)

And. A walk by moonlight after a long ride, is but cold comfort for aching bones! but your honour knows

best. He's crack-brain'd, and cockle-headed with his poetry nonsense; he'd sooner by half chatter to Miss Vernon, than hear a word of sense from a sober body, like myself.—(*Aside.*) [*Exit, L.H.*]

Frank. 'Tis now too late to learn tidings of poor Owen, or inquire the residence of my father's agents. Bitter reflection!—All this I might have prevented by a trifling sacrifice of the foolish pride and indolence which recoiled from sharing the labours of his honorable profession.

CAMPBELL *advances, R.H.*

Camp. Mr. Osbaldistone, you are in danger!

Frank. From whom? (*Starting.*)

Camp. Follow me, and you shall know.

Frank. I must first know your name and purpose.

Camp. I am a man, and my purpose friendly.

Frank. That is too brief a description.

Camp. It will serve for one who has no other to give. He that is without name, without friends, without coin, and without country, is at least a man! and he that has all these, is no more! Follow me, or remain without the information I wish to afford.

Frank. Can you not give it me here?

Camp. No;—you must receive it from your eyes, not from my mouth.—What is it you fear?

Frank. I fear nothing;—walk on, I attend you.

Camp. If you knew who was by your side, you might feel a tremor.

Frank. The spirit of Rashleigh seems to walk round me;—yet, 'tis neither his form or voice—

(*Apart.*)

Camp. Would you not fear the consequence of being found with one whose very name, whisper'd in this lonely street, would make the stones themselves rise up to apprehend him? On whose head, the men of Glasgow would build their fortunes, as on a found treasure! the sound of whose downfall, were as

welcome at the Cross of Edinburgh, as the news of a battle fought and won!

Frank. Who then are you, whose name should create such terror?

Camp. No enemy of yours, since I am conveying you to a place, where, if I myself were recognized and identified, irons to the heels, and hemp to the throat, would be my brief dooming.

Frank. You have said either too much, or too little, to induce me to confide in you. (*Campbell makes a step towards Frank, who draws back, and lays his hand on his sword.*)

Camp. What! on an unarm'd man, and your friend?

Frank. I am yet ignorant if you are one or the other.

Camp. Well, I respect him whose hand can keep his head! I love a free young blood, that knows no protection but the cross of the sword! I am taking you to see one, whom you will be right glad to see, and from whose lips you will learn the secret of the danger in which you now stand.—Come on! (*Campbell goes to the wicket-gate of the Tolbooth, R.H.S.E. and knocks.*)

Doug. (Within.) Who's that?

Camp. Gregarach! (*The door is opened—Campbell beckons Frank, and they enter—the door heard to be locked and bolted.*)

SCENE V.—*Interior of the Tolbooth.*

Enter DOUGAL, R.H. followed by CAMPBELL and FRANK. Dougal expressing extravagant joy,—he has a shock head of red hair, and an extraordinary personal appearance;—a huge bundle of keys at his belt, and a lump in his hand.

Camp. Dougal, you have not forgotten me?

Doug. De'il a bit—de'il a bit!—Where shall I go? What shall I do for ye?—Oigh! its lang since she has seen you.

Frank. She!—*she* seen him!—Is it then a female to whom I am conducted? or, is it merely the dialect of his country, in which that animal expresses himself? (*As Frank says this apart, Campbell speaks to Dougal, and points to his Companion.*)

Doug. To be sure she will, with all her heart, with all her soul! but what will come o'ye, if the Bailies should call, or the Captain should wake?

Camp. Fear nothing, Dougal; your hands shall never draw a bolt upon me.

Doug. She would hack 'em off at the elbows first.

Camp. Then dispatch!

Doug. Wi' all her soul! (*He trims his Lamp, and beckons Frank, who perceiving Campbell does not follow,—pauses.*)

Frank. Do you not go with us?

Camp. It is unnecessary,—my company might be inconvenient. I had better remain, and secure our retreat:—lose no time! (*Frank and Dougal go off, L.H.—Campbell, R.H.*)

SCENE VI.—*A Cell in the Tolbooth.—(A Pallet Bed, R.H.S.E. with a person reposing in it.—A small Table and Chair, L.H.S.E.*

DOUGAL opens D.F.L.H. and advances, followed by
FRANK.

Frank. I cannot suppose he means to betray me;—yet 'tis strange—

Doug. (*Having looked towards the Bed.*)—She's asleep!

Frank. She! who?

Doug. Gentlemens to speak wi' her. (*Rousing the Sleeper.*)

Owen. Ey! what!—Oh dear! (*Owen pops his*

head, adorned with a red Night-cap, from beneath the clothes, just as Frank has eagerly advanced.)

Frank. Owen ! *(Pausing in surprise.)*

Owen. I'll tell you what, Mr. Dugwell, or whatever your name may be, the sum-total of the amount is this ;—if my natural rest is to be broken in upon in this manner, I'll complain to the Lord Mayor.

Doug. Ugh !—Cha neil Sassenach. [*Exit, D.F.L.H.*]

Frank. Owen !

Owen. Ey !—Oh dear ! have they caught you too !—then our last hope fails, and the account is closed.

Frank. Do not be so much alarmed ;—all may not be so bad as you expect. *(Owen rises.)*

Owen. O, Mr. Frank ! we are gone ! Osbaldistone and Co. Crane-Alley, London, is no longer a Firm ! I think nothing of myself ! I am a mere cypher ;—but you ! that were your father's sum-total, as I may say ;—his Omnium ! that might have been the first man in the first house in the first city, to be shut up in a nasty Scotch jail.—Oh dear !

Frank. I am no prisoner, my good friend, though I can scarcely account for my being in such a place at such a time.

Owen. Not a prisoner ! Heaven be gracious to us !—But what news this will be upon 'Change !

Frank. Cease these lamentations, and let me know the cause of your being here.

Owen. It's soon told, Mr. Frank.—When I disclosed my business to Messrs. M'Vittie and M'Fin, instead of instant assistance, they demanded instant security ; and as I am liable, being a small partner in our House, they made oath that I meditated departing this realm, and had recourse to a summary process of arrest and imprisonment, which it seems the law here allows, and,—here I am !—Oh dear !

Frank. Why did you not apply to our other Correspondent, Mr. Nicol Jarvie ?

Owen. What, the cross-grained crabstock in the Salt-market ? 'Twould have been of no use. You

might as well ask a broker to give you up his per centage, as expect a favour from him without the per contra. O ! Mr. Frank ! this is all your doing ! but I beg pardon for saying so to you in your distress.

Enter CAMPBELL hastily, and DOUGAL, D.F.L.H.

Doug. O hone a rie ! O honie a'rie !—what'll she do now ?—it's my Lord Provost, and the Bailies, and the Guard !—hide yoursel behind the bed ;—The Captain has opened the wicket !

Camp. Lend me your pistols :—yet it's no matter, I can do without them, Whatever you see, take no heed—do not mix your hand in an another man's quarrel. *(To Frank.)* [*Exit Dougal, D.F.L.H.*]*—*I must manage as I can.

Enter MATTIE, followed by BAILIE NICOL JARVIE, D.F.L.H.

Bailie. (Looking back.) I'll call when I want you, Stanchells. Dougal shall make all fast, or I'll make him fast, the scoundrel ! A bonnie thing, and beseeming, that I should be kept at the door half an hour, knocking as hard to get into jail, as any body else would to get out on't ! How's this ?—*(Seeing Campbell and Frank.)* Strangers in the Tolbooth after lock-up hours ! Keep the door lock'd, you Dougal :—I'll soon talk to these gentlemen ; but I must first have a crack with an old acquaintance.—Ah ! Mr. Owen, how's all with you, Mr. Owen ?

Owen. Pretty well, in body, Mr. Jarvie, I thank you, but sore afflicted in spirit.

Bailie. Ay, ay, we are all subject to downfalls, as my father, the Deacon, used to say—"Nick," said he, (his name was Nicol, as well as mine, so the folks called us Young Nick, and Old Nick !)—"Young Nick," said he, "never put out your arm farther than you can draw it easily back again."

Owen. You need not have called these things to my memory, in such a situation, Mr. Nicol Jarvie.

Bailie. What! do you think I came out at such a time o'night, to tell a falling man of his backslidings:—No:—that's not Bailie Jarvie's way, nor his worthy father's, the Deacon, afore him. I soon discovered what lodgings your *friends* had provided you, Mr. Owen;—but give us your list, man, and let us see how things stand between us while I rest my shanks. Mattie, hold the lantern. (*Taking Papers from Owen, and sitting at the corner of the Bed.—Dougal at watch at the Door.—Campbell moves towards it, making a sign to Frank.*)

Camp. Say nothing!— (*In a low tone.*)

Bailie. Ey! look to the door there, you Dougal creature;—let me hear you lock it, and keep watch on the outside.

Owen. There, sir, you'll find the balance in the wrong column—for us—but you'll please to consider—

Bailie. There's no time to consider, Mr. Owen—'tis plain you owe me money; but I can't, for the soul of me, see how you'll clear it off by snoring here in the Tolbooth! Now, sir, if you won't fly the country, you shall be at liberty in the morning.

Owen. O, sir! O, Mr. Jarvie!

Bailie. I'm a careful man as any in the Salt-market, and I'm a prudent man, as my father the Deacon, good soul! was before me;—but rather than that double-faced dog, M'Vittie, shall keep an honest, civil gentleman by the heels, I'll be your bail myself!—I'll be your bail.—(*Owen goes up to him in raptures, but fails in his attempt to speak.*)—There, you've said enough! but in the name of misrule, how got ye companions?—Gi' me the light, Mattie. (*He catches it from her, and holding it towards Campbell, who is seated calmly on the Table, starts back.*)—Ey! My conscience!—it's impossible;—and yet I'm clean bambalized;—why, you robber! you Cateran! you cheat-the-gallows rogue!

Owen. Bless me! it's my good friend, Mr. Campbell; a very honest man, Mr. Jarv——

Bailie. Honest!—My conscience!—You in the Glasgow Tolbooth!—What d'ye think's the value of your head? *(To Campbell.)*

Camp. Umph! why, fairly weighed;—one Provost, four Bailies, a town Clerk, and six Deacons!

Bailie. Deacons! Was there ever such a born devil! but, tell over your sins, for, if I say the word——

Camp. True, Bailie; but you never will say that word.

Bailie. And why not,—why not, sir?

Camp. For three sufficient reasons;—First, for auld lang syne;—Secondly, for the good wife, that made some mixture of our bloods;—and last, Bailie Jarvie, because if I saw any sign of your betraying me, I'd plaister that wall with your brains, ere the hand of man could rescue you.

Bailie. *(Clapping his hand to his head.)*—My conscience!—Well, well, it would be quite as unpleasant for me to have my head knocked about, as it would be discreditable to string up a kinsman in a hempen cravat!—but, if it hadn't been yourself, I'd have gripp'd the best man in the Highlands.

Camp. You'd have tried, Bailie.

Bailie. And who the devil's this?—*(To Frank, who is R.H.)*—another honest man?

Owen. This, good sir, is Mr. Francis Osbaldistone.

Bailie. O, I've heard o' the spark! run away from his father, in pure dislike to the labour an honest man should live by.—Well, sir, what do you say to your handy-work?

Frank. My dislike of the commercial profession, Mr. Jarvie, is a feeling of which I am the best, and sole judge!

Owen. O dear! *(Owen holds up his hands.)*

Camp. It's manfully spoken! and I honour the lad for his contempt of weavers and spinners, and all such mechanical persons.—*(Here Owen goes to bed again.)*

Bailie. Weavers and spinners indeed!—I'm a weaver and spinner, and who better? Will all your ancestry tell where Rashleigh is, or all your deep oaths and

drawn dirks procure Mr. Frank five thousand pounds to answer the bills which fall due in ten days?

Frank. Ten days! is the time so near? I may then have recourse—(*Frank has drawn out the Letter, opened it, and an enclosure falls from the envelope;—the Bailie catches it up.*)

Bailie. My conscience!—for Rob Roy!

Frank. Rob Roy! (*Campbell instantly snatches the Letter.*)

Bailie. As I'm a Bailie, there were ten thousand chances against its coming to hand.

Frank. You are too hasty, sir; I was not, in this instance, desirous of your interference.

Camp. Make yourself easy! Diana Vernon has more friends than you know of.

Frank. Is it possible! is the fate of a being so amiable, involved in that of a man of such desperate fortunes and character?

Camp. (*Having read aside.*) So, Rashleigh sent these papers to the Highlands. It's a hazardous game she has given me to play, but I'll not baulk her.—Mr. Osbaldistone, you must visit me in the glens, and, cousin, if you dare venture to shew him the way, and eat a leg of red deer venison with me, I'll pay the two hundred pounds I owe you; and you can leave Mr. Owen the while to do the best he can in Glasgow.

Bailie. Say no more, Robin;—say no more!—but you must guarantee me safe home again to the Salt-market.

Camp. There's my thumb;—I'll ne'er beguile you;—but I must be going;—the air of Glasgow Tolbooth is not over wholesome for a Highlander's constitution.

Bailie. O! that I should be aiding and abetting an escape from justice! it will be a disgrace to me, and mine, and the memory of father, for ever!

Camp. Hout hout, man! when the dirt's dry it will rub out.—Your father could look over a friend's faults, and why not your father's son?

Bailie. So he could, Robin;—he was a good man, the Deacon;—you remember him, Rob?

Camp. Troth, do I ! he was a weaver, and wrought my first pair of hose.

Bailie. Take care his son doesn't weave your last cravat !—You've a long craig for a gibbet, Rob !—But, where's that Dougal creature ?

Camp. If he is the lad I think him, he has not waited your thanks for his share of this night's work.

Bailie. What, gone ! left me and Mattie lock'd up in jail for all night !—I'll hang the Highland devil as high as Haman !

Camp. When you catch him.—But see—(*Frank and Mattie have hastened to the door, and find it open.*)—He knew an open door might serve me at a pinch.

Bailie. Stanchells, let this stranger out,—he—he's a friend o' mine !

Camp. Fare ye well ! be early with me at Aberfoil.

“ Now, open your gate, and let me go free,

“ I dare na' stay longer in bonny Dundee.”

[*Exit D.F.L.H*]

Bailie. So that Dougal creature was an agent of Rob's. I shouldn't wonder if he has one in every jail in Scotland.—Well, I have done things this night, that my father the Deacon, rest be with him ! would not ha' believed ! but there's balm in Gilead.—(*Going to the bed-side.*) Mr. Owen, I hope to see you at breakfast.—Eh ! why the man's fast !— (*Owen snores.*)

Frank. And the sooner we depart, and follow his example, sir, the better ;—it must be near midnight.

Bailie. Midnight ! Well, Mattie shall light you home, but no tricks ;—none of your London ;—no, now I think again, I'll see you home myself. (*St. Mungo's Clock strikes Twelve.*)

FINALE.

FRANK, BAILIE JARVIE, OWEN, STANCHILLS, and
MATTIE.

Frank. Hark ! hark ! now from St. Mungo's tower
The bell proclaims the midnight hour,

Bome !

Mattie. And thro' the city far and near,
From spire and turret now I hear,

Bome !

Both. Ere yet the first vibration dies,
Each iron tongue of time replies,

Bome !

Owen. *Augh !*

Bailie. Hark ! hark ! from Mister Owen's nose,
A cadence deep ! a dying close,

Bome !

Owen. *Augh !*

Frank. { *Ere yet, &c.*
Mat.Bail. { *Ere yet the first vibration dies,*
 { *His nasal organ quick replies,*

Bome

Owen. *Augh !* (*rising.*)

Bless me ! every way I'm undone,
I did not dream of being here ;
But snug in sweet Crane Alley, London,
And Stocks were up, and I—O dear !

ALL.

<i>Frank</i>	}	{	<i>Home, home,</i>	{	<i>we</i>	}	<i>must no longer stay,</i>		
<i>Bail.&</i>					<i>you</i>				
<i>Matt.</i>									
	}	{	<i>For soon will peep the morning light.</i>	{	<i>let us</i>	}	<i>come, come,</i>		
<i>Ow.&</i>					<i>pray make</i>			<i>haste</i>	<i>go, go,</i>
<i>Stan.</i>									<i>away.</i>
	}	{	<i>Farewell at once, and at once goodnight.</i>	{		}			

[*Exeunt Frank, Bailie, Mattie, and Stanch,*
D.F.L.H.—(Owen retires to bed again.)]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The College Yard, or Walking Grounds at Glasgow.*

Enter RASHLEIGH OSBALDISTONE, L.H.U.E. M'VITTIE, and JOBSON rather behind him, as waiting his instructions—he walks rapidly, turns and pauses.

Rash. Galbraith and Stuart are in the neighbourhood of Aberfoil. Good!—When did Captain Thornton march?

Job. Yesterday morning, sir.

Rash. Umph! you are certain that order for the arrest of those two persons I described, was given to him?

Job. I delivered it myself into his own hands, sir.

Rash. Mr. M'Vittie!

M'Vit. (*Advancing.*) Mr. Rashleigh!

Rash. You committed Mr. Owen to prison, you say;—is he there now?

M'Vit. He is!

Rash. If my cousin, Mr. Francis Osbaldistone, follows him to Glasgow, instantly enforce the warrant, of which Jobson has a duplicate.

M'Vit. It shall be done, you may depend on it, sir.

Rash. 'Tis of importance to keep him out of the way;—that man is a basilisk in my sight, and has been an insurmountable barrier to my dearest hopes! Now, sir, a parting word;—if you breathe a syllable to any human being of the business which the government has entrusted to my direction, before the blow is struck which must counteract the intended rising in the Highlands, you share the destiny of the rankest rebel among them. —(*M'Vittie bows.*)—As to the papers which I forwarded, to M'Gregor ere long they shall be again in my possession, and himself in your custody!—Jobson, what hour is it?

[*Exit M'Vittie, L.H.*

Job. Not yet five, sir.

Rash. That's well: we have no time before us. Make yourself ready, and be well armed.

Job. Armed!—There's no retreating; but if I had known I was to have used any weapon but the sword of justice, I'd never have given her scales into his hands—*(Apart.)*

Rash. Leave me! [*Exit, Jobson. L.H.*].—M'Gregor is by this time in the Highlands. He still believes me faithful to the cause I have hitherto so ardently encouraged and assisted; and those papers (which I now regret having committed to his care) will at least serve to aid the delusion. Cursed infatuation! yet I repine not, for I have the power to check the gaze of cunning, probe all hearts, and watch the varying cheek; link'd with success, it moulds each other's weakness to my will;—such it hath been, and such it shall be now!—Rejected by her I loved, scorned by him I would have served,—they shall at least find the false friend and the renegade knows how to resent such insults.—Ah!

Enter FRANK OSBALDISTONE, R.H.—*(Rashleigh starts, but instantly recovers himself.)*

Frank. You are well met, sir.

Rash. I am glad to hear it. *(Aside.)*—He's earlier than I expected; but M'Vittie is prepared.

Frank. I was about to take a long and doubtful journey in quest of you.

Rash. You know little of him you sought then. I'm easily found by my friends, still more easily by my foes;—in which am I to class Mr. Francis Osbaldistone?

Frank. In that of your foes, sir, your mortal foes, unless you instantly do justice to my father, by accounting for his property.

Rash. And to whom am I, a member of your father's commercial establishment, to be compelled to give an account of my proceedings? Surely, not to a young gentleman, whose exquisite taste for literature would render such discussions disgusting and unintelligible.

Frank. Your sneer, sir, is no answer; you shall accompany me to a magistrate.

Rash. Be it so;—yet,—no—were I inclined to do as you would have me, you should soon feel which of us had most reason to dread the presence of a magistrate; but I have no wish to accelerate your fate. Go, young man, amuse yourself in your world of poetical imaginations, and leave the business of life to those who understand, and can conduct it.

Frank. This tone of calm insolence shall not avail you! the name we both bear, never yet submitted to insult.

Rash. Right! right! you remind me, that it was dishonour'd in my person; and you remind me also by whom!—Think you I have forgotten that blow,—never to be washed out, but by blood! For the various times you have crossed my path, and always to my prejudice;—for the persevering folly with which you seek to traverse schemes, the importance of which you neither know, nor are capable of estimating,—you owe me a long account! and fear not, there shall come an early day of reckoning.

Frank. Why not the present? Do your schemes or your safety require delay?

Rash. You may trample on the harmless worm, but, pause, ere you rouse the slumbering venom of the folded snake.

Frank. I will not be trifled with.

Rash. I had other views respecting you; but, enough.—Receive now the chastisement of your boyish insolence! (*They draw, and at the moment their Swords cross, M'Gregor rushes forward from L.H.U.E. and beats down their Guard.*)

Camp. Hold! stand off!

Rash. M'Gregor!

Camp. By the hand of my father, the first man that strikes, I'll cleave him to the brisket.—(*To Frank.*) Think you to establish your father's credit by cutting your kinsman's throat? Or do you (*To Rash.*) imagine men will trust their lives and fortunes, and a great political interest, with one that brawls about like

a drunken Gillie ? Nay, never look grim, or gash at me, man !—If you're angry, turn the buckle of your belt behind you !

Rash. You presume on my present situation, or you would hardly dare interfere where my honour is concerned.

Camp. *Presume* ?—And what for should it be presuming ? Ye may be the richer man, Mr. Osbaldistone, as is most likely, and ye may be the more learned man, which I dispute not ;—but you are neither a better or a braver man than myself ;—and it will be news to me, indeed, when I hear you are half as good !—And *dare* too ? dare !—Hout, tout !—much daring there is about it.

Rash. (*Aside*) What devil brought him here to mar a plan so well devised ? I must lure him to the toils.

Camp. What say you ?

Rash. My kinsman will acknowledge he forced this on me. I'm glad we were interrupted before I chastised his insolence too severely.—The quarrel was none of my seeking.

Camp. Well then, walk with me,—I have news for you.

Frank. Pardon me, I will not lose sight of him, till he has done justice to my father.

Camp. Would you bring two on your head instead of one ?

Frank. Twenty ! rather than again neglect my duty.

Rash. You hear him, M'Gregor !—Is it my fault, that he rushes on his fate ?—The warrants are out !

Camp. Warrants ! curses on all such instruments ! the plague of poor old Scotland for this hundred year—but, come on't what will, I'll never consent to his being hurt, that stands up for the father that begot him !

Rash. Indeed !

Camp. My conscience will not let me.

Rash. Your conscience ! M'Gregor !

Camp. Yes, my *conscience*, sir ; I have such a thing about me ;—that, at least, is one advantage you cannot boast of.

Rash. You forget how long you and I have known each other.

Camp. If you know what I am, you know what usage made me what I am; and however you may think, I would not change with the proudest of the oppressors that have driven me to take the heather-bush for a shelter. What *you* are, and what excuse you have for being *what* you are, lies between your heart and the long day.

Rash. (*Aside*) Can M'Gregor suspect?—has M'Vittie betrayed?

Camp. Leave me, I say! you are more in danger from a magistrate than he is.—And were your cause as straight as an arrow, he'd find a way to warp it! (*Frank has persisted in not leaving Rashleigh, and is withheld by Campbell.*)—Take your way, Rashleigh!—make one pair of legs worth two pair of hands.—You have done that before now.

Rash. Cousin, you may thank this gentleman, if I leave any part of my debt to you unpaid! and I quit you now, but in the hope that we shall soon meet again, without the possibility of interruption. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Camp. (*As Frank struggles to follow.*) As I live by bread, you are as mad as he! Would you follow the wolf to his den! (*Pushes Frank back.*)—Come, come, be cool! 'tis me you must look to for that you seek! Keep aloof from Rashleigh, and that pettifogging Justice-Clerk, Jobson! above all, from M'Vittie!—Make the best of your way to Aberfoil:—and, by the word of a M'Gregor, I will not see you wronged!—Remember! the Clachan of Aberfoil! (*Campbell shakes the hand of Frank with great cordiality, and Exeunt, L.H.*)

SCENE II.—*The library at Osbaldistone Hall. (A knocking heard without.)*

Enter Sir FREDERICK VERNON from the Panel, L.H. with haste and agitation.

Sir Fred. I was not mistaken;—it is at the private

door; (*Knocking repeated, L.H.*)—Martha! Martha! I dread the purport of this unexpected visit;—yet, what should I fear? Martha.

Enter MARTHA, R.H.

Martha. I come! I come! bless me, I'm all in a tremble!

Sir Fred. Is Diana in the next apartment?

Martha. Yes, truly, and full of wonder and apprehension.

Sir Fred. Haste, and observe the appearance of this person. Question, but do not admit him till I know his errand. [*Exit Martha, L.H.*]—Can it be Campbell?—Rashleigh?—No! perhaps a courier from the Earl of Mar.—My hopes, my existence hangs upon a thread! either Scotland has her right restored, or I have nothing more to do with life!—Well?

Re-enter MARTHA, with a Letter, L.H.

Martha. A gentleman,—a cavalier,—a—I know not what to call him;—this, he said, would speak for him.—(*Giving a Letter, which Sir Frederick opens, and reads with agitation.*)—And well it can, for he had scarcely breath to say, “Deliver that!” when he put spurs to his panting steed, and dashed from the wicket as if he had seen a worlock or a witch, instead of a decent looking lassie.

Sir Fred. Betrayed! ruined! lost!—Desire my daughter to attend me. [*Exit Martha, R.H.*]—O, villain! villain! I had suspicions, but little did I expect so sudden, so fatal a confirmation! This ill-advised confidence in Rashleigh has ruined all. To yield, or to be taken now, were but to lay our heads upon the block. But 'tis yet too strong a cause to be abandoned for the breath of a traitor's tale! Promptness and decision often restore to health and vigour, that which despair would leave hopelessly to perish:—I must hasten instantly to the Highlands.—If our friends there are as

weak as some are false, but one course remains;—an immediate escape to France.

Enter DIANA, R.H.

Diana. Dear sir, what means this unusual summons?

Sir Fred. Diana, our perils are now at the utmost;—you must accompany, and share them with me.

Diana. Willingly!

Sir Fred. Contemplate the dangers which surround us, with firmness and resolution! rely on the justice of heaven and the unshaken constancy of your own mind.

Diana. I have been taught endurance, and will not shrink from it. What I have borne for your sake, I can bear again!—But the cause?—Some political secret?

Sir Fred. Yes;—which your late rejection of Rashleigh for a husband, has induced him to betray,—contrary to the oath by which he bound himself. But prepare instantly for your departure.

Diana. Whither to go?

Sir Fred. First to the Highlands:—I must endeavour to see M. Gregor:—you shall know more when I have made my own arrangements.—I will relieve the distresses of your cousin, Francis, if possible; but the solemn contract that has bound me to Rashleigh, leaves the convent your whole and sole resource, unless, indeed, you renounce the creed in which you have been educated.

Diana. Forsake the faith of my gallant fathers! I would as soon, were I a man, forsake their banners when the tide of war press'd hardest, and turn, like a hireling recreant, to join its enemies! (*Sir Frederick clasps her with transport to his bosom, and exit, D.F.L.H.*)—Yes, when the gathering cry is heard upon the hills, there's not a lassie but will share her hero's danger, and thus sing the praise of her gallant Highlandman:—

SONG.—DIANA.

(Words by Burns.)

*A Highland Lad my love was born,
The Lowland Laws he held in scorn,
But he still was faithful to his Clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.*

*Sing hey my braw John Highlandman,
Sing ho my braw John Highlandman,
There's not a lad in a' the Clan,
Can match wi' my braw Highlandman.*

*With his bonnet blue, and tartan plaid,
And good claymore down by his side,
The ladies' heart he did trepan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.*

Sing hey, &c.

[Exit, R.H.]

SCENE. III.—*Interior of Jean M'Alpine's Hut, in the Village of Aberfoil.—Turf-fire, with branches of dry wood.—A Door, composed of basket-work, in lieu of plank.—Two square holes, by way of Windows; one stuffed with a Plaid, the other with a tattered Great-coat.—*

At an Oak-table, near the fire, sits Major Galbraith of the Lennox Troopers.—M'Stuart, of the Highland Infantry, wearing the Trews, which distinguishes him from Allan, another Highlander. In one corner lies a Highlander asleep, his Sword and Turret near him.

M'Stuart. Enough! enough! *Galbraith.*—I'll drink my quart of usquebach, or brandy, with any man: but we have work in hand, just now, and had better look to it.

Galb. Hout, man! meat and mess never yet hin-

dered work ! had it been my directing instead of this Rish—Rash—what's the Saxon's name ?

M. Stuart. Have a care, Galbraith. (*Pointing to the Sleeper.*) Don't let the brandy be too bold for your brain.

Galb. I say, the garrison, and our troopers, with Captain Thornton's party, could have taken Rob Roy without bringing you from the Gleus to Aberfoil here. —There's the hand that should lay him on the green, and never ask a Highlander for help.

Allan. Come, come, 'tis time we were going.

Galb. Going ! why 'tis here Thornton was appointed to meet us ; besides, mind the old saw,—“ It's a bauld moon, quoth Bennyngask,—another pint, quoth Leslie.” —We'll not start till we've finished it. (*Rises.*)

SONG*—GALBRAITH.

*A famous man is Robin Hood,
The English ballad-singers' joy ;
But Scotland has a thief as good,—
She has her bold Rob Roy !
A dauntless heart M'Gregor shews,
And wondrous length and strength of arm ;
He long has quell'd his Highland foes,
And kept his friends from harm.*

Chorus. A famous man, &c.

*His daring mood protects him still,
For this—the robber's simple plan,
That they should take—who have the will,
And they should keep—who can.
And while Rob Roy is free to rove,
In summer's heat and winter's snow •
The Eagle he is lord above,
And Rob is lord below.*

Chorus. A famous man, &c.

* The words of this Song are varied, for the purpose of being set to Music, from the first lines of a Poem by Wordsworth, called “ Rob Roy's Grave.”

JEAN M'ALPINE is heard in loud expostulation with **FRANK OSBALDISTONE** and the **BAILIE**. *The party look round ungrily, and then at each other with surprize.—The Sleeper raises his head, and discovers the features of Dougul.—He secures his Sword and Target, and resumes his position as the new comers enter, L.H.*

Jean. Indeed, gentlemen, my house is taken up wi' them that will not like to be intruded on.

Frank. But, my good woman, we are dying with hunger.

Bailie. Starving! Six hours since I have tasted a morsel, except the rough, tough legs of an old moor-cock. *(Crosses to R.H. near the fire.)*

Jean. You'd better go further than fare worse.

Bailie. I've other eggs upon the spit.—I'll not stir, woman.

Jean. Well, well; a wilful man must have his way.—But I wash my hands on't.

Frank. I must make the best apology I can to your guests, but as they are so few, I hope little will be required for adding two more to their company. *[Exit Jean M'Alpine, L.H.]—(The Bailie has turned up a meal-tub, and seated himself very composedly near the fire.)*

Galb. You make yourself at home, sir!

(Bailie looks up.)

Frank. We usually do sir, *(Advancing.)* when we enter a house of public entertainment.

Bailie. Pray, gentlemen, don't be angry;—we are only bits of Glasgow bodies, travelling to get in some siller.

M'Stuart. Did you not see by the white wand at the door, that the public-house was occupied?

Frank. The white wand!—I do not pretend to understand the customs of this country! but I am yet to learn, how three persons should be entitled to exclude all other travellers from the only place of shelter and refreshment for miles round.

Bailie. There is no reason for it, gentlemen;—we mean no offence, and if a stoup of brandy will make up the quarrel—

Galb. Damn your brandy!

Bailie. That's civil! you seem to have had too much already, to judge by your manners.

M^cStuart. We desire neither your brandy nor your company.

Galb. If ye be pretty men, draw! (*Unsheaths his Sword;—Allan, M^cStuart, and Frank, do the same.*)

Bailie. (*Starts up.*) I am neither a pretty man, nor have I any thing to draw; but, by the soul of my father, the Deacon, I'll not take a blow without giving a thrust!—(*Runs to the fire, and seizes a red-hot poker.*)—So, he that likes it, has it!

(*As they make a tilt at each other, Dougal starts up, and darts between the Bailie and M^cStuart.*)

Doug. Her own self has eaten the town-bread o' Glasgow, and she'll fight for Bailie Jarvie at Aberfoil;—troth, will she!

Allan. Hold! hold! the quarrel's not mortal,—and the gentlemen have given reasonable satisfaction.

Bailie. I'm glad to hear it.

Galb. Well well, as the gentlemen have shewn themselves men of honour—

M^cStuart. But saw ever any body a decent gentleman fight wi' a firebrand before?—Figh! my bonnie plaidie smells like a singed sheep's head!

Bailie. Let that be no hind'rance to good fellowship; there's always a plaister for a broken head:—If I've burnt your plaidie, I can mend it with a new one;—I'm a weaver.

M^cStuart. But the next time you fight, let it be with your sword, and not like a wild Indian.

Bailie. My conscience! every man must do as he can:—I was obliged to grip at the first thing that offered, and as I'm a Bailie, I wouldn't wish a better.

Galb. Come, fill a brimmer! let's drink, and agree like honest fellows!

(Frank and Galbraith have paused at the interference of Dougal, who leaves the Hut during the parley, unnoticed.—Galbraith then turns to the Table, after sheathing his Sword.—Frank does the same, and the Bailie replaces the Poker.)

Bailie. Well, now I find there's no hole in my wame, I shan't be the worse for putting something into it.

(Seats himself.—He and Galbraith and Allan, converse apart.—Andrew with a Letter in his hand, appears at the door, L.H. terrified for fear of intruding.—Frank beckons him forward.)

And. I'm an honest lad, sir,—I would not part with your honour lightly;—but, the—the—the—read that!

Frank. 'Tis from Campbell!—*(Reads.)*—“There are hawks abroad, and I cannot meet you at Aberfoil, as intended. The bearer is faithful, and may be trusted; he will guide you to a place where we shall be safe, and free to look after certain affairs, in which I hope to be your guidance.

“ROBERT MACGREGOR CAMPBELL.”

—Hawks! he means the government forces.—From whom did you receive this?

And. From a Highland devil wi' red hair—that—that—*(Andrew perceives Dougal's head at the window, L.H.)*

Frank. Have the horses saddled, and be ready at a minute's notice. *(Dougal, satisfied that the Letter has been read, disappears.)*

And. De'il be in my feet if I stir a toe's length further;—to gang into Rob Roy's country, is a mere tempting o' Providence.

Frank. Wait without! one way or other I will determine speedily. *[Exit Andrew, L.H.]*

Bailie. Let Glasgow flourish!—I'll hear no language offensive to the Duke of Argyle, and the name of Campbell;—remember the poker.—My conscience!—I say, he's a credit to the country, and a friend to our town and trade! *(They all rise.)*

Galb. Ah! there'll be a new world soon.—We shall have no Campbells cocking their bonnets so high, and protecting thieves and murderers, to harry and spoil better men, and more loyal clans!

Bailie. More loyal clans, I grant you;—but no better men.

Galb. No! *(Laying his hand on his Sword.)*

Frank. Pray, gentlemen, do not renew your quarrel:—in a few moments we must part company.

M^cStuart. That's true; why should we make hot blood? But we are plagued and harried here, sir, with meetings, to put down Rob Roy! I have chased the M^cGregor, sir, like a red deer;—had him at bay,—and still the Duke of Argyle gives him shelter;—it's enough to make one mad!—but I'd give something to be as near him as I have been.

Bailie. You'll forgive me for speaking my mind;—but it's my thought, you'd ha' given the best button in your bonnet to have been as far away from Rob Roy as you are now!—My conscience! my hot poker would have been nothing to his claymore.

M^cStuart. A word more o'the poker, and by my soul, I'll make you eat your words, and a handful o' cold steel.—

Frank. Come, come, gentlemen, let us be all friends here; and drink to all friends far away.

SONG—FRANK.

(Words by Burns.)

*Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o'lang syne?*

*For auld lang syne, my friends,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.*

Cho. For auld lang syne, &c.

*An' here's a hand, my trusty friend,
An' gie's a hand o' thine,
An' we'll toom the stoup to friendship's growth,
An' days o' lang syne.*

Cho. For auld lang syne, &c.

*An' surely you'll be your pint stoup,
An' surely I'll be mine;
An' we'll tak' a right gude willy-wacht,
For auld lang syne.*

*Cho. For auld lang syne, &c.
(A Drum heard without.)*

Enter JEAN M'ALPINE, in alarm, L.H.D.

Jean. The red coats ! the red coats !

Enter CAPTAIN THORNTON, L.H.

Capt. T. You, sir, I suppose, are Major Galbraith, of the squadron of Lennox Militia ? And these are the two Highland gentlemen whom I was appointed to meet in this place ?

Galb. You are right, sir ; Captain Thornton, I believe.—Will you take some refreshment ?

Capt. T. I thank you, none ; I am late, and desirous to make up time.—I have orders to search for, and arrest two persons guilty of treasonable practices.—Do these gentlemen belong to your party ?

Bailie. No, sir ;—travellers, sir ; lawful travellers by sea and land.

Capt. T. My instructions are, to place under arrest, an elderly, and a young person ;—you answer the description.

Bailie. Me ! take care what you say, sir ; take care what you say !—It shall not be your red coat, nor your laced hat, that shall protect you, if you put any affront on me !—I'll convene you in an action of scandal and false imprisonment.—I'm a free burgess, and a magistrate ;—Nicol Jarvie is my name, so was my father's afore me.—I'm a Bailie, be praised for the honour, and my father was a Deacon.

Galb. True enough ; his father was a prick-ear'd cur, and fought against the king at Bothwell Brigg.

Bailie. My father paid what he ought, and what he bought, Major Galbraith ;—since I know you, Major Galbraith ;—and was an honestest man than ever stood upon your clumsy shanks,—Major Galbraith.

Capt. T. I have no time to attend to all this. And you, sir, what may be your name ? *(To Frank.)*

Frank. Francis Osbaldistone.

Capt. T. What ! a son of Sir Hildebrand ?

Bailie. No, sir ; son to a better man :—the great William Osbaldistone, Crane-Alley, London, as Mr. Owen has it.

Capt. T. I am afraid, sir, your name only increases the suspicions against you, and lays me under the necessity of demanding your papers.

Frank. I have none to surrender.

Capt. T. What is that now in your breast ?

Frank. O ! to this you are welcome ;—*(Giving it.)*—yet it may endanger—I have done wrong.—*(Aside.)*

Capt. T. 'Tis confirmed ! here I find you in written communication with the outlawed robber M'Gregor,

Galb. Spies of Rob !

M'Stuart. Strap 'em to the next tree !

Bailie. Gently, kind gentlemen, I beseech you ;—there's no haste.

Capt. T. How came you possess'd of this ?

Frank. You will excuse my answering.

Capt. T. Do you, sir, know any thing of this?

Bailie. No, by my soul!

Capt. T. Gentlemen, you are waited for.—(*Significantly to Galbraith, &c.*)—I'll thank you to order two sentinels to the door.

[*Exeunt Galbraith, M. Stuart, &c. L.H.*

Bailie. Sentinels! sentinels! What—

Capt. T. I can hear no remonstrances:—the service I am on, gives me no time for idle discussions.—Come, sir—

Bailie. O, very well, very well, sir.—You're welcome to a tune on your own fiddle, but if I don't make you dance to it before I've done, my name's not Jarvie!—Gude save us!—Arrest a Bailie!—a free Burgess,—a Magistrate!—My conscience!

[*Exit, L.H. following Capt. Thornton and Frank.*

SCENE IV.—*The Clachan of Aberfoil.—The Inn on L.H.—Two Sentinels parading before the Door.—A few miserable-looking, low-roofed Hovels in various parts under the craigs, which rise immediately behind them, interspersed with brush-wood, &c. The back of the Scene exhibits the distant Highland Country.—Part of a House conspicuous near the front, on R.H.—The Soldiers are reposing in groups; their Arms piled at the upper end.*

Enter CAPTAIN THORNTON, from the Inn, R.H.U.E.

Capt. T. Corporal, make the men fall in,—these gentlemen must be taken with us;—I cannot spare a man to guard them here. Is the serjeant on the look-out?

Corp. Yes, your honour.

Capt. T. Come, my lads, get under arms! (*The Men put their Provisions in their Knapsacks, and sling on their Canteens.*)—I cannot be mistaken;—these strangers must be the persons described by Rashleigh Osbaldistone. Yet his own relative, one would

think, might have been overlooked. No, no; he is one that makes no exceptions! The self-interested wretch that would have first betrayed his country, and now his dearest friends, respects no tie of honour, kindred, or affection. Sentinels, bring out your prisoners!

(The Sentinels enter the Hut.—At the same instant a noise heard without; the Serjeant and two Men dragging forward Dougal, R.H.U.E. followed by the Inhabitants of the Village; consisting of Women and Children, with a very small proportion of young Boys and old Men, evidently infirm, and clad in the wildest attire: they are eager for the safety of Dougal, and with difficulty suppress their enmity to the Soldiers.)

Doug. Oigh! Oigh!

Serj. Bring him along!

People. Oigh! Oigh! poor Dougal!

Capt. T. Cease this howling, and let the man be heard.

Serj. We caught this fellow lurking behind the Inn, Captain;—he confesses to have seen Rob Roy within half an hour.

Capt. T. How many men had he with him, fellow, when you parted?

Doug. She cannot just be sure about that.

Capt. T. Your life depends upon your answer.—How many rogues had that outlawed scoundrel with him?

Doug. Not above half so many as there are here now.

Capt. T. And what thieves' errand were you dispatched upon? *(Dougal looks about him, as beset with doubt and difficulty.)*—Speak, rascal, instantly! I'll not give you time to hatch a lie:—what errand?

Doug. Just to see what your honour and the red coats were doing at Aberfoil. *(At this time Frank and the Bailie arrive in front, R.H.)*

Bailie. Mercy on us! if they hav'n't gripp'd the poor creature Dougal. Captain, I'll put in bail, sufficient bail, for that Dougal creature.

Capt. T. You know him then! are interested for his safety?

Bailie. He did me a good turn when I was sore beset, and I—

Capt. T. Mr. Jarvie, you will please to recollect, that for the present you likewise are a prisoner.

Bailie. I take you all to witness the Captain refuses sufficient bail!—the Dougal creature has a good action of wrongous imprisonment, and I'll see him righted!

Capt. T. Mr. Jarvie, unless you keep your opinions to yourself; I shall resort to unpleasant measures.

Bailie. My conscience!

(At this time Rob Roy, in his Highland dress, but unarmed, appears in the back-ground, R.H.U.F. and listens to the Examination of Dougal.)

Capt. T. Now, my friend, let us understand each other.—You have confess'd yourself a spy, and should string up to the next tree;—but, come,—if you will lead me and a small party to the place where you left your master, you shall then go about your business, and I'll give you five guineas earnest to boot.

Doug. Oigh! Oigh! she cannot do that,—she'd rather be hang'd!

Capt. T. Hanged then you shall be!

Bailie. Hanged!—My conscience!

Capt. T. Corporal Cramp! do you play provost marshal.—Away with him!

People. O hone! O hone!

(Corporal and Serjeant seize Dougal.)

Doug. Stop! stop! I'll do his honour's bidding.

Bailie. You will? Then you deserve to be hanged!—Away with him, corporal! Away with him!

Capt. T. It's my belief, sir, when your own turn arrives, you'll not be in so great a hurry.

Bailie. Me? Mine?—I'm a Bailie! my father was a Deacon! would you hang a magistrate?—O, my conscience!

Doug. You'll not ask her to gang further than just to shew you where the M'Gregor is?

Capt. T. Not a step.

Doug. And the five guineas?

Capt. T. Here they are!

Bailie. The Dougal creature's worse than I thought him!—a worldly and perfidious creature!—My father, the Deacon, (rest be with him, honest man!) used to say, that gold slew more souls than the sword did bodies:—and it's true,—it's true!

Capt. T. Mr. Osbaldistone, and you, Mr. Jarvie, if loyal and peaceable subjects, will not regret being detained a few hours, when it is essential to the king's service;—if otherwise, I need no excuse for acting according to my duty.—(*To Dougal.*) Now, observe, if you attempt to deceive me, you die by my hand!

Bailie. Lord save us!

(*Here two Sentinels place themselves on each side the Bailie, who looks at them with mingled anger and dismay;—the same ceremony is observed with Frank. Dougal leads the March, taking an opportunity to exchange a glance of recognition and understanding with Rob.*)

Capt. T. March!

(*Military Music, which dies away as the Party gradually disappear, R.H.U.E.*)

Enter ROB, L.H.U.E. and as it ceases, RASHLEIGH advances from behind the Hut, R.H.

Rob. Who'd have thought Dougal has so much sense under that ragged red poll of his.

Rash. Did he act then by your direction?

Rob. Troth did he;—and well acted it was!—he'll

lead the Saxon Captain up the Loch ; but not a red coat will come back to tell what they landed in.

Rash. And their prisoners ;—my cousin, and the Bailie ?

Rob. They'll be safe enough while Dougal's with them.

Rash. Perhaps not. *(Apart.)*

Rob. Fetch my claymore and rifle, some of you ! I must away.

Rash. If Thornton has been fool enough to be led into an ambuscade :—this opportunity shall not be lost ! *(Apart.)*

Rob. My dirk, and claymore ! I must attack these buzzards in the rear. *(A boy runs into the Hut.)*

Rash. A word, M'Gregor ! you told me your whole force was disposed to watch the different parties sent to surprize you.

Rob. I did !

Rash. How then have you been able to provide so suddenly, for this unexpected party of Thornton's ?

Rob. Look around you !

Rash. Well ?

Rob. Think you any but old men, women, and bairns, would stand idle when King James's cause, or M'Gregor's safety needed them ? Ten determined men might keep the pass of Lochard against a hundred ;—and I sent every man forward, that had strength to wield a dirk or draw a trigger.

Rash. Indeed !—Move on then !

(Rob looks towards the direction taken by the Soldiers ;—the Boy returns from the Hut with his Dirk and Claymore, which are instantly snatch'd from him by Rashleigh.)

Now ! now ! Galbraith ! M'Stuart !

(The people shout ;—Rob, seeing himself betrayed, springs upon Rashleigh, grips his sword-arm, and wrenches the Dirk from him.—At the same instant, Galbraith, with three or

four dismounted Troopers, enter, L.H. and level at Rob;—he pauses,—throws Rashleigh from him, and is darting off, on R.H. when M'Stuart meets him in the same manner; and Allan, with Infantry, fills up the background.)

Rash. Now, M'Gregor, we meet as befits us, for the first time.

Rob. But not the last!—Oh villain! villain! villain!

Rash. I should better have deserved that reproach, when, under the direction of an able tutor, I sought to introduce civil war into the bosom of a peaceful country; but I have done my best to atone for my errors. Galbraith, let him be mounted on the same horse with the strongest trooper of your squadron, buckled in the same belt, and guarded on every side, 'till he's safe in the garrison. *(They bind Rob Roy.)*

Rob. There's a day of reckoning at hand! think on't!—dream on't!—there's not a red M'Gregor in the country, but this time forward marks you for a traitor's doom;—there's a day to come!—You have not yet subdued Rob Roy!

Rash. Away with him!

FINALE.

HIGHLANDERS and SOLDIERS.

High. & } Tramp, tramp, o'er moss and fell,
Soldiers. }

<i>Highlanders.</i>	<i>M'Gregor's</i>	} <i>found,</i>
<i>Soldiers.</i>	<i>The Robber's</i>	
<i>Highlanders.</i>	<i>M'Gregor's</i>	} <i>bound;</i>
<i>Soldiers.</i>	<i>The Traitor's</i>	

*And wailing Clans shall hear his knell;—
Whose battle cry,
Was “win or die!”*

SOLO—KATTY.

*Guardian spirits of the brave,
Freedom grant, the Chieftain save.*

Full Cho. Tramp, tramp, &c.
[*Exeunt*, L.H.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A romantic pass, bordering the Lock.
—On each side, precipitous rocks.—A track,
winding along the water's edge, under the base
of the mountain, seen in the perspective.*

CAPTAIN THORNTON's *Party march in*, R.H.—FRANK,
BAILIE JARVIE, DOUGAL, &c.

Capt T. Halt! front! now, sir, you wish to speak with me.

Bailie. Yes, Captain, I crave that liberty; and, for the sake of all concern'd, I'm sorry you did not grant it a full half hour gone by; but it's my sincere advice, for the sake of your friends in general, and myself in particular, that you make the best of your way back again to a place of safety; if you do not, by the hand o' my body, there is'nt one of us will go home to tell the tale.

Capt. T. Make yourself easy, sir.

Bailie. Easy! I can't, sir:—he'll have us all butcher'd.—(*Apart.*)

Capt. T. As you are friends of the government, gentlemen, you will be happy to learn, that it is impossible this gang of ruffians can escape the measures now taken to suppress them. Various strong parties from

the garrison, secure the hills in different parts : three hundred Highlanders are in possession of the upper ; while Major Galbraith and his troopers, occupy the lower passes of this country.

Bailie. Ah ! that sounds all very well ;—but, in the first place, there's more brandy than brains in Major Galbraith ; in the next, I would't have you place too much confidence in the Highlanders. Hawks won't pick out hawks' eyes. They may quarrel among themselves, and give each other a stab with a dirk, or a slash with a claymore now and then ; but take my word for't, they are sure to join in the long run, against all folks that wear breeches on their hinder ends, and have got purses in their pockets.

Capt. T. (Suddenly turning to Dougal.) The route you have led us is dangerous, and therefore suspicious.

Doug. Dougal didn't make the road ;—if gentlemen would travel better ways, they should have staid at Glasgow.

Bailie. That they should indeed !

Doug. Your honour can't expect to take the red Gregarach without some danger.

Bailie. The Dougal creature's right again.

Capt. T. You dog, if you have deceived me, I'll blow your brains out on the spot.—Your caution, sir, shall not go unregarded ;—(*To Bailie.*)—but we must proceed.

Bailie. Proceed !—My conscience !—there's something devilish hard in being obliged to risk one's life in a quarrel with which we have no concern.

Frank. I sincerely grieve, that your kindness for me has led you into perils, in a cause which is now so hopeless !

Bailie. We may shake hands on't ! Your troubles will soon be over, and I shall slumber with my father, the Deacon.

Capt. T. Now my lads, forward !

HELEN M'GREGOR appears on the point of a projecting Rock, R.H.S.E. with Claymore and Tar-

get, a brace of Pistols in her belt, and wearing a man's bonnet and Tartan Plaid.

Helen. Hold there !—Stand ! (*Captain Thornton starts ; the Soldiers, who have made a step forward, instantly regain their position.*)—Tell me what you seek in the country of the M'Gregor ?

Bailie. By the soul of my father, it's Rob's wife, Helen ! there'll be broken heads among us in three minutes.

Helen. Answer me ! what is it you seek ?

Capt. T. The outlaw rebel, M'Gregor Campbell.—Offer no vain resistance, and assure yourself of kind treatment. We make no war on women.

Helen. Ay, I am no stranger to your tender mercies ! Ye have left me neither name, nor fame ; my mother's bones will shrink in their grave when mine are laid beside them ! Ye have left me neither house nor hold—blanket nor bedding—cattle to feed, or flocks to clothe us ;—you have taken from us all—all ! the very name of our ancestors you have taken from us, and now you come for our lives !

Capt T. I seek no man's life, nor would I rashly lose my own.

Bailie. Nor I, mine !

Cap. T. You have therefore nothing to fear ; but should there be any with you, hardy enough to offer unavailing resistance, their own bloods be on their own heads ;—A hundred guineas for Rob Roy !

Helen. Fire !

Capt. T. Forward !

(The heads of the Highlanders appear above the Rocks:—A volley is fired, as Helen disappears.—The first party of Soldiers, led on by a Serjeant, return it, and rush forward.—The Bailie at the first discharge starts forward in great alarm, and scrambles up a rock, L.H.S.E.—Dougal at the same instant attacks Captain Thornton, drives him up the Pass, and then ascends the Rock to assist the Bailie,

amidst a scattered and occasional fire.—The Drum and the Bugle heard incessantly.—As the tumult subsides in the distance, Frank Osbaldistone advances.)

Frank. The contest has terminated; and, I fear, fatally for the assailants; but where is my poor friend? I saw him in a situation of imminent danger, but I trust no random shot has confirmed his melancholy prophecy.

Enter the BAILIE, L.H.S.E. greatly disordered; the skirts of his coat torn off, and ragged.

Bailie. My conscience!

Frank. Somewhat damaged, I perceive; but I heartily rejoice the case is no worse.

Bailie. Thank you, thank you! the case is nothing to boast of;—they say, a friend sticks as close as a blister;—I wish I had found it so.—(*Putting himself to rights.*)—When I came up to this cursed country,—forgive me for swearing!—on no one's errand but yours, Mr. Osbaldistone, d'ye think it was fair, when my foot slipped, and I hung by the loins to the branch of a ragged thorn, to leave me dangling, like the sign of the Golden Fleece over the door of a Mercer's shop, on Ludgate-Hill?—D'ye think it was kind, I say, to let me be shot at like a regimental target, set up for ball-practice, and never once try to help me down?

Frank. My good sir, recollect the impossibility of my affording you relief, without assistance.—How were you able to extricate yourself?

Bailie. Me extricate! I should have hung there a twelvemonth, if it hadn't been for the Dougal creature; he cut off the tails o' my coat, and clapped me on my legs again, as clean as if I had never been off them. But what a good thing broad cloth is! If my garments had been made of a rotten French camblet now, 'twad a screaded like an old rag with such a

weight as mine ; whereas I bobbed and swung yonder, as safe as a bale of goods at the Salt-market !

Frank. And where is Dougal now ?

Bailie. Following your example, and taking good care of himself.—He warned me to keep clear of that amiable lady we saw just now : and troth he's right there again ; for Rob himself stands in awe of her, when her blood's up.

Frank. Do you know her ?

Bailie. A devilish deal too well ; but its long since we've met, and its odds if she'll remember *me*.

*Two or three HIGHLANDERS rush forward, L.H.—
DOUGAL following.*

1st. High. More Saxons ! whiz a brace o'ball thro' 'em.

2d. High. Three inches o'cold steel !

Doug. (In Centre.) Haud, haud ! they're friends to the Gregarach.

Bailie. Yes ! I care not who knows it, I'm a M'Gregor !—We're both M'Gregors.

*HELEN, followed by her Party, advances down the
Pass, R.H.U.E. to a March.*

Helen. Englishmen, and without arms ; that's strange, where there is a M'Gregor to hunt and slay.

Bailie. (Hesitating.) I—I am very happy,—exceeding happy—to have this joyful opportunity—a—hem !—this joyful occasion of wishing my kinsman Robin's wife—a—a—(*She looks at him with great contempt.*)—a good morning !

Helen. Is it so ?

Bailie. You have forgotten me, Mrs. Helen Campbell ; but—

Helen. How ! Campbell ! my foot's upon my native heath, and my name is M'Gregor.

Bailie. Mrs. M'Gregor, I beg pardon:—I would crave the liberty of a kinsman, to salute you.

Helen. What fellow art thou, that dare claim kindred with our clan, yet neither wear its dress or speak its language?—Who are you, that have the tongue and habit of the hound, yet seek to shelter with the deer?

Bailie. Why, my mother, Elspeth Macfarlane, was the wife of my father, Nicol Jarvie;—she was the daughter of Parline Macfarlane, and Maggy Macfarlane married Duncan M'Nab, who stood in the fourth degree—

Helen. And doth the stream of rushing water acknowledge any relation with the portion that's withdrawn from it for the mean domestic use of those that dwell upon its banks?

Bailie. Perhaps not; but when the summer's sun has dried up the brook, it would fain have that portion back again. I know you hold us Glasgow people cheap; but, lord help you, think what a figure I should cut with my poor bare thighs in a kilt, and gartered below knee.—My conscience!—I have been serviceable to Rob as I am, and might be more so, if he'd leave his evil ways, and not disturb the king's peace.

Helen. Yes, you, and such as you, would have us hewers of wood, and drawers of water. You'd have us find cattle for your banquets, and subjects for your laws to oppress, and trample on; but now we are free—free by the very act which left us neither house nor hearth, food or covering;—which has bereaved us of all,—all but vengeance!

Bailie. Don't speak of vengeance!

Helen. I will speak on't. I will perform it:—I will carry on this day's work by a deed that shall break all bonds between M'Gregor and the Lowlanders.—Here! Allan, Dougal, bind these Sassenachs neck and heels, and throw them into the Highland Loch, to seek for their Highland kinsfolk!

Bailie. My conscience! Lord help us!

Doug. To be sure, her pleasure should be done.

Bailie. Nay, nay.

Doug. But they are friends of the Chief, as I can testify, and came on his assurance of welcome and safety.

Helen. Dog ! do you dispute my commands ! should I order you to tear out their hearts, and place them in each other's breasts, to see which there could best plot treason against M'Gregor,—would you dispute my orders ? (*Distant voices are heard, L.H. singing the burthen of the Lament.*)—Hark ! Hark ! what means that strain ? (*An emotion of alarm visible in the Highland group.*—*Helen becomes more agitated as the sounds approach.*)—Why is this ? Why a lament in the moment of victory ?

Enter ROBERT, HAMISH, and a Party of Highlanders, with Allaster the Minstrel, L.H.

Robert, Hamish, Where's the M'Gregor ? Where's your father ? (*The young Men intimate his Captivity.*)—Ah ! Prisoner ! taken prisoner ! then M'Gregor dies !—Cowards, did I nurse you for this, that you should spare your blood on your father's enemies ;—that you should see him prisoner, and come back to tell it !—(*Suddenly to Frank.*) Your name is Osbaldistone ?

Frank. It is.

Helen. Rashleigh ? (*Presenting a Pistol.*)

Frank. No ; Francis.

Helen. That word has saved you.

(*Puts the Pistol in her belt.*)

Frank. Rashleigh is my cousin ; but, for what cause I am unable to divine, he is my bitterest enemy.

Helen. I'll tell you the cause. You have unconsciously thwarted him in love and in ambition. He robbed your father's house of government papers, to aid a cause which he has this day deserted, and by his treachery has my husband fallen. Dare you carry a message to these blood-hounds, from the wife of your friend ?

Frank. I am ready to set out immediately.

Bailie. So am I.

Helen. No, you must remain, I have further occasion for you.—Bring forth the Saxon captain!

Frank. You will be pleased to understand, that I came into this country on your husband's invitation, and his assurance of aid in the recovery of those papers you have just now mentioned; and my companion, Mr. Jarvie, accompanied me on the same errand.

Bailie. And I wish Mr. Jarvie's boots had been full of boiling-water, when he drew them on for such a damnable purpose.

Helen. Sons, you may read your father in what this young man tells us,—wise only when the bonnet's on his head, and the sword is in his hand. He never exchanges the tartan for the broad cloth, but he runs himself into the miserable intrigues of the Lowlanders, and becomes again their agent, their tool, their slave! (*Captain Thornton is led on, L.H.U.E.*)—But enough of this. Now mark well my message.—If they injure a hair of the M'Gregor's head,—if they do not set him at liberty within the space of twelve hours, I will send them back their Saxon captain, and this Glasgow Bailie, each bundled in a plaid, and chopped into as many pieces, as there are checks in the tartan.

Bailie. Nay, nay, I beseech you send no such message.

Capt. T. (L.H.) Tell the commanding officer to do his duty, sir! If I have been deceived by these artful savages, I know how to die for my error, without disgracing the king I serve, or the country that gave me birth. Bid him not waste a thought on me. I am only sorry for the poor fellows who have fallen into such butcherly hands.

Bailie. Whist! are you weary o'your life? O, Mr. Osbaldistone! you'll give my service, Bailie Nicol Jarvie's service, a merchant and a magistrate o' Glasgow, and tell them there are some honest men here in great trouble, and like to come to more; and the very best thing they can do for the good of all parties, is

just to let Rob loose again, and make no more stir about it.

Helen. Remember *my* injunctions ; for, as sure as that sun shall sink beneath the mountain, my words shall be fulfilled. If I wail, others shall wail with me ;—there's not a Lady in the Lennox, but shall cry the Coronach for them she will be loth to lose ;—there's not a farmer but shall sing, “ Weel awa’,” over a burnt barn-yard and an empty byre ;—there's not a Laird shall lay his head on the pillow at night, with the assurance of being a live man in the morning.—Conduct him on his way. (*She signs to one of her people.—The Bailie takes leave of Frank, and he departs, L.H.*)—Now, Allaster, the Lament ! the Lament !

LAMENT.

*O hone a rie ! O hone a rie !
Before the sun has sunk to rest,
The turf will lie upon his breast.
O hone a rie ! &c.
The pride of all our line deplore,
Brave M'Gregor is no more !
O hone a rie ! &c.*

(*She sinks in grief upon the Rock in front, R.H.S.E. The Highlanders droop their heads, and lean on their Arms, while the Lament is sung ;—at the close.*)

Rob. (*Heard Without, L.H.*) Gregarach !

DOUGAL rushes in, L.H.

Doug. Rob ! Rob Roy !

ROB ROY follows, and is received in the arms of **HELEN**, with a wild and exulting shout from the Highland Party.—The **BAILIE** exhilarated to the highest pitch of joy from the deepest despondency.

Helen. M'Gregor !—husband !—life !

Bailie. But how ! how did you slip their clutches, Rob ?

Rob. Passing the ford of Avondow, Ewan, of Briglands, cut the belt that bound us ; and I duck'd, and dived down the river, where not one trooper in a thousand would have dared follow me.

Helen. And how fell you within their grasp ?

Rob. By him, who has placed a brand where he swore to plant the olive ;—Rashleigh Osbaldistone. But were he the last and best of his name, may the fiend keep me, when next we meet, if this good blade and his heart's blood are not well acquainted.

Bailie. Well, there are as many slips between the throat and the gallows, as there are between the cup and the lip.—I'm like a dead man restored to life !

Rob. Drink, lads, drink, and be blythe !

(*Dougal passes about Horn Cups and Cans ;—the Music strikes.—The Bailie shakes hands with Rob, who pledges him with cordiality.—The Group form themselves, and dance the Highland Fling, during the Chorus.—The Bailie, enraptured at his escape from danger, joins the Dancers.*)

CHORUS AND DANCE.

*Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch,
 We can be
 As blythe as she,
 Dancing now the Highland walloch ;
 Drink and dance, and sing wi' glee,
 Joy can never mak us weary ;
 Rob is frae the sodger free,
 And Helen she has fund her dearie !
 Roy', Wife, &c.*

(*Scene closes them in.*)

SCENE II.—*Wild Scenery in the neighbourhood of Aberfoil.*

Enter FRANK OSBALDISTONE, L.H.

Frank. I fear I have dismissed my guide too early. Every step I have taken since his departure, renders my way to Aberfoil more intricate. The twilight darkens rapidly, and each succeeding moment the surrounding objects wear a different feature, changeful as my fortunes.

SONG.—FRANK.

*O! life is like a summer flower,
 Blooming but to wither ;
 O love is like an April hour,
 Tears and smiles together.
 And hope is but a vapour light,
 The lover's worst deceiver ;
 Before him now it dances bright,
 And now, 'tis gone for ever !*

*O joy is but a passing ray,
 Lovers' hearts beguiling !
 A gleam that cheers a winter's day,
 Just a moment smiling ;
 But tho' in hopeless dark despair,
 The thread of life may sever,
 Yet while it beats, dear maid, I swear,
 My heart is thine for ever !*

Enter SIR FREDERICK and DIANA VERNON, R.H. who are muffled in Horsemen's Cloaks.

Sir Fred. Soho ! Friend, whither go you ?

Frank. To Aberfoil : can you direct me ?

Sir Fred. Turn the projecting rock on your left, and the village lies before you. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Frank. I thank you ; in return, let me advise, if you travel northward, to wait till the passes are open ;—

there has been some disturbance in this neighbourhood.

Sir Fred. We have heard so ;—the soldiers had the worst, had they not ?

Frank. Yes ; but in another quarter, the Outlaw, called Rob Roy, has been captured.

Sir Fred. Know you not, Rob Roy has again escaped ?

Frank. Escaped ! I rejoice to hear it ! that circumstance will at once secure a friend of mine from danger, and prevent my being detained by a commission with which I was entrusted in his behalf.

Sir Fred. Who are you ? What is your name ?

Frank. My name can be of little consequence to an utter stranger.

Diana. Mr. Francis Osbaldistone should not sing his favourite airs, when he wishes to remain concealed.

Frank. Miss Vernon ! at such an hour, in such a lawless country !

Sir Fred. Now, Diana, give your cousin his property, and waste no further time.

Diana. But a moment, sir ; but one moment, to say farewell.

Sir Fred. Remember, 'tis your last. [Exit, L.H.]

Frank. Our last !

Diana. Yes, dear Frank ; there is a gulph between us ; a gulph of absolute perdition.—Where we go, you must not follow.—What we do, you must not share in. Take from my hand these eventful papers :—poor Scotland has lost her freedom, but your father's credit will at least be restored.

Frank. And is there no way in which I may be allowed to shew my gratitude ?

Diana. Alas ! none ! adieu ! be happy !

SONG.—DIANA

*Forlorn and broken-hearted,
I weep my last adieu !
And sigh o'er joy departed,
That time can ne'er renew.*

*Farewell! my love, I leave thee,
For some far distant shore;
Let no fond hope deceive thee,—
We part, to meet no more!*

*Tho' grief may long oppress thee,
Your love I'll ne'er resign;
My latest sigh shall bless thee,
My last sad tear be thine!*

*Farewell! my love, &c.
[Exeunt; Diana, L.H. Frank, R.H.]*

SCENE III.—*Jean M'Alpine's Hut.*

BAILIE JARVIE *discovered at the Table, R.H.*

Bailie. Well, after the fatigue it has been my lot to suffer this blessed day, a cup o'brandy does no harm. My cousin Rob is bringing up his family to an ill end: and as for my cousin Helen! My conscience! (*Drinks.*) 'Thank Heaven, I shall soon leave this doleful country.

Enter ROB ROY, L.H. (He sits down opposite to the Bailie.)

—Rob again! why, the man's like a bogle, a ghost!

Rob. 'Twas business that made me follow you so quickly, Bailie, and business waits for no man;—there is the payment I promised you.—Never say a Highlander belied his word.

Bailie. You're an honest man, Rob;—that is, you've a sort of honesty,—a kind of—Rob you're an honest rogue.

Rob. Come, come, take your money, and your cup, and say no more about it.

Bailie. Well, here's your health, and my cousin Helen's, and your two hopeful sons, of whom more anon. (*Drinks.*) As to Helen, her reception of me this blessed day, was the north side of friendly, that I must say.

Rob. Say nothing of her, but what is befitting a friend to say, and her husband to hear.

Bailie. Well, well, we'll let that flea stick by the wa'; but I must tell you, that your sons are as ignorant as the very cattle you used to drive to market.

Rob. And where was I to get them teachers? Would you have me put on the College-gate of Glasgow, "Wanted a Tutor for the Children of Rob Roy, the Outlaw?"

Bailie. Why, not exactly; but you might have taught them something.

Rob. I have.—Hamish can bring down a black cock on the wing, with a single bullet; and his brother drive a dirk thro' a two-inch deal board.

Bailie. So much the worse; but I have been thinking, Rob, to take them 'prentices; (*Rob starts angrily.*) and I'll give you back your two hundred pound, for the satisfaction.

Rob. What!—a hundred thousand devils!—the sons of M'Gregor, weavers! I'd sooner see every loom in Glasgow, beams, traddles, and shuttles, burnt first in hell fire!

Bailie. My conscience!—well, you needn't grip your dirk, as though you were going to drive it through me: I am not a two-inch deal board.

Rob. Give me your hand.—You mean well, but you press over hard on my temper. Consider what I have been, and what I am become; above all, consider that which has forced me to become what I am.

Enter FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE, L.H.

Frank. Ah! M'Gregor, and Mr. Jarvie,—both safe!

Rob. Ay, and like to keep so;—the worst hour is past.

Bailie. It has left behind it plenty of sore bones; but a man mustn't expect to carry the comforts of the Salt-market at his tail, when he comes visiting his Highland kinsfolk.

Rob. (Aside to Frank.) Your father is now in Glasgow; send the packet to him, by Mr. Jarvie.

Frank. My father!—How knew you this?

Rob. Dispatch your business, and follow me.—You shall see the moonlight on the mountain.—You shall hear—

Bailie. What?

Rob. The night-bird scream!—Will you listen to her bodings;—now the mist is on the brae, and the spirit of the Gregarach walks!—but I forget! you mean kindly.—Farewell, Cousin;—farewell;—(*Shakes hands with the Bailie, who is much affected.*) I would speak with you alone; (*To Frank.*)—follow me towards the Loch.

[*Exit, L.H. making a sign of dispatch to Frank.*]

Bailie. What did Rob say?

Frank. Something concerning these papers.

Bailie. Ey!—Papers! why, by the son of my father, Rob is an honest!—Stay! (*Frank tears open the Packet.*)—Here's Mr. Owen's list,—“Catch 'em and Whittington 706,” delightful!—“Pollock and Peel-man 2—8—7,”—Exact:—“Grubb and Grinder”—right to a fraction! Lord save us, what's this? “Will of Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone, in favour of his nephew, Francis?”—My conscience!

Frank. Is it possible?

Bailie. True, as I'm a Bailie!

Frank. This then, was the cause of Rashleigh's unrelenting hatred.

Bailie. No matter,—we've got the stuff, praise be blest! We've got the stuff!

Frank. Mr. Jarvie, I entrust these documents to your care, as, henceforward, the sole Agent of my father's concerns in Scotland. Take some repose, and set forward early.

Bailie. Sole agent! Mr. Osbaldistone, (*Bowing.*) I'll not affect to disclaim having done my best to deserve the favours of my friends in Crane Alley, London; or, that the recompense will not be highly advantageous to Nicol Jarvie, merchant and magistrate, of the Salt-

market in Glasgow,—but, I trust, you'll say as little as need be, of our pranks here among the hills;—the members of the Town Council mightn't think it creditable, for one of their body to fight with a red-hot poker, or to hang dangling like an old scarecrow, over a potatoe garden.

Frank. Fear nothing, sir, on that score. Your kindness deserves, and shall receive every expression of the most grateful sentiments; but let me beg of you to lose no time in returning home.

Bailie. That you may swear; and the next time you catch me out o'hearing o'St. Mungo's bells, may Rob Roy sleep with his ancestors, and I—marry his widow!—My conscience!

[*Exeunt ; Frank, L.H. Bailie, R.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*Distant view of the Banks of the Loch.*

Enter RASHLEIGH and JOBSON, L.H. in great alarm.

Rash. Am I ever to be pestered with these coward fears?

Job. For heaven's sake, sir! if you kill me I must speak. Except our own people, we are entirely unsupported; the government forces are all withdrawn.

Rash. Poh! for that very reason we shall not be suspected;—on that very circumstance alone, we might build our surest hope. This ruffian will not now suppose it possible he is watched, and least of all by me. Did you overhear their conference in the hut?

Job. Partly.

Rash. And you are sure my cousin is in possession of the packet?

Job. Certain.

Rash. Does he accompany that foolish magistrate to Glasgow?

Job. I think not: fearing to be surprized, I withdrew some paces from the hut, and crouched in the deepest shade; presently I saw—(*He looks round terrified.*)

Rash. Saw who?

Job. (*In a subdued tone.*) Rob Roy! In a few minutes Mr. Frank joined him, and they walked away hastily towards the Loch.

Rash. To meet Diana and her father in the cave. Well, let them meet;—I'll wait till M'Gregor and his band depart, then spring upon, and crush them in the very nest where their venom was engendered. Did you place Wingfield in the track, to prevent the retreat of Sir Frederick, and the proud dame, his daughter?

Job. I did, sir, exactly as you directed; and all the rest are within call.—Hush! hark! (*Dougal has suddenly appeared; L.H. he instantly falls flat, throwing at the same time his Plaid entirely over him.*)—As I live and breathe, I heard a step!

Rash. The echo of your own footfall.

Job. No, no! as I'm an honest man,—that is, as I'm a sinner,—I beseech—I implore you to quit this place.

Rash. Never, till my purpose is accomplished. Death alone shall defeat it. Curses on the chance that brought him to Diana's presence;—that ever brought him to my father's house!—but I will not suffer singly; the disappointment and misery they have inflicted upon me, shall be shared by them, in all its bitterness.—Who's there?

Enter LANCIE WINGFIELD, R.H.

Lancie. Word has passed, that the Highlanders are preparing to move.

Rash. Lose not a moment.—Remember, if there be lives sacrificed in the business we are upon, your evidence must justify the act, as necessary to the subjugation of treason. Now, be resolute and be silent.

[*Exit Rashleigh, R.H. followed by Lancie and Jobson;—Dougal looks after them from beneath his Plaid;—rises cautiously, and follows.*

SCENE V.—*The Cave, the mouth at the upper end opening to the Loch, and opposite Mountains.—The Moon rising, illuminates the distant Scenery, and part of the mouth of the Cave.*

Enter ROB ROY and FRANK, L.H.

Rob. Let me now speak of my own concerns: my kinsman said something of my boys, that sticks in my heart, and maddens in my brain;—'twas truth he spoke, yet I dared not listen to it;—'twas fair he offered, yet I spurned that offer from very pride. My poor bairns! I'm vexed when I think they must lead their father's life.

Frank. Is there no way of amending such a life, and thereby affording them an honourable chance of—

Rob. You speak like a boy!—Do you think the old gnarled oak can be twisted like the green sapling? Think you I can forget being branded as an Outlaw,—stigmatized as a traitor,—a price set upon my head, and my wife and family treated as the dam and cubs of a wolf? The very name which came to me from a long and noble line of martial ancestors, denounced as if it were a spell to conjure up the devil!

Frank. Rely on it, the proscription of your name and family is considered by the English as a most cruel and arbitrary law.

Rob. Still it is proscribed; and *they* shall hear of my vengeance, that would scorn to listen to the story of my wrongs.—They shall find the name of M'Gregor is a spell to raise the wild devil withal;—Ah!—God help me! I found desolation where I left plenty;—I looked east, west, north, and south, and saw neither hold, nor hope, shed nor shelter;—so I e'en pulled the bonnet o'er my brow, buckled the broad sword to my side, took to the mountain and the glen,—and became a broken man!—But why do I speak of this?—'Tis of

my children, of my poor bairns I have thought, and the thought will not leave me.

Frank. Might they not, with some assistance, find an honourable resource in foreign service? If such be your wish, depend on its being gratified.

Rob. (*Stretching one hand to Frank, and passing the other across his eyes.*)—I thank, I thank you.—I could not have believed that mortal man would again have seen a tear in M'Gregor's eye. We'll speak of this hereafter;—we'll talk of it to Helen;—but I cannot well spare my boys yet;—the heather is on fire.

Frank. Heather on fire!—I do not understand.

Rob. Rashleigh has set the torch;—let them that can, prevent the blaze.—(*March heard.*)—Ah! they come;—then all's well!

Frank. I comprehend.—(*Seeing the approach of the Highlanders.*)—The Clans are assembling, and the defection of Rashleigh has but hastened this long-expected insurrection.

(*The M'Gregor Highlanders enter, Hamish and Robert directing their movements;—Helen confers with Rob Roy, R.H.U.E.*)

Rob. Have you seen Diana and Sir Frederick on their way! (*Apart.*)

Helen. I have.—Stranger, you came to our unhappy country when our bloods were chafed, and our hands were red;—excuse the rudeness that gave so rough a welcome, and lay it on the evil times, not upon us.

Rob. Helen, our friend has spoken kindly, and proffer'd nobly:—our boys—our children—

Helen. I understand; but, no, no; this is not the time; besides, I,—no—no—I will not—cannot part from them.

Frank. Your separation is not required;—leave the country with them.

Helen. Quit the land of my sires!—never! Wild as we live, and hopeless, the world has not a scene

that could console me for these rude rocks and glens, where the remembrance of our wrongs is ever sweeten'd by the recollection of our revenge.

Frank. M'Gregor?

Rob. She says truly; 'twas a vain project.—We cannot follow them;—cannot part with the last ties that render life endurable. Were I to lose sight of my native hills, my heart would sink, and my arm would shrink like fern i'the winter's frost. No, Helen, no;—the heather we have trod on while living, shall bloom over us when dead!

(Helen throws herself into his arms.)

Frank. I grieve that my opportunity of serving those who have so greatly befriended me, is incompatible with their prospects and desires.

Rob. Farewell! the best wish M'Gregor can give his friend is, that he may see him no more.

Helen. A mother's blessing!—for the only kindness shewn for years to the blood of M'Gregor—be upon you! Now, farewell!—Forget me, and mine, for ever!

Frank. Forget! Impossible!

Helen. All may be forgotten but the sense of dishonour, and the desire of vengeance.

Rob. No more:—strike!

(March.—The Highlanders file through the mouth of the Cave, R.H.—Robert and Hamish M'Gregor stretch forth their hands to Frank, as they pass in the March;—Helen and Rob Roy each take leave of him with cordiality and regret, and exeunt through the Cave, R.H.)

Frank. What a wayward fate is mine! My father's peace of mind is happily restored, but mine, with Diana, is for ever lost!

RASHLEIGH appears at the back of the Cave, L.H. and seeing FRANK, conceals himself.

What noise? Surely I heard—No, they have left me!

(*The Boats are seen passing the Loch, from R.H. to L.H. with the Highlanders.*)

—They are passing the Loch:—I shall see them no more!

DIANA and SIR FREDERICK VERNON, *rush in, L.H. greatly alarmed.*

Diana. Gone! M'Gregor,—Helen,—our friends gone!

Sir Fred. Embarked already! then my course is ended!

Frank. Amazement! Diana Vernon, and—

Diana. Her father! her unhappy, her wretched father! Oh Frank! we are beset by enemies on every side;—the only path by which we could escape, is guarded.

Frank. No danger shall befall you here.

Sir Fred. Do not involve yourself in my fate;—protect my child, but leave me to suffer: I am familiar with danger, and prepared to meet it.—

RASHLEIGH *advances, from L.H.U.E.*

Rash. Meet it then, here.

All. Rashleigh!

(*Diana turns from him, to her Father's arms.*)

Rash. Ay, I come to repay the various obligations conferred on me by my friends.—(*He beckons on Lancia Wingfield, Jobson, &c. &c.*)—Apprehend Sir Frederick Vernon, an attainted traitor; Diana Vernon and Francis Osbaldistone, aiders and abettors of treason.

Frank. Rashleigh, thou art too great a villain for words to speak thee.

Rash. I can forgive your spleen, my gentle cousin;—it is hard to lose an estate and a mistress in one night. Take charge of your prisoners:—if my conduct displeases you, lady, thank your minion there.

Frank. I never gave you cause.

Rash. 'Tis false!—In love,—in ambition,—in the paths of interest, you have crossed and blighted me at every turn. I was born to be the honour of my father's house,—I have been its destruction, and disgrace;—my very patrimony has become your's:—but, if you ever live to possess it, the death-curse of him you have thus injured, stick to it!—Ah!

Rob. Gregarach!

Rob darts in, and confronts Rashleigh, who instantly levels a Pistol at him; it flashes in the pan.—Highlanders, led by Dougal, appear at the mouth of the Cave.—Rashleigh's party shout "Rob Roy!" and defend themselves, merely to effect their retreat, Dougal attacking Luncie, &c. &c.

Rob. Now ask mercy, for your soul's sake!

Rash. Never!— (*Standing on his guard.*)

Rob. Claymore!—Die, traitor, in your treason!

(*Short and rapid combat;—Rashleigh falls, and is caught by Dougal, who returns at the moment, and by signal from Rob, is borne off, L.H.—Helen, with Females, enter to wards the close of the tumult, R.H. and Bailie Jarvie runs on, confused, R.H.U.E.*)

Bailie. Gude save us! what's here to do! I fear I've lost my way.

Frank. Mr. Jarvie! I thought you were on the road to Glasgow.

Bailie. So did I; but, troth, the whiskey has deceived me.—My conscience!—to think of a magistrate losing his head, and losing his horse too! A little man, called Jobson, dismounted me just now in a trice, and gallop'd off, as though my cousin Helen, herself, was at his—(*Sees Helen.*)—My conscience!

Sir Fred. Brave Highlander! you have saved more than my life;—you have preserved my honour! You,

young man, (*To Frank.*)—have proved yourself worthy of my child, and to you I give her. But whence this unexpected aid? I surely saw the boats depart.—
(*To Rob.*)

Rob. With half my band, no more. Dougal overheard, and fortunately apprised me of Rashleigh's intentions, and I kept up the appearance which decoyed the villain to his own snare.

Helen. (*To Frank.*) By Sir Frederick Vernon's means your father's house has been preserved; that consideration must induce his honourable mind to confirm the gift you prize, and endeavour to obtain from the government a remission of the law, in favour of a noble enemy. (*Pointing to Sir Frederick.*)

Rob. We shall rejoice in your happiness, though we may not share it. If in such moments, you ever think upon M'Gregor, think kindly:—when you cast a look towards poor old Scotland, do not forget Rob Roy!

FINALE.

*Pardon now the bold Outlaw,
Rob Roy M'Gregor, O!
Grant him mercy, gentles a',
Rob Roy M'Gregor, O!
Let your hands and hearts agree,
Set the Highland Laddie free—
Mak us sing wi' muckle glee,
Rob Roy M'Gregor, O!*

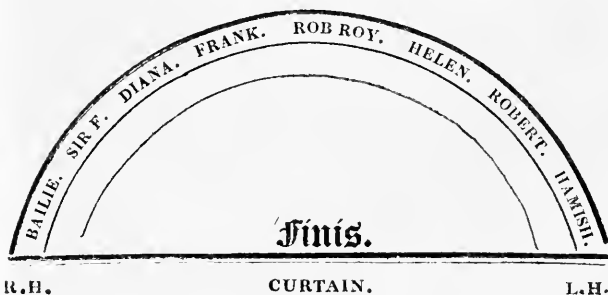
Frank. Long the State had doom'd his fa',
Rob Roy, &c.
Still he spurn'd the hatefu' law,
Rob Roy, &c.
Scots can for their country die,
Ne'er from Britons' foe they flee,
A' that's past forget—forgie,
Rob Roy M'Gregor, O!

Cho. Pardon now, &c.

*Diana. Scotland's fear, and Scotland's pride,
 Rob Roy, &c.
 Your award must now abide,
 Rob Roy, &c.
 Lang your favours ha' been mine,
 Favours I will ne'er resign—
 Welcome then for auld lang syne,
 Rob Roy M'Gregor, O!*

Cho. Pardon now, &c.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.





Oxberry's Edition.

KING HENRY IV.

PART I.

A TRAGEDY;

By William Shakspeare.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

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Remarks.

HENRY THE FOURTH—PART I.

NONE of SHAKSPEARE's plays have been more popular in the closet than the two parts of Henry the Fourth, but on the stage they have not been followed with equal interest. The brilliant character of *Falstaff* is almost too ideal for representation; and though the plot involves the fate of kingdoms, it has none of those strong appeals to human passions which constitute the very essence of tragedy; it indeed acquires interest from the multitude of its events, and the exquisite propriety of its characters, but neither the heart nor the imagination is powerfully affected.

For the characters, separately considered, no praise can be too great; *Falstaff* always has been, and always must be, a phenomenon, without a parallel: the brightest scenes of Cervantes and Moliere shrink to nothing in comparison with Shakspeare's fat knight, who wins over the spectator as easily as he won the *Prince*. It is, indeed, the triumph of wit and pleasure over every circumstance that can be opposed to them. *Falstaff* has not a single moral quality to command either love or respect;—a debauchee, without the excuse of youth; a coward, a liar, a cheat, a bully, and a spendthrift; he is still a general favourite by the sole force of his humour; a humour that has not even been approached by the brightest talents of any age, or any country. His wit is so unforced, and sits so naturally upon him; he never goes out of his way for a jest, like the wits of Moliere and Congreve; and, what is still more to the purpose, his humour has a distinct and appropriate character; whereas, in the most popular comedies of France and England, there is but one sort of wit common to all the dramatis personæ. Thus, to take the most familiar instance, in the “School for Scandal,” all the ladies and gentlemen kill characters precisely in the same fashion.

To what Dr. Johnson has said of the *Prince*, nothing can be added; he has characterized him with uncommon felicity of thought and language; and we cannot do better than quote his criticism:—

“ The *Prince*, who is the hero both of the comic and tragic part, is a young man of great abilities, and violent passions, whose sentiments are right, though his actions are wrong; whose virtues are obscured by negligence, and whose understanding is dissipated by levity. In his idle hours he is rather loose than wicked; and when the occasion forces out his latent qualities, he is great without effort, and brave without tumult. The trifle is wound into a hero, and the hero again expires in the trifle. The character is great, original, and just.”

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is two hours and nineteen minutes.

Stage Directions.

By R.H..... is meant..... Right Hand.
L.H..... Left Hand.
S.E..... Second Entrance.
U.E..... Upper Entrance.
M.D..... Middle Door.
D.F..... Door in Flat.
R.H.D. Right Hand Door.
L.H.D..... Left Hand Door.



Costume.

KING HENRY.—Crimson velvet robe, purple velvet doublet, and trunks.

PRINCE OF WALES.—First Dress.—Brown Tunic pantaloons and boots.—Second.—White old English dress, richly embroidered with silver.—Third.—Suit of armour.

PRINCE JOHN.—Light blue old English dress.

DOUGLAS.—Scotch dress, Tartan plaid, kelt, hose, bonnet, and breast-plate.

WORCESTER.—Black velvet old English dress.

SIR WILLIAM BLOUNT.—Scarlet, *ibid.*

HOTSPUR.—Buff, *ibid.*

VERNON.—Blue, *ibid.*

FALSTAFF.—Scarlet and buff, *ibid.*

WESTMORELAND.—Crimson, *ibid.*

NORTHUMBERLAND.—Green, *ibid.*

POINS.—Slate coloured, *ibid.*

FRANCIS.—Green and yellow, *ibid.*

GADSHILL.—Brown, *ibid.*

PETO.—Blue, *ibid.*

BARDOLPH.—Black, *ibid.*, trimmed with scarlet.

TRAVELLERS.—Various coloured, *ibid.*

CARRIERS.—Brown old English smocks.

SHERIFFS.—Scarlet gowns.

Scotch and English soldiers, in dresses of the different countries.

LADY PERCY.—White satin dress, trimmed with point and beads.

MRS. QUICKLY.—Red stuff petticoat, trimmed with point, black stuff gown, trimmed with point, high crowned hat, trimmed red.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
<i>King Henry</i>	Mr. Bengough.	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Prince of Wales</i>	Mr. Penley.	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Prince John</i>	Miss Carr.	Mr. J. Matthews.
<i>Westmoreland</i>	Mr. Marshall.	Mr. Connor.
<i>Douglas</i>	Mr. Ley.	Mr. Claremont.
<i>Worcester</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Northumberland</i>	Mr. Carr.	Mr. B. Thornton.
<i>Hotspur</i>	Mr. Kean.	Mr. Macready.
<i>Blount</i>	Mr. Holland.	Mr. Comer.
<i>Vernon</i>	Mr. Hamblin.	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Sir John Falstaff</i>	Mr. S. Kemble.	Mr. Yates.
<i>Sheriff</i>	Mr. Ebsworth.	Mr. Jefferies.
<i>Poins</i>	Mr. Cowell.	Mr. Farley.
<i>Bardolph</i>	Mr. Cooke.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Carriers</i>	{ Mr. Oxberry. Mr. Wewitzer.	{ Mr. Faucit. Mr. Treby.
<i>Francis</i>	Mr. Knight.	Mr. Simmons.
<i>Lady Percy</i>	Mrs. Robinson.	Miss Foote.
<i>Mrs. Quickly</i>	Mrs. Sparks.	Mrs. Davenport.

KING HENRY IV.

PART I.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Palace in London.*

(*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*)

KING HENRY, PRINCE JOHN of LANCASTER, EARL of WESTMORELAND, SIR RICHARD VERNON, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and other Gentlemen, discovered.

Two Gentlemen.

Two Gentlemen.

State Chair.

THE KING.

P. John.

Sir R. Vernon.

Sir W. Blunt.

Westmoreland.

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant.
Therefore, friends,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
To chase these pagans from the holy fields.
Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience. (1)

(1) Expedition.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits (1) of the charge set down
 But yesternight : when, all athwart, there came
 A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news ;
 Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
 And a thousand of his people butchered.

K. Hen. It seems then, that the tidings of this broil
 Brake off our business for the Holy land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious
 lord ;
 For more ~~uneven~~ and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus it did import.
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
 Young Harry Percy, (2) and brave Archibald, (3)
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
 At Holmedon met,
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour ;
 As by discharge of their artillery,
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;
 For he that brought them, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear, a true-industrious friend,
 Sir Walter Blunt, new-lighted from his horse,
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
 The Earl of Douglas is discomfited
 On Holmedon's plains : of prisoners, Hotspur took
 Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
 To beaten Douglas ; and the Earls
 Of Athol, Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
 And is not this an honourable spoil ?
 A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

(1) Outlines, rough sketches, or calculations.

(2) Harry Percy was surnamed, for his *often pricking*, *Henry Hotspur*, as one that seldom times rested, if there were anie service to be done abroad.—*Holinshed's History of Scotland*.

(3) Archibald Douglas, Earl Douglas.

West. It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin

In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so bless'd a son,
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts:—what think you, coz',
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners, (1)
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,

Malevolent to you in all aspects. (2)

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And, for this cause, a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

Cousin, on Wednesday next, our council we
Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered. (3)

(Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.)

[Exeunt King Henry, Prince John, Sir R.]

(1) Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the Earl of Fife, he being a prince of the blood-royal, (son to the Duke of Albany, brother to King Robert the Third,) Henry might justly claim him by his acknowledged military prerogative. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly for himself, either to acquit or ransom at his pleasure.

(2) An astrological allusion. Worcester is represented as a malignant star, that influenced the conduct of Hotspur.

(3) That is, "More is to be said, than anger will suffer me to say: more than can issue from a mind disturbed like mine."

*Vernon, Sir W. Blunt, Gentlemen, R.H. and
Earl of Westmoreland, L.H.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment belonging to the Prince
of Wales.*

*Enter PRINCE OF WALES, L.H. and SIR JOHN
FALSTAFF, R.H.*

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldst truly know. (1) What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds; I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus—he, *that wand'ring knight so fair.* (2) And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, heaven save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,)——

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

(1) Johnson says, “the Prince’s objection to the question seems to be, that Falstaff had asked in the *night*, what was the time of the *day*. This cannot be well received as the objection of the Prince; for, presently after, the Prince himself says, “Good-morrow, Ned;” and Poins replies, “Good morrow, sweet Hal.” The truth may be, that when Shakspeare makes the Prince wish Poins a good morrow, he had forgot that the scene commenced at night.

(2) Falstaff starts the idea of *Phœbus*, i. e. the sun; but deviates into an allusion to *El Donzel del Fecho*, (the Knight of the Sun,) in a Spanish romance, translated under the title of “The Mirror of Knighthood,” &c. during the age of Shakspeare. This illustrious personage was “most excellently *faire*,” and a great *wanderer* as those who travel after him throughout three thick volumes in 4to. will discover. Perhaps the words “that wandering knight so fair,” are part of some forgotten ballad on the subject of this marvellous hero’s adventures.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty; (1) let us be—Diana's foresters, (2) gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: and let men say, we be men of good government; being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress, the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by; (3) and spent with crying—bring in: (4) now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance? (5)

(1) I believe our poet, by the expression, *thieves of the day's beauty*, meant only, *let not us who are body squires to the night, i. e. adorn the night, be called a disgrace to the day*. To take away the beauty of the day, may probably mean, to disgrace it. A *squire of the body* signified originally, the attendant on a knight; the person who bore his head-piece, spear, and shield. It became afterwards the cant term for a *pimp*; and is so used in the second part of Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1630. Again, in *The Witty Fair One*, 1633, for a *procuress*; "Here comes the *squire* of her mistress's *body*."

(2) We learn from Hall, that certain persons who appeared as *foresters*, in a pageant exhibited in the reign of King Henry the Eighth, were called *Diana's Knights*.

(3) *To lay by*, is a phrase adopted from navigation, and signifies, by slackening sail, to become stationary. It occurs again in King Henry the Eighth: "Even the billows of the sea hung their heads, and then lay by."

(4) *i. e.* more wine.

(5) To understand the propriety of the Prince's answer, it must be remarked, that the Sheriff's officers were formerly clad in buff. So

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a plague have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch: and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent.—But I prythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, (1) or a lugged bear.

that, when Falstaff asks, whether *his hostess is not a sweet wench*, the Prince asks, in return, whether it will not be a sweet thing to go to prison, by running in debt to this sweet wench. *Durance*, might also have signified some lasting kind of stuff, such as we call at present *everlasting*.

(1) Sherwood's *English Dictionary*, at the end of Cotgrave's *Frenchone*, says, "*Gibbe* is an old he cat." Aged animals are not so playful as those which are young; and *glib'd*, or gelded ones, are duller than others. So we might read, "as melancholy as a *gib cat*, or a *glib'd cat*."

P. Hen. Or an old lion ; or a lover's lute. (1)

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe. (2)

P. Hen. What say'st thou to a hare, (3) or the melancholy of Moor-ditch ? (4)

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similies ; and art, indeed, the most comparative, (5) rascalliest,—sweet young prince,—but, Hal, I pr'ythee trouble me no more with vanity. I would to heaven thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought : An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir ; but I marked him not ; and yet he talked very wisely ; but I regarded him not : and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well ; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration ; (6) and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—Heaven forgive thee for it ! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing ; and now am

(1) *Love songs*, in our author's time, were generally sung to the music of the lute.

(2) I suspect, that by the *drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe*, is meant the *dull croak of a frog*, one of the native musicians of that waterish county. In the neighbourhood of Boston, in Lincolnshire, the noisy frogs are still humorously denominated "the Boston waits." In *The pleasaunt and stately Morall of Three Lordes and Thrice Ladies of London*, 1590, 4to. bl. l. there is mention of "The sweete ballade of the Lincolnshire bagpipes."

(3) A *hare* may be considered as melancholy, because she is, upon her form, always solitary ; and according to the physic of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy.

(4) *The melancholy of Moor-ditch*. It appears from Stowe's *Survey*, that a broad ditch, called Deep-ditch, formerly parted the Hospital from Moorfields ; and what has a more melancholy appearance than stagnant water ?

(5) *Comparative* here means *quick at comparisons*, or *fruitful in similes*, and is properly introduced.

(6) *Citation* ; or, *recitation*. So, in Marlow's *Doctor Faustus*, 1631.

"Here, take this book, and peruse it well,
The *iterating* of these lines brings gold."

From the context, *iterating* here appears to mean *pronouncing, reciting*. Again, in Caunden's *Remaines*, 1614, "King Edward the First, liking the *iteration* of FITZ," &c.

I, if a man should speak truly, little better then one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the lord, an I do not I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter POINS, L.H.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says Monsieur Remorse? (*Crosses to centre.*) What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow-morning, by four o'clock, early at Gad's Hill—There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep: if you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one. (*Crosses to centre.*)

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee; nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings. (1)

P. Hen. Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad cap.

(1) A *real*, or *royal*, was of the value of ten shillings.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting; that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed; that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallown summer! (1) [*Exit Falstaff*, L.H.]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gads-hill shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there: and, when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before, or after them,

(1) *All-hallows*, is *All-hallown-tide*; or, *All Saints Day*, which is the first of November. We have still several churches in London, which are absurdly styled St. All-hallows, as if a word, which was formed to express the community of saints, could be appropriated to any particular one of the number. In the play of *The Four P's*, 1569, this mistake (which might have been a common one,) is pleasantly exposed:

“*Pard.* Friends, here you shall see, even anone,
Of *All-hallows* the blessed jaw-bone,
Kiss it hardly, with good devotion,” &c.

The characters in this scene are striving who should produce the greatest falsehood; and, very probably, in their attempts to excel each other, have out-lied even the Romish Kalendar. Shakspeare's allusion is designed to ridicule an old man with youthful passions. So, in the second part of this play, “the *Martlemas*, your master.”

and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and I have cases of buckram, for the nonce, (1) to inmask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

[*Poins.* Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper; how, thirty, at least he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof (2) of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me in Eastcheap: farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit, L.H.*]

P. Hen. I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world;
That when he please again to be himself,

(1) *For the nonce*—This is sometimes written *for the nones*, and it always means *for the once*, for the present purpose, for the immediate subject of question. The progress of the word may be thus traced: *a ones, an anes, for the ones, for the nanes, for the nones, for the nonce.*

“Would you live free from all diseases?
Do the act your mistress pleases.
Yet fright all aches from your bones
Here's a med'cine for the *nones*.”

Fox, a. 2. s. 1.

(2) Confutation.

Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
 By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
 Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
 So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
 And pay the debt I never promised,
 By how much better than my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes; (1)
 And like bright metal on a sullen (2) ground,
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
 Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will.
[Exit, L.H.]

SCENE III.—*The Council Chamber.*

(*Flourish of trumpets and drums.*)

KING HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, EARL of WESTMORE-
 LAND, EARL of WORCESTER, EARL of NORTHUM-
 BERLAND, HOTSPUR, SIR W. BLUNT, SIR R. VER-
 NON, and other GENTLEMEN, discovered.

Throne.

Four Gents.

KING.

Four Gents.

P. John.

Westmoreland.

Northumberland.

Sir W. Blunt.

Hotspur.

Worcester.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and tempe-
 rate,
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,
 And you have found me; for, accordingly,
 You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,

(1) Expectations.

(2) Dull.

Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition, (1)
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down :
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;
And that same greatness too, which our own hands
Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,——

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone ; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye :
O, sir,

Your presence is too bold and peremptory ;
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier (2) of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us : (3) when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

[*Exit Worcester, L.H.*

You were about to speak. (*Turning to North.*)

North. Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied,
As is deliver'd to your majesty.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home :
He was perfumed like a milliner ;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, (4) which ever and anon

(1) *Condition* is very frequently used by the old writers, for *temper of mind* ; and in this sense the vulgar still say, a *good*, or *ill-conditioned man*.

(2) *Frontier* was antiently used for forehead.

(3) Our ready assent.

(4) A small box, for musk or other perfumes, then in fashion ; the

He gave his nose, and took 't away again ;
 And still he smil'd, and talk'd :
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He question'd me ; among the rest, demanded
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
 Out of my grief, (1) and my impatience,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay, (2)
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what ;
 He should, or he should not ; for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk, so like a waiting gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds,—(heaven save the
 mark !)—

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said :
 And, I beseech you, let not his report
 Come current for an accusation,
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
 Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
 To such a person, and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest re-told,

lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it its name ; from *poin-soner*, to prick, pierce, or engrave.

(1) Pain.

(2) A parrot.

May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso, and exception,—
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower:
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war:—to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment (1) with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they
drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp (2) head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.

(1) An obsolete word, signifying hardiness, bravery, stoutness. Spencer is frequent in his use of it.

(2) Curled.

Never did base and rotten policy
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds ;
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer
 Receive so many, and all willingly :
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost
 belie him,
 He never did encounter with Glendower ;
 I tell thee,
 He durst as well have met the devil alone,
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
 Art not ashamed ? But, sirrah, henceforth
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
 We license your departure with your son :—
 Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

(Flourish of trumpets and drums.)

[Exeunt all but Northumberland and Hotspur, L.H.]

Hot. And, if the devil come and roar for them,
 I will not send them :—I will after straight,
 And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
 Although it be with hazard of my head.

(Crosses to L.H.)

North. What, drunk with choler ? stay, and pause
 awhile ;
 Here comes your uncle.

Enter WORCESTER, L.H.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer ?
 Yes, I will speak of him ; and let my soul
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him :
 Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
 As high i' the air as this unthankful king,

As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners :
And, when I urg'd the ransome once again

(*Crosses to centre.*)

Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale ;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death, (1)
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him : was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood ?

North. He was ; I heard the proclamation :
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us heaven pardon !) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition ;
From whence he, intercepted, did return,
To be depos'd, and, shortly, murdered.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you : did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown ?

North. He did ; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
But shall't, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,
(As both of you, heaven pardon it ! have done,)
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, (2) Bolingbroke ?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off

(1) That is, an eye menacing death. Hotspur seems to describe the king as trembling with rage rather than fear.

(2) The canker-rose is the dog-rose, the flower of the Cynosbaton. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing* ;—"I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace."

By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
 No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
 Into the good thoughts of the world again:
 Revenge the jeering and disdain'd(1) contempt
 Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,
 To answer all the debt he owes to you,
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
 Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
 And now I will unclasp a secret book,
 And to your quick conceiving discontents
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
 As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
 As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.(2)

Hot. If he fall in, good night:—or sink, or swim:—
 Send danger from the east unto the west,
 So honour cross it from the north to south,
 And let them grapple:—O! the blood more stirs,
 To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

North. Imagination of some great exploit
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
 So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
 Without corrival,(3) all her dignities:—
 But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!(4)

(1) Disdainful.

(2) That is, of a spear laid across.

(3) A rival.

(4) The allusion must be to the coins of Philip and Mary, where two faces were in part exhibited. This squaring our author's comparisons, and making them correspond precisely on every side, is in my apprehension the source of endless mistakes. *Fellowship* relates to Hotspur's "corrival," and himself, and I think, to nothing more. I find

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures⁽¹⁾ here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry your mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all :

By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them ;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not :
I'll keep them, by this hand. (*Crosses to centre.*)

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes :
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will ; that's flat :—

He said, he would not ransom Mortimer ;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer ;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer !—Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Wor. Farewell, kinsman ! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
'Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own !

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd
with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.—

the epithet here applied to it, in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Penni-lesse*, 1593 :—

“ ——— with all other ends of your *half faced* English.”

Again, in “ *Histriomastix*,” 1610 :—

“ Whilst I behold yon *half-fac'd* minion,——.”

(1) *Figure*, is here used equivocally. As it is applied to Hotspur's speech, it is a rhetorical mode ; as opposed to form, it means appearance or shape.

In Richard's time,—(*Crosses to centre.*)—What do you call the place?—

A plague upon't!—it is in Glostershire;
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept;
His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke;—
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

North. At Berkley Castle.

Hot. You say true:—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—*when his infant fortune came to age*,—
And,—*gentle Harry Percy*,—and, *kind cousin*,—
O, the devil take such cozeners!—(*Crosses to L.H.*)—
Heaven forgive me!—

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.—
Deliver them up without their ransome straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, (for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written,) be assur'd,
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,—(*To North.*)
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,—
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop—

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation, (1)
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

(1) Conjecture.

Hot. (*Crosses to centre.*) I smell it : upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's a-foot, thou still let'st slip.(1)

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:—
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha ?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head : (2)
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt;
And think, we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see, already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does ; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, (3) farewell :—no further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.

North. Farewell, good brother : we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu :—O, let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport !

[*Exeunt ; North. and Hot. R.H. Wor. L.H.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Inn Yard, at Rochester.*

Enter a CARRIER, with a lantern in his hand, L.H.U.E.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho ! A'n't be not four by the day, I'll

(1) *To let slip*, is to loose the greyhound.

(2) A *head* is a body of forces.

(3) This was a common address in our author's time to nephews,

be hanged: Charles' wain(1) is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. (Within, L.H.) Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's(2) saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.(3)

Enter another CARRIER, with a lantern in his hand,
L.H.U.E.

2 *Car.* Peas and beans are as dank(4) here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots:(5) this house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose: it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench. (6)

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.—What, ostler! come away, and be hang'd, come away.

nieces, and grand children. See *Holinshed's Chronicle*, passim. Hotspur was Worcester's nephew.

(1) *Charles'-wain* is the vulgar name given to the constellation called the Bear. It is a corruption of the *Chorles* or *Churls* wain.—(Sax. *ceopl*, a countryman.) *Chorl* is frequently used for a countryman in old books. "Here begynneth the *Chorle* and the byrde," printed for Wynkin de Worde. See also the Glossaries of Skinner and Junius, v. *Churl*.

(2) *Cut* is the name of a horse in *The Witches of Lancashire*, 1634, and, I suppose, was a common one.

(3) i. e.—*out of all measure*: the phrase being taken from a *cess*, tax or subsidy; which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant, or out of measure, it was said to be *out of all cess*.

(4) Wet, rotten.

(5) "The *bottes* is an yll disease, and they lye in a horse mawe; and they be an inch long, white coloured, and a reed heed, and as moche as a fyngers ende; and they be quycke and stycke faste in the mawe syde: it apperethe by stampyng of the horse or tomblyng; and in the beginning there is remedy ynoughe; and if they be not cured betyme, they will eate thorough his mawe and kyll him."—*Fitzherbert's Book of Husbandry*.

(6) It appears, from the following passage in Philemon Holland's

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes(1) of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite starved.(2)--What, ostler!--A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? A'n't were not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL, L.H.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think, it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.(*Crossing to 2 Car.*)

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth'a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they'll along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt; Carriers, R.H. Gadshill, L.H.*]

translation of Plyn's *Natural History*, Book ix, ch. 47. that anciently fishes were supposed to be infested by *fleas*: "In summer, what is there not bred within the sea? Even the verie *fleas* that skip so merrily in summer time within victualling houses and innes, and bite so shrowdly: as also lice that love best to live close under the haire of our heads, are there engendred and to be found: for many a time the fishers twitch up their hooks, and see a number of these skippers and creepers settled thick about their baits which they laid for fishes. And this vermin is thought to trouble the poore fishes in their sleep by night within the sea, as well as us on land."

(1) As our author in several passages mentions a *raze* of ginger, I thought proper to distinguish it from the *raze* mentioned here. The former signifies no more than a single root of it; but a *raze* is the Indian term for a *bale* of it.

(2) Here is a slight anachronism. Turkies were not brought into England till the time of King Henry the Eighth.

SCENE II.—*The Road by Gad's Hill.*

Enter PRINCE OF WALES *and* POINS, *disguised*, L.H.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

(Poins retires a little, L.H.U.E.)

Enter FALSTAFF, *disguised*, L.H.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat kidneyed rascal:—what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. What, Poins! Hal!

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.

(Pretends to go and look for Poins.)

Fal. I am accursed, to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square further a-foot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death, for all this; if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is three score and ten miles a-foot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another!—*(They whistle.)*—Whew!

—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far a-foot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt(1) me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted. (*He advances to Falstaff.*)

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse;—good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward, and a-foot too!—I hate it.

Enter POINS, I.H.U.E. GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO, disguised, R.H.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice.

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane: Ned Poins, and I, will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

(1) Is to fool, to trick; but the prince taking it in another sense opposes it by *uncolt*, that is, *unhorse*.

Fal. But how many be there of them ?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds ! will they not rob us ?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch ?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather ; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge ; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises ? (*Aside.*)

Poins. Here, hard by : stand close. (*Aside.*)

[*Exeunt the Prince and Poins, R.H.U.E.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, (1) say I ! Every man to his business.—(*They put on their masks, and draw their swords.*)

Enter four TRAVELLERS, R.H.

Trav. Come, neighbour ; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill : we'll walk a foot awhile, and ease our legs.

Fal. &c. Stand !

Trav. Thieves !—Murder !—Help !—(*The Travellers run back again, followed by Bardolph, Gads-hill, and Peto, L.H.*)

Fal. Down with them ! cut the villains' throats ! ah ! whoreson caterpillars ! bacon-fed knaves ! they hate us youth : down with them ! fleece them !—Young men must live :—You are grand-jurors, are ye ? We'll jure you, i'faith.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

(1) The portion of alms distributed at Lambeth palace gate is at this day called the *dole*. In Jonson's *Alchymist*, Subtle charges Face with perverting his master's charitable intentions, by selling the *dole* beer to *aqua-vitæ* men.

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, and POINS, in buckram suits, L.H.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men : (1) Now, could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument (2) for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming. (*They retire a little, R.H.U.E.*)

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO, with bags of money, L.H.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. (*They sit down on the ground.*) An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring : there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money ! (*Hen. and Poins advance.*)

Poins. Villains !

(*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. The rest run away; L.H. and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs after them, leaving the booty behind him.*)

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse.

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other ;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along :
Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roared ! [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

(1) In the old plays a *true man* is always set in opposition to a *thief*. So, in the ancient Morality called *Hycke Scorne*, bl. let. no date :—

“ And when me list to hang a *true man*—
Theres I can help out of pryson.”

(2) Argument is subject, or matter for conversation, or a drama.

SCENE III.—*Warkworth.—A Room in the castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, *reading a letter*, R.H.

—*But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.*—He could be contented,—why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house!—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house: Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous*;—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.* Say you so? say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the lord, our plot is as good a plot, as ever was laid: our friends true and constant: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. (1) Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? And are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel!—Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of

(1) Mr. Edwards observes, in his *Canons of Criticism*, "that the ladies in our author's time wore fans made of feathers." See *Merry Wives of Windsor*; a. 2, sc. 2, p. 23.

skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

Enter LADY PERCY, R.H.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I, this fortnight, been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth; And start so often, when thou sit'st alone? In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars; Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed; Cry, *Courage—to the field!* And thou hast talk'd Of prisoners' ransome, and of soldiers slain, And all the 'currents(1) of a heady fight. Some heavy business hath my lord in hand, And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho!—

Enter RABY, L.H.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Rab. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Rab. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Rab. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.—

Well, I will back him straight.—O *Espérance!*—(2)

(1) Occurrences.

(2) This was the motto of the Percy family.

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Raby*, L.H.]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,

As you are toss'd with.—In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title; and hath sent for you,

To line his enterprise: but if you go——

Hot. So far a-foot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me

Directly to this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you trifler.—Love! I love thee not,

I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world

To play with mammetts,(1) and to tilt with lips;

We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,

And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—

What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?

Well, do not, then; for, since you love me not,

I will not love myself. Do you not love me?

Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And, when I am o' horseback, I will swear

I love thee infinitely. But, hark you, Kate;

I must not have you henceforth question me

Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:

Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,

This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.

I know you wise; but yet no further wise,

(1) Puppets.

Than Harry Percy's wife : constant you are ;
 But yet a woman ; and, for secrecy,
 No lady closer ; for, I well believe,
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know : (1)
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How ! so far ?

Hot. Not an inch further. But, hark you, Kate :
 Whither I go, thither shall you go too ;
 To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
 Will this content you, Kate ?

Lady. It must, of force. [*Exeunt*, L.H.]

SCENE IV.—*The Boar's Head Tavern, in East-cheap.*

Enter PRINCE of WALES, L.H.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee come out of that fat room,
 and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Enter POINS, R.H.D.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal ?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst
 three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the
 very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother
 to a leash of drawers, (2) and can call them all by
 their christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis.
 They take it already upon their salvation, that, though
 I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of cour-
 tesy ; and tell me flatly, I am no proud Jack, like Fal-
 staff ; but a Corinthian, (3) a lad of mettle, a good boy,
 —by the lord, so they call me,—and, when I am king
 of England, I shall command all the good lads in East-
 cheap. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one
 quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in

(1) This line is borrowed from a proverbial sentence : " A woman
 conceals what she knows not."

(2) Alluding to the *fratres jurati* in the ages of adventure.

(3) A wench.

his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, (1) clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, (2) one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and—*You are welcome*; with this shrill addition, *Anon, anon, Sir,—Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*, or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time, till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—*Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but—*Anon*. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent. [Exit Poins, R.H.D.]

Poins. (Within.) Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

Enter FRANCIS, L.H.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomgranate, Ralph. (3)

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to——

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the

(1) It appears from the following passage in *Look about you*, 1600, and some others, that the drawers kept sugar folded up in papers, ready to be delivered to those who called for sack:

“—— But do you hear?

Bring sugar in white paper, not in brown.”

(2) *Schenken*, Dutch, is to fill a glass or cup; and *Schenker* is a cup-bearer, one that waits at table to fill the glasses. An *under-skinker* is, therefore, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, an *under-drawer*.

(3) To have windows, or loop-holes, looking into the rooms beneath them, was anciently a general custom.

clinking of pewter. But, Francis, dar'st thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart——

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall be——

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gav'st me—'t was a pennyworth, was 't not?

Fran. O lord, sir, I would, it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, (1) crystal-button, (2) nott-pated, (3) agate-ring, puke-

(1) The prince intends to ask the drawer whether he will rob his master, whom he denotes by many contemptuous distinctions.

(2) It appears, from the following passage in Greene's *Quip for an upstart courtier*, 1620, that a *leather jerkin with crystal buttons* was the habit of a pawn-broker. "A black taffata doublet, and a spruce leather jerkin, with crystal buttons, &c. I inquired of what occupation. 'Marry, sir,' quoth he, 'a broker.'"

(3) It should be printed, as in the old folios, *nott-pated*. So, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the Yemun is thus described:

"A nott-head had he with a brown visage."

A person was said to be *nott-pated*, when the hair was cut short and round. Ray says the word is still used in Essex for *polled* or *shorn*. Vide Ray's *Collection*, p. 100. Morell's Chaucer, 8vo. p. 11. Vide Jun. Etym. adverb.

So, in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:

"Your nott-headed country gentleman."

stocking, (1) caddis-garter, (2) smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why, then, your brown bastard (3) is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue: dost thou not hear them call?—(*Here they both call him: Francis stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*)

Enter HOSTESS, L.H.

Host. What! stand'st thou still, and hearest such a calling? look to the guests within.—[*Exit Francis, L.H.*]
—My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door.—[*Exit Hostess, L.H.*]
—*Poins*—

Enter POINS, R.H.D.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye;

(1) In Barrett's *Alvearic*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, a *puke* colour is explained as being a colour between russet and black, and is rendered in Latin *pullus*. In the time of Shakspeare, the most expensive silk stockings were worn; and in *King Lear*, by way of reproach, an attendant is called a *worsted stocking* knave. So that, after all, perhaps the word *puke* refers to the quality of the stuff, rather than to the colour.

(2) *Caddis* was *worsted* galloon. The garters of Shakspeare's time were worn in sight, and, consequently, were expensive. He who would submit to wear a coarser sort, was probably called by this contemptuous distinction.

(3) *Bastard* was a kind of sweet wine. The Prince finding the waiter not able, or not willing, to understand his instigation, puzzles him with unconnected prattle, and drives him away.

what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have showed themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.—What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. (Without, L.H.) Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind,(1) the Hotspur of the north, he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*Fye upon this quiet life! I want work.*—*O my sweet Harry*, says she, *how many hast thou killed to-day?*—*Give my roan horse a drench*, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen*, an hour after; *a trifle, a trifle*. I pr'ythee call in Falstaff. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, PETO, and FRANCIS, L.H. with a tankard of Sack.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks,(2) and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? *(He drinks.)*

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter,—pitiful-hearted Titan!(3)—that melted at the

(1) The drawer's answer had interrupted the Prince's train of discourse. He was proceeding thus: *I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours—I am not yet of Percy's mind*; that is, I am willing to indulge myself in gaiety and frolic, and try all the varieties of human life. I am not yet of Percy's mind, who thinks all the time lost that is not spent in bloodshed, forgets decency, and civility, and has nothing but the barren talk of a brutal soldier.

(2) Stockings.

(3) The Prince, undoubtedly, as Mr. Theobald observes, by the

sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: (1) yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it: a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten her-ring. There live not three good men unchanged in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old, heaven help the while! A bad world, I say! A plague of all cowards, I say still!

P. Hen. How now, wool sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, (2) and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward?—answer me to that:—and Poins there?

words, “Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter?” alludes to Falstaff's entering in a great heat, “his fat dripping with the violence of his motion, as butter does with the heat of the sun.” Our author here, as in many other places, having started an idea, leaves it, and goes to another that has but a very slight connection with the former. Thus the idea of butter *melted* by *Titan*, or the sun, suggest to him the idea of *Titan's* being *melted*, or softened, by the tale of his son, Phaëton; a tale which, undoubtedly, Shakspeare had read in the third book of Golding's translation of Ovid, having, in his description of winter, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, imitated a passage that is found in the same page in which the history of Phaëton is related.

(1) From the following passage in Greene's *Ghost Haunting Conie-catchers*, 1604, it seems as though *lime* was mixed with the sack for the purpose of giving strength to the liquor:—“A Christian exhortation to Mother Bunch would not have done amisse, that she should not mixe *lime* with her ale to make it *mightie*.”

(2) i.e. Such a dagger as the *Vice* in the old moralities was armed. So, in *Twelfth Night*—

“In a trice, like to the old *Vice*,
Your need to sustain;
Who with *dagger of lath*,
In his rage and his wrath,” &c.

P. Hen. Ye fat paunch, an' ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward ! I'll see thee damned, ere I call thee coward : but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back : call you that, backing of your friends ? A plague upon such backing ! Give me them that will face me ; give me—a cup of sack :—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain ! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkenest last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I !

[*He drinks ; Francis takes the cup and exit, L.H.*]

P. Hen. What's the matter ?

Fal. What's the matter ? Here be four of us here have taken a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack ? where is it ?

Fal. Where is it ? taken from us it is :—a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man ?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet ; four through the hose ; my buckler cut through and through ; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man : all would not do. A plague of all cowards !—Let them speak : if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs :—how was it ?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them ; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.(1)

(1) The natives of Palestine were called *Hebrews*, by way of distinction from the *stranger Jews*, denominated *Greeks*. Jews, in Shaks-

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Poins. 'Pray heaven, you have not killed some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have payed; (1) two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me a horse,—thou knowest my old ward,—here I lay, and thus I bore my point: four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal,—I told thee, four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said, four.

Fal. These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me: I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I'm a villain else.

P. Hen. 'Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so; for it is worth the listening too. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

peare's time were supposed to be particularly hard-hearted. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "A Jew would have wept to have seen our parting."

(1) Dangerously wounded, or killed.

Fal. Their points(1) being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground : but I followed me close, came in foot and hand ; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I payed.

P. Hen. O monstrous ! eleven buckram men grown out of two !

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green,(2) came at my back, and let drive at me ;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them ; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why,

(1) To understand Poins' joke, the double meaning of *point* must be remembered, which signifies *the sharp end of a weapon*, and *the lace of a garment*. The cleanly phrase for letting down the hose, *ad levandum alvum*, was *to untruss* a point. So, in the comedy of *Wily Beguiled*, "I was so near taken, that I was fain to cut all my *points*." Again, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606.

"Help me to truss my *points*."

"I had rather see your hose about your heels, than I would help you to truss a *point*." Randle Holme, also, in his *Academy of Arms and Blazon*, book 3, chap. iii. has given us to understand, that these holders "are small wiers, made round, through which the breeches hooks are put, to keep them from falling."

(2) *Kendal*, in Westmoreland, is a place famous for making cloths, and dying them with several bright colours. To this purpose, Drayton, in the 30th song of his *Polyolbion*,

"——Where *Kendal* town doth stand,
For making of our *cloth* scarce match'd in all the land."

Kendal green was the livery of Robert Earl of Huntingdon and his followers, while they remained in a state of outlawry, and their leader assumed the title of Robin Hood. The colour is repeatedly mentioned in the old play on this subject, 1601 :

"All the woods
Are full of outlaws, that, in *Kendall green*,
Follow the outlawed Earl of Huntingdon."

Again :—"Then Robin will I wear thy *Kendall green*."

Again, in *The Playe of Robyn Hoode*, very proper to be played in *Maye Games*, black letter, no date :—

"Here be a sorte of ragged knaves come in,
Clothed all in *Kendale grene*."

thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy, tallow-keech,—(1)

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No: were I at the strappado,(2) or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I—

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish,—Oh, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck.

P. Hen. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again; and, when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I

(1) A *keech* of *tallow* is the fat of an ox or cow, rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler; it is the proper word in use now.

(2) "The strappado is when the person is drawn up to his height, and then suddenly to let him fall half way with a jerk, which not only breaketh his arms to pieces, but also shaketh his joints out of joint; which punishment it is better to be hanged, than for a man to undergo."

heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack,—what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why,—hear ye, my masters,—was it for me to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life: I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, by the lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content: and the argument shall be—thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an' thou lovest me.

Enter HOSTESS, L.H.

Host. My lord, the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady, the hostess? what sayest thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man,(1) and send him back again to my mother.

(1) I believe here is a kind of jest intended. He that received a noble was, in cant language, called a nobleman; in this sense the prince catches the word, and bids the landlady give him as much as will make him a royal man, that is, a real or royal man, and send him away.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of bed at midnight?—
Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. 'Pry'thee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and Hostess, L.H.*

P. Hen. Now, sirs: by'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph; you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct; you will not touch the true prince; no,—fye!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran, when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now, in earnest,—how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and to swear, it was the blood of true men; (1) I did that, I did not these seven years before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O, villain! thou stol'st a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, (2) and ever since thou hast blushed extempore: thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away:—what instinct had'st thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

(1) That is, of the men with whom they fought, of *honest men*, opposed to thieves.

(2) *Taken with the manner* is a law phrase, and then in common use, to signify *taken in the fact*.

(3) The *fire* was in his face. A red face is termed a *fiery face*:—

“While I affirm a *fiery face*
Is to the owner no disgrace.”

Legend of Capt. Jones.

P. Hen. Hot livers, and cold purses. (1)

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken,—halter.

Enter FALSTAFF, L.H.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? (2) How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

Fal. Mine own knee? When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into an alderman's thumb-ring. (3) A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook, (4)—What a plague call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol (5) kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

(1) That is, *drunkenness* and *poverty*. To *drink* was, in the language of those times, to *heat the liver*.

(2) *Bombast*, is the stuffing of clothes.

(3) The custom of wearing a *ring on the thumb* is very ancient. In Chaucer's *Squire's Tale*, it is said of the rider of the brazen horse, who advanced into the hall of Cambuscan, that

“ Upon his *thombe* he had of gold a *ring*.”

(4) Cotgrave calls it “ a long hedging-bill, about the length of a partizan.” See also *Florio's Italian Dict.* 1598.

(5) Shakspeare never has any care to preserve the manners of the time. *Pistols* were not known in the age of Henry. *Pistols* were, I believe, about our author's time, eminently used by the Scots.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him ; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running ?

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo !—but, a-foot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue caps (1) more: Worcester is stolen away by night ; thy father's beard is turned white with the news. You may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel. (2)

P. Hen. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidens, as they do hobnails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true ; it is like we shall have good trading that way:—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid ? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower ? Art thou not horribly afraid ? doth not thy blood thrill at it ?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith ; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou com'st to thy father ; if thou love me, practise an answer.

Enter HOSTESS, L.H.

Host. O, my lord, my lord !

(1) A name of ridicule given to the Scots, from their *blue bonnets*.

(2) *You may buy land, &c.* In former times the prosperity of the nation was known by the value of land, as now by the price of stocks. Before Henry the Seventh made it safe to serve the king regnant, it was the practice, at every revolution, for the conqueror to confiscate the estates of those that opposed, and perhaps of those that did not assist him. Those, therefore, that foresaw the change of government, and thought their estates in danger, were desirous to sell them in haste for something that might be carried away.

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick. (1) What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house: shall I let them in?

Fal. Hal, thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; (2) if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff. (To Hostess.)

[Exit Hostess, L.H.]

Go, hide thee behind the arras; (3)—the rest walk up above.—Now, my masters, for a true face and a good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolph, Gadshill, and Peto, R.H.U.E.]

Enter SHERIFF, and two TRAVELLERS, L.H.

P. Hen. Now, master sheriff,—what's your will with me?

(1) I suppose this phrase is proverbial. It occurs in *The Humorous Lieutenant* of Beaumont and Fletcher:—

“ —For certain, gentlemen,
The fiend rides on a fiddle-stick.”

(2) Falstaff clearly intends a quibble between the principal officer of a corporation, now called a *mayor*, to whom the sheriff is generally next in rank, and one of the parts of a logical proposition.

(3) When arras was first brought into England, it was suspended on small hooks driven into the bare walls of houses and castles. But this practice was soon discontinued; for after the damp of the stone or brick-work had been found to rot the tapestry, it was fixed on frames of wood at such a distance from the wall, as prevented the latter from being injurious to the former. In old houses, therefore, long before the time of Shakspeare, there were large spaces left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk.

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord:—A hue and cry hath followed certain men into this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord: a gross fat man.

Trav. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. Sheriff, I do engage my word to thee That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For anything he shall be charg'd withall: And so, let me entreat you, leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. Here are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so. If he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow,—is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Travellers* L.H.]

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches his breath! Search his pockets.

(*Poins goes out, R.H.U.E. and searches his pockets.*)
What hast thou found?

Re-enter POINS, R.H.U.E.

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.

Poins. (*Reads.*) Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, sauce, 4d.

Item, sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, anchovies and sack, after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is

else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve score. (1) The money shall be paid back again, with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Poins. [*Exit*, L.H.]

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exit*, R.H.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Presence Chamber.*

KING HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE JOHN,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT,
and other Gentlemen, discovered.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales
and I

Must have some private conference: but be near
At hand; for we shall presently have need of you.

[*Exeunt all but the King and Prince of Wales*, L.H.]

I know not whether heaven will have it so,
For some displeasing service(2) I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,(3)
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,

(1) Twelve-score *yards*.

(2) *Service* for *action*, simply.

(3) *i. e.* in the passages of thy life.

Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart ?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well, as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal :
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof (1) of many tales devis'd,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. Heaven pardon thee!—Yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost, (2)
Which by thy younger brother is supplied ;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court, and princes of my blood.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession ; (3)
And left me, in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at :
That men would tell their children *This is he ;*
Others would say,—*Where? which is Bolingbroke ?*

(1) Disproof.

(2) The Prince was removed from being president of the council, immediately after he struck the judge. Our author has I believe, here been guilty of an anachronism. The prince's removal from council in consequence of his striking the Lord Chief Justice Gascoigne, was some years after the battle of Shrewsbury, (1403.) His brother, Thomas Duke of Clarence, was appointed president of the council, in his room, and he was not created a Duke till the 13th year of King Henry the Fourth.

(3) True to him that had then possession of the crown.

Not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;
Which now doth what I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then,
When I from France set foot at Ravenspur ;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas !
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing-clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas ; ta'en him once ;
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this ? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate(1) against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee ?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest(2) enemy ?
Thou,—that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and curt'sy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. Hen. Do not think so ; you shall not find it so :
And heaven forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me !
I will redeem all this on Percy's head ;

(1) Make head.

(2) *Dearest* is most fatal, most mischievous.

And, in the closing of some glorious day,
 Be bold to tell you, that I am your son :
 And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
 That this same child of honour and renown,
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
 And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
 For every honour sitting on his helm,
 Would they were multitudes ! and on my head
 My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf :
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 This, in the name of heaven, I promise here :
 The which, if he be pleas'd, I shall perform.
 I do beseech your majesty may salve
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;(1)
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this :—
 Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT, L.H.

How now, good Blunt ? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
 Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—

(1) i. e. *bonds*, for thus the word was anciently spelt. So, in *the Comedy of Errors* :

“ My master is arrested on a band.”

Shakspeare has the same allusion in *Macbeth* :

“ *Cancel* and tear to pieces that great bond,” &c.

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

“ And *cancel* these cold *bonds*.”

That Douglas and the English rebels met,
 The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury :
 A mighty and a fearful head they are,
 If promises be kept on every hand,
 As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The Earl of Westmoreland sets forth to-day ;

With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster ;
 For this advertisement is five days old :
 On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set
 Forward ; on Thursday, we ourselves will march :
 Our meeting is Bridgenorth : and, Harry, you
 Shall march through Glostershire.
 Our hands are full of business : let's away ;
 Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

[*Exeunt*, L.H.]

SCENE II.—*The Boar's Head Tavern, in East-cheap.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH, L.H.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action ? do I not bate ? do I not dwindle ? why my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown ; I am withered like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking ; (1) I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An' I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse. (2) — The inside of a church ! (3) —

(1) While I have some flesh, some substance. We have had *well-liking* in the same sense, in a former play.

(2) The commentators seem not to be aware, that in assertions of this sort, Falstaff does not mean to point out any *similitude* to his own condition, but, on the contrary, some striking *dissimilitude*. He says here, *I am a pepper corn, a brewer's horse* ; just as in Act ii. sc. 4, he asserts the truth of several parts of his narrative, on pain of being considered as *a rogue—a Jew—an Ebrew Jew—a bunch of raddish—a horse*.

(3) The latter words (*the inside of a church*) were, I suspect, repeated by the mistake of the compositor. Or Falstaff may be here

Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced, not above seven times a-week; went to bordello, not above once in a quarter of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, (1)—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp. (2)

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. When thou ran'st up Gad's Hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, (3) an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast

only repeating his former words—the *inside of a church*!—without any connection with the words immediately preceding. My first conjecture appears to me the most probable.

(1) This appears to have been a very old joke. So, in *A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pietifull*, &c. by Wm. Bulleyne, 1564: "Marie, this friar, though he did rise to the quere by darcke night, he needed no candell, his nose was so redd and brighte; and although he had but little money in store in his purse, yet his nose and cheeks were well set with curral and rubies."

(2) The *Knight of the Burning Lamp*, and the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, are both names invented with a design to ridicule the titles of heroes in antient romances.

(3) A *triumph* was a general term for any public exhibition, such

saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, (1) walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern : but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap (2) at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years ; heaven reward me for it !

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly !

Fal. God-a-mercy ! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter HOSTESS, L.H.

How now, dame Partlet (3) the hen ? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket ?

Host. Why, Sir John ! what do you think, Sir John ? Do you think, I keep thieves in my house ? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant : the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess ; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair : and I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked : go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I ? I defy thee : I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John ; you do not know me, Sir John : I know you, Sir John : you owe me money, Sir John : and now you pick a quarrel, to beguile me of it : I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas : I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

as a royal marriage, a grand procession, &c. &c. which commonly, being at night, were attended by multitudes of torch-bearers.

(1) In Shakspeare's time (long before the streets were illuminated with lamps,) candles and lanthorns to let, were cried about London. So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*—"Dost roar ? Thou hast a good round-cival voice to cry lantern and candle-light."

(2) *Cheap* is *market*, and *good cheap*, therefore, is a *bon marché*.

(3) *Dame Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story-book of *Reynard the Fox* ; and in Chaucer's tale of *The Cock and the Fox*, the favourite hen is called *dame Partelote*.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings; and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face: what call you rich? (1) let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. O, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, (2) a sneak cup; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, L.H. playing on his truncheon, like a fife. FALSTAFF meets him, R.H.

How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith?—must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion. (3)

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. 'Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night, I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

(1) A face set with carbuncles is called a *rich face*. *Legend of Captain Jones*.

(2) This term of contempt occurs frequently in our author. In *The Taming of the Shrew*, Katherine calls her music-master, in derision, a twangling *Jack*.

(3) As prisoners are conveyed to Newgate, fastened two and two together.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; (1) nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; (2) and for womanhood, maid Marian (3) may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee: Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank heaven on.

Host. I am no thing to thank heaven on; I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise:

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, Sir John? why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish, nor flesh; (4) a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou say'st true; hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

(1) *A dish of stewed prunes* was not only the ancient designation of a brothel; but the constant appendage to it.

(2) It was formerly supposed that a *fox*, when *drawn* out of his hole, had the sagacity to counterfeit death, that he might thereby obtain an opportunity to escape.

(3) *Maid Marian* is a man, dressed like a woman, who attends the dancers of the morris.

(4) *Neither fish nor flesh*, nor good red herring. So the proverb.

Host. So he doth you, my lord ; and said, this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound ?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal ? a million ; thy love is worth a million ; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph ?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea ; if he said, my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say it is copper : darest thou be as good as thy word now ?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare ; but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not, as the lion ?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion : dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father ? nay, an' if I do, let my girdle break ! (1)

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees ! Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket ! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, imbossed (2) rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy, to make thee long-winded ; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain : and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong : (3) art thou not ashamed ?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal ? thou knowest, in the state of innocency, Adam fell ; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy ? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man ; and therefore more frailty.—You confess then, you picked my pocket ?

(1) This wish had more force formerly than at present, it being once the custom to wear the purse hanging by the girdle ; so that its breaking, if not observed by the wearer, was a serious matter.

(2) *Embossed*, is swoln, puffey.

(3) As the *pocketing of injuries* was a common phrase, I suppose the Prince calls the contents of Falstaff's pocket—injuries.

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee : go, make ready breakfast : love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests : thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason : thou seest, I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone.—[*Exit Hostess, L.H.*]—Now, Hal, to the news at court :—for the robbery, lad,—how is that answered ?

P. Hen. The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back ; it is a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.(1)

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well ? Oh, for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty, or thereabouts ! I am heinously unprovided. Well, heaven be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous : I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph,—

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go, bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,

My brother John ; this to my Lord of Westmoreland.

[*Exit Bard, R.H.*

Jack,

Meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall,

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

At two o'clock i'the afternoon :

There shalt thou know thy charge ; and there receive Money, and order for their furniture.

(1) i. e. Do it immediately, or the first thing in the morning, even without staying to wash your hands.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Drum.—Exit, L.H.*

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my break-
fast; come:—

O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum!

[*Exit, L.H.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Hotspur's Camp, near Shrewsbury.*

(*Flourish of trumpets and drums.*)

Enter EARL OF WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, EARL OF
DOUGLAS, *Two Gentlemen, Two Banners, and*
Twelve Soldiers, R.H.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy (1)
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to the word: approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him. (2)

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well:—

(1) To *defy* means here to *disdain*.

(2) To *beard*, is to *oppose face to face* in a hostile or daring manner.

Enter RABY, L.H.

What letters hast thou there?

Rab. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him! why, comes he not himself?

Rab. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

Hot. Sick! how has he leisure to be sick,
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Rab. His letters bear his mind, not I.

Hot. His mind!

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Rab. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And, at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would, the state of time had first been
whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited?
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! This sickness doth
infect.

The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp—
He writes me here,—that inward sickness,—
And his friends, by deputation, could not
So soon be drawn;—

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That, with our small conjunction, we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;(1)
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike

(1) To *quail*, is to languish, to sink into dejection.

Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence :
 This absence of your father's draws a curtain,(1)
 That shows the ignorant a kind of fear(2)
 Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far :

I, rather, of his absence, make this use ;—
 It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
 A larger dare to our great enterprise,
 Than if the earl were here ; for men must think,
 If we, without his help, can make a head
 To push against the kingdom, with his help,
 We shall o'erturn it topsy turvy down.—
 Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think ; there is not such a word
 Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

(*A Trumpet sounds, L.H.*)

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON, and Two Gentlemen,
L.H.

Hot. My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. 'Pray heaven, my news be worth a welcome,
 lord.

The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
 Is marching hitherwards ; with him, Prince John.

Hot. No harm : what more ?

Ver. And further I have learn'd,—

The king himself in person is set forth,
 Or hitherwards intended speedily,
 With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
 The nimble-footed(3) mad-cap Prince of Wales,
 And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
 And bid it pass ?

(1) To *draw* a curtain had anciently the same meaning as to *undraw* one has at present.

(2) *Fear*, in the present instance, signifies a terrific object.

(3) Shakspeare seldom bestows his epitaphs at random. Stowe says of the Prince, " He was passing swift in running, insomuch that he with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wild buck, or doe, in a large park.

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms:
 All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind(1)
 Bated,(2) like eagles having lately bath'd:
 Glittering in golden coats, like images;(3)
 As full of spirit as the month of May,
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
 I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
 His cuisses(4) on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch(5) the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more: worse than the sun in
 March,
 This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
 All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours: come, let me take my horse
 Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,

(1) I believe *estridges* never mount at all, but only run before the wind, opening their wings to receive its assistance in urging them forward. They are generally hunted on horseback, and the art of the hunter is to turn them from the gale, by the help of which they are too fleet for the swiftest horse to keep up with them. *All plum'd like estridges.* All dressed like the Prince himself, the *ostrich-feather* being the cognizance of the Prince of Wales.

(2) All birds, after bathing, (which almost all birds are fond of,) spread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently with them in order to dry themselves. This in the falconer's language, is called *bating*, and by Shakspeare, *bating with the wind*.—It may be observed that birds never appear so lively and full of spirits as immediately after *bathing*.

(3) This alludes to the manner of dressing up images in the Romish churches on holy-days; when they are bedecked in robes very richly laced and embroidered.

(4) Armour for the thighs.

(5) For bewitch, charm.

Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales :
 Harry to Harry shall,—hot horse to horse,—
 Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.—
 Oh, that Glendower were come !

Ver. There is more news :

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his power these fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be :

My father and Glendower being both away,
 The powers of us may serve so great a day.

Come, let us make a muster speedily :

Dooms-day is near ; die all, die merrily.

(Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.)

[Exeunt, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*The Road near Coventry.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH, L.H.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry ; fill me a bottle of sack ; *(Gives his flask.)* our soldiers shall march through ; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain ?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An' it do, take it for thy labour ; and, if it make twenty, take them all ; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain : farewell.

[Exit, R.H.]

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a souced gurnet. (1) I have misused the king's press dam-

(1) An appellation of contempt, very frequently employed in the old comedies.

nably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomens' sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild duck. I press me none but such toasts and butter, (1) with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, (2) revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think, I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves (3) on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders, like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of Saint Albans, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daintry. (4) But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

(1) Londoners, and all within the sound of Bow-bell, are in reproach called Cocknies, and *eaters of buttered toasts*.

(2) Men of desperate fortune and wild adventure.

(3) Shackles.

(4) Daventry.

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, *and the* EARL OF WEST-MORELAND, L.H.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too: but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all night. (1)

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream, indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack,—whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; (2) food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better; tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare,—too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that; and for their bareness,—I am sure, they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, Sir John; I fear we shall stay too long. [*Exeunt the Prince and Westmoreland,* R.H.]

Fal. Well,

(1) We must travel all night.

(2) That is, to toss upon a pike.

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a
 feast,
 Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of Hotspur's Camp.*

(*Flourish of trumpets and drums.*)

Enter HOTSPUR, EARL OF WORCESTER, SIR RICHARD
 VERNON, EARL OF DOUGLAS, *four Gentlemen,*
two Banners, and twelve Soldiers, R.H.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well.

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
 And I dare well maintain it with my life,
 If well-respected honour bid me on,
 I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
 As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:—
 Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
 Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
 Being men of such great leading as you are, (1)
 That you foresee not what impediments

(1) Such conduct, such experience in martial business.

Drag back our expedition : Certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up :
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day ;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general journey-bated, and brought low ;
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours :
For heaven's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

(Trumpet sounds a parley.)

*Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT, two Gentlemen, and a
Flag of Truce, L.H. All the Gentlemen of both
parties take off their hats.*

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt : And 'would to
heaven,

You were of our determination !

Some of us love you well : and even those some

Envy your great deserving and good name ;

Because you are not of our quality, (1)

But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And heaven defend, but still I should stand
so,

So long as, out of limit, and true rule,

You stand against anointed majesty !

(They put on their hats.)

But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs ; (2) and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace

Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land

(1) *Quality*, in our author's time, was frequently used in the sense of *fellowship* or occupation.

(2) Grievances.

Audacious cruelty : If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs ; and, with all speed,
You shall have your desires, with interest ;
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind : and, well we know, the
king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears :
And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded out-law sneaking home,—
My father gave him welcome to the shore ;
And,—when he heard him swear and vow to heaven,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,—
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too,
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
'The more and less (1) came in with cap and knee ;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages ;
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs ; as pages follow'd him.
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurge ;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth ;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs ; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win

(1) That is, the greater and the less.

The hearts of all that he did angle for.

Blunt. I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point:——

In short time after, he depos'd the king ;
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life ;
 And, in the neck of that, task'd (1) the whole state :
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
 (Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
 Indeed his king,) to be encag'd (2) in Wales,
 There without ransome to lie forfeited :
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories ;
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence ;
 Rated my uncle from the council-board ;
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court ;
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong ;
 And in conclusion, drove us to seek out
 This head of safety ; (3) and, withall, to pry
 Into his title too, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king ?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter : we'll withdraw a while.
 Go to the king ; and let there be impawn'd
 Some surety for a safe return again,
 And in the morning early shall my uncle
 Bring him our purposes : and so, farewell.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. 'Pray heaven, you do !

(*Flourish of trumpets and drums.*)

[*Exeunt Sir W. Blunt, Gentleman with a Flag of Truce, with the Gentleman, L.H. ; and Hotspur, with his friends, R.H.*]

END OF ACT IV.

(1) *Taxed*; it was once common to employ these words indiscriminately.

(2) *Encag'd* signifies *delivered* as an hostage ; and is again used in that sense. See p. 72. n. 2.

(3) This army, from which I hope for protection.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*King Henry's Tent.**(Flourish of trumpets and drums.)*

KING HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, SIR WALTER BLUNT, SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, *four Gentlemen, two Standards, and twelve Soldiers, discovered.*

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky (1) hill ! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes ; (2)
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

(A trumpet sounds a parley.)

Enter EARL OF WORCESTER, SIR RICHARD VERNON,
and a Flag of Truce, L.H.

K. Hen. How now, my lord of Worcester ? 't is
not well.
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet : You have deceiv'd our trust ;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs (3) in ungentle steel :

(1) *Busky* is woody (*Bosquet*, Fr.) Milton writes the word perhaps more properly *bosky*.

(2) That is, to the sun's, to that which the sun portends by his unusual appearance.

(3) Shakspeare must have been aware that the king was not at the time more than four years older than he was at the deposition of king Richard. And, indeed, in the next play, he makes him expressly tell us, then—

“ ——— but *eight years* since
“ Northumberland even to the eyes of Richard
“ Gave him defiance.”

This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to 't?

Wor. Hear me, my liege :—

For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours ; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought it, sir ! how comes it then ?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, (1) peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour from myself, and all our house :
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time ; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time : you swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state ;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster :
To this we sware our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head ;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help, what with the absent king,—
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand ;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird (1)

(1) A chewet, or chuet, is a noisy, chattering bird, a pie. This carries a proper reproach to Falstaff for his ill-timed and impertinent jest.

(2) The cuckoo's chicken, who, being hatched and fed by the sparrow, in whose nest the cuckoo's egg was laid, grows in time able to devour her nurse.

Useth the sparrow ; did oppress our nest ;
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
 That even our love durst not come near your sight,
 For fear of swallowing ; but, with nimble wing
 We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head,
 Whereby we stand oppos'd (1) by such means
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself ;
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated, (2)

Proclaim'd at market crosses, read in churches,
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour that may please the eye
 Of fickle changlings, and poor discontents, (3)
 Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
 Of hurly-burly innovation :
 And never yet did insurrection want
 Such water-colours, to impaint his cause ;
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time (4)
 Of pell mell havock and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies there is many a soul
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
 The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
 In praise of Henry Percy : By my hopes,—
 This present enterprise set off his head,—(5)
 I do not think, a braver gentleman,
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds

(1) We stand in opposition to you.

(2) That is, exhibited in articles.

(3) This is in allusion to our ancient fantastic habits, which were usually *faced* or turned up with a colour different from that of which they were made. Poor *discontents* are poor *discontented people*, as we now say—*malcontents*.

(4) That is, impatiently expecting a time, &c.

(5) That is, taken from his account.

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 I have a truant been to chivalry;
 And so, I hear, he doth account me too :
 Yet this, before my father's majesty,——
 I am content that he shall take the odds
 Of his great name and estimation;
 And will, to save the blood on either side,
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee;

Albeit considerations infinite
 Do make against it :—No, good Worcester, no;
 We love our people well; even those we love,
 That are misled upon your cousin's part:
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,
 Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word
 What he will do :—But, if he will not yield,
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
 We will not now be troubled with reply:
 We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt Worcester, Vernon, and Flag.* L.H.]

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life:
 The Douglas and the Hotspur, both together,
 Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;

For, on their answer, will we set on them:
 And heaven befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt the King, Prince John, Sir W. Blunt, Gentlemen and Soldiers.* L. H.]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so: 't is a point of friendship. (1)

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

(1) In the battle of Agincourt, Henry, when king, did this act of friendship for his brother the duke of Gloucester.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest heaven a death.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter: Honour pricks me on. Yea; but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set-to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word, honour? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it: therefore I'll none of it:—Honour is a mere scutcheon; (1) and so ends my catechism.

[*Exit L.H.*

SCENE II.—*Hotspur's Camp.*

Enter EARL OF WORCESTER, and SIR RICHARD VERNON, L.H.

Wor. O, no; my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,

The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'T were best, he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone:

It is not possible, it cannot be,

The king should keep his word in loving us;

He will suspect us still, and find a time

To punish this offence in other faults:

My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;

It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood,

(3) This is very fine. The reward of brave actions formerly was only some honourable bearing in the shields of arms bestowed upon deservers. But Falstaff having said that *honour* often came not till after death, he calls it very wittily a *scutcheon*, which is the painted heraldry borne in funeral processions; and by *mere scutcheon* is insinuated, that whether alive or dead, honour was but a name.

And an adopted name of privilege;—
 A hair-brain'd Hotspur, (1) govern'd by a spleen :—
 All his offences live upon my head,
 And on his father's : we did train him on ;
 And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all :
 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
 In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will : I'll say, 'tis so.
 Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR, EARL OF DOUGLAS, *four Gentlemen,*
two Standards, and twelve Soldiers, R.H.

Hot. My uncle is return'd ;—deliver up
 My lord of Westmoreland. (2)—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, then go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? Heaven forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
 Of his oath-breaking ; which he mended thus—
 By now forswearing that he is forsworn.

He calls us rebels, traitors, and will scourge
 With haughty arms this hateful name in us.
 The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
 And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads ;
 And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
 But I and Harry Monmouth ! Tell me, tell me,
 How show'd his talking ? seem'd it in contempt ?

Ver. No, by my soul : I never in my life
 Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly ;
 Unless a brother should a brother dare
 To gentle exercise and proof of arms.

(1) The name of *Hotspur* will privilege him from censure.

(2) Deliver as an hostage. See p. 67, note 2.

He gave you all the duties of a man;
 Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
 Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
 Making you ever better than his praise:
 And, which became him like a prince indeed,
 He made a blushing cital (1) of himself;
 And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
 As if he master'd there (2) a double spirit,
 Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
 There did he pause: but let me tell the world,
 If he out-live the envy of this day,
 England did never owe (3) so sweet a hope,
 So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
 Upon his follies.

But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
 I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
 That he shall shrink under my courtesy.

Enter EARL OF DOUGLAS, R.H.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen, to arms! for I have thrown
 A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
 And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
 Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Hot. Arm, arm with speed!—
 O, gentlemen, the time of life is short;
 To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
 If life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
 And if we live, we live to tread on kings;
 If die,—brave death, when princes die with us!

Enter RABY, R.H.

Rab. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale;
 For I profess not talking: only this,—

(1) Recital.

(3) Own.

(2) Was master of.

Let each man do his best : and here draw I
 A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
 With the best blood that I can meet withal
 In the adventure of this perilous day.
 Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
 And by that musick let us all embrace ;
 For, heaven to earth, (1) some of us never shall
 A second time do such a courtesy.

(*The drums, trumpets, &c. sound.—They embrace.*)
 Now,—Esperance ! (2)—Percy !—and set on.

(*Trumpets, drums, &c.*)

[*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*The Field of Battle near Shrewsbury.*

(*Alarums.*)

Enter EARL OF DOUGLAS, R.H. and SIR WALTER
 BLUNT, L.H.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
 Thou crossest me ? what honour dost thou seek
 Upon my head ?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas ;
 And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
 Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
 Thy likeness ; for, instead of thee, King Harry,
 This sword hath ended him : so shall it thee,
 Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot ;
 And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
 Lord Stafford's death.

(*Alarums.—They fight.—Blunt is slain.*)

(1) That is, one may wager heaven to earth.

(2) This was the word of battle on Percy's side, and also the motto
 of the family.

Enter HOTSPUR, L.H.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably (1) furnished like the king himself.

Up, and away;

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

(*Alarums.*) [*Exeunt*, R.H.]

(*Alarums.*)

Enter FALSTAFF, L.H.U.E.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free (2) at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt:—There's honour for you! Here's no vanity! (3)—I am as hot as molten lead,—Heaven keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are peppered: there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, with his sword broken, L.H.

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword.

(1) That is, in resemblance, alike.

(2) A play upon *shot*, as it means the part of reckoning, and a mis-sive weapon discharged from artillery.

(3) The words may mean, here is real honour, *no vanity*, or empty appearance.

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory (1) never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day.—I have paid Percy, I have made him sure. (2).

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.
I pr'ythee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword: but, take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: what, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city. (*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.*)

P. Hen. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[*The Prince throws it at him, and exit, L.H.*

Fal. If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not,—if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado (3) of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end.

(*Alarums.*)

[*Exit, L.H.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field of Battle.*

(*Alarums.*)

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, L.H. and HOTSPUR, R.H.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

(1) Meaning Gregory the Seventh, called Hildobrand. This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his history, has made Gregory so odious, that I do not doubt but the good Protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and the Pope, in one.

(2) *Sure*, has two significations; *certainly disposed of*, and *safe*. Falstaff uses it in the *former* sense, the Prince replies to it in the *latter*.

(3) A *carbonado* is a piece of meat cut cross-wise for the gridiron.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the Prince of Wales: and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more;

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come
To end the one of us: and would to heaven,

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;

And all the budding honours on thy crest

I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

(*They fight.*)

Enter FALSTAFF, L.H.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall
find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter EARL OF DOUGLAS; L.H.U.E. he strikes at Falstaff, who falls down, as if he were dead.—Exit Douglas, R.H.U.E.—Hotspur is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my
youth; (1)

I better brook the loss of brittle life,

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my
flesh:—

O, I could prophesy,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death

Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,

And food for—

(*Dies.*)

(1) Shakspeare has chosen to make Hotspur fall by the hand of the Prince of Wales; but there is, I believe, no authority for the fact. Speed says, Percy was killed by an unknown hand.

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well,
great heart!—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!(1)
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—this earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy(2) sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

(*He sees Falstaff on the ground.*)

What! old acquaintance! Could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day;
Though many dearer,(3) in this bloody fray:—
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.

(*Trumpets and Drums sound twice.*)

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Fal. (Rising slowly.) Embowell'd! if thou embowel
me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me,(4) and
eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to coun-
terfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and
lot too. Counterfeit? I lie; I am no counterfeit: to
die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counter-
feit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to
counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be
no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life
indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the
which better part I have saved my life.—I am afraid of

(1) A metaphor taken from cloth, which shrinks when it is ill-weaved, when its texture is loose.

(2) So the word ignominy was formerly written

(3) Many of greater value.

(4) To powder is to salt.

this gunpowder, Percy, though he be dead : how if he should counterfeit too, and rise ? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit : therefore I'll make him sure ; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I ? Nothing confutes me but eyes ; and nobody sees me : therefore, sirrah,—(*Stabs Hotspur.*)—with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. (*Takes Hotspur on his back.*)

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, and *Four Soldiers*, L.H.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft ! whom have we here ?

Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead ?

P. Hen. I did ; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding

On the ground.—

Art thou alive ? or is it fantasy

That plays upon our eye-sight ? 'Pr'ythee, speak ;

We will not trust our eyes, without our ears :

Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain ; I am not a double man : (1) but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack.—(*Throws the body down.*)—There is Percy. If your father will do me any honour, so ; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou ?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying !—I grant you, I was down, and out of breath ; and so was he : but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so ; if not, let them, that should re-

(1) That is, I am not Falstaff and Percy together, though having Percy on my back, I seem double.

ward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John. For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

(Trumpet sounds a retreat.)

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.

Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[Exeunt P. Hen. and P. John, L.H.]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, heaven reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

(Flourish of drums and trumpets.)

[Exeunt Falstaff, and Four Soldiers bearing Hotspur's body after him, L.H.]

SCENE V.—*King Henry's Tent.*

(Flourish of drums and trumpets.)

KING HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, *Gentlemen, and Soldiers, with WORCESTER, VERNON, and others, Prisoners, discovered.*

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:

Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exeunt, Two Officers, Worcester, Vernon, and
Four Gentlemen, guarded by Six Soldiers,*
L.H.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,

Meeting the check of such another day:

And, since this business so far fair(1) is done,

Let us not leave till all our own be won.

(*Flourish of trumpets and drums.*)

(1) Fairly.

Disposition of the Characters when the curtain falls.



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No. XV.—PRICE ONE SHILLING,

Of a Work, to appear in numbers Monthly, called
FLOWERS OF LITERATURE;

OR, THE

ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ANECDOTE.

EDITED

By WILLIAM OXBERRY, Comedian.

—“ An Olio,

“ Compiled from quarto and from folio ;

“ From pamphlet, newspaper, and book.

THE object of this Work is to collect, in a narrow compass, and at a moderate expense, the lighter and more entertaining parts of literature. Every reader, who has the experience of a few years only, must recollect how much of his time has been wasted in unprofitable toil when he only sought amusement, in wading through volumes to be at last rewarded by a solitary gem, the value of which has been diminished to nothing by the labour of the acquisition. The essence of most volumes might be contained in a nut shell, while the huge cap that covers them might make an helmet for Goliath. To a hard-headed phlegmatic reader all this is nothing; he travels you through a quarto, much as a hack horse goes over his beaten road! but to the light-hearted, volatile reader, with whom literature is a luxury, who sips up a volume as he sips up his coffee, and is obliged carefully to double down the resting leaf, that he may be sure not to read the same page twice over, all this is a most serious grievance; to him therefore, we venture to say, that the *Flowers of Literature* will prove a pleasant companion, and one whose monthly visitation will be as welcome to him as if it brought May-day along with it. He will find in it what he most desires, amusement without toil, and will travel over the world of literature, as the reader of Cooke's *Voyages* makes a girdle round the globe while sitting in his elbow chair. That our little volume is neither over wise nor learned, is precisely its greatest merit. There are hours in which even gravity is glad to relax, and our book pretends only to fill up such hours, when the brain is weary, the temper is clouded, and the head would ache at the bare idea of encountering a solid quarto. Who, however gifted he may be, has not his hours of trifling, when a grave

didactic companion, with his folios of sense and learning, is an intolerable nuisance? Who at such times, would not give the world to exchange his grave friend for some light-hearted coxcomb, who is all whim and gaiety, and who if he talks nonsense, at least talks agreeable nonsense? Just such a friend is, or would be, our purposed work; a companion that may be taken up or laid down at any time without the necessity of doubling down the corners; a friend that one would wish to have when whirling along in a chaise upon a road, when nothing is new from the mile-stone to the sign-post.

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Oxberry's Edition.

CYMBELINE,

A TRAGEDY;

By William Shakspeare.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

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London.

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Remarks.

CYMBELINE.

To the reader, Cymbeline is a beautiful production, but to the spectator, it is far from interesting : in the rapid action of the scene, all the more delicate features of poetry are lost : and Cymbeline has none of those stronger features which, though seen for a moment, leave a lasting impression. The jealousy of Posthumus is, perhaps, as natural as that of Othello ; but it wants that tumult of feeling which characterizes the passion of the Moor, and which alone can produce any effect in representation. The same may be said of Iachimo, who is, besides, a bad Iago, and of the queen, who is at best an indifferent Lady Macbeth. Shakspeare's greatest defect was in fable, as his greatest excellence was in passion and character ; but here, by an unlucky chance, or a bad election, the interest is made to depend on the plot, which is feeble, because it is disjointed ; and tedious, because it is improbable. The incident of the chest is a mean contrivance, only fit for comedy, and altogether repugnant to the dignity of the tragic muse. It is, perhaps, true, that tragedy ought not to walk on stilts ; but it is no less true, that she ought not to crawl upon her knees.

But though Cymbeline is not calculated to produce much effect upon the stage, it has many scenes of unquestionable beauty to delight in the perusal, and some passages that are not surpassed by the best efforts of Shakspeare's best plays. These scenes will be generally found where the character of Imogen is brought forward, one of those lovely creations in which Shakspeare seems to have delighted, and which is imperfect only from its perfection. Imogen, indeed, is all sweetness, the very essence of all that is beautiful in woman ; but the essence of the flower is sweeter than the flower itself ; if she were less perfect, she would be more natural. After all, it may be doubted, notwithstanding the cant of criticism, whether nature should be the primary object of the poet ; the painter produces general effects by

individual falsehood; and why should not the poet be allowed the same license? or, indeed, is it not a necessity, rather than an allowance?

Cloten, as an individual portrait, is admirably drawn, but he does not harmonize sufficiently with those around him. It may, indeed, be said that, in common life, contrarieties are blended; the king and the collier, the highest and the lowest men, meet together; but, unfortunately, the drama is a work of art, and therefore is a selection, not a mere mirror, that transcribes any form, and every form that passes before it: nor is the mind capable of more than one feeling only at the same time; we cannot laugh and cry at the same moment; a scene of murder, and the exhibitions of Punch, might take place in the same spot, and in the same point of time, but the spectator would not be divided in his feelings; he would give himself up to one or other of the scenes before him; and if personal fear did not intervene, the comedy of Punch would certainly gain the day. If we only refer to the sister art of painting, the point will be still more evident: the tricks of a mountebank would not be admitted on the same canvass where the painter wished us to weep over the agonies of a Jesus.

The plot of *Cymbeline* is more intricate than interesting; and when the knot is at last to be untied, the process is infinitely too tedious; explanation follows explanation, when all excitement is over, and the impatient spectator feels himself in the painful state of a well-fed guest who is obliged to listen to a long grace after a long dinner. What is still worse, these explanations, however requisite to the character of the play, are by no means requisite to the auditor, and he feels therefore, little pleasure in listening to the detail of that which he already understands. He knows that the page is Imogen; that the soldier is Posthumus; and that Polydore and Cadwal are the king's sons: with what pleasure then can he listen to the development of their relationship?

The dirge on the death of Imogen is not the least beautiful of Shakspeare's beautiful minor poems; nor is it easy to conceive how a writer of Collin's exquisite feeling could have ventured to compose a substitute for what he was so well calculated to appreciate. He could not but have known the value of the original, and with this knowledge he could not have hoped to equal, much less to surpass that excellence. As the acting copy, from which we print, does not contain the dirge written by the immortal bard, we hold it "parcel of

our duty" to give a copy of it here, that our readers may be enabled to form a judgement for themselves.

Gui. " Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task has done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe, and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physick, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee !
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee !
Both. Quiet consummation have ;
And renowned be thy grave !

In comparing this with the more modern poems, the first thing that strikes us is the air of reality in Shakspeare's mother's dirge. Shakspeare speaks *to* the dead; Collins, *of* the dead: Shakspeare *realizes*; Collins *describes*; Shakspeare is natural and simple; Collins pretty and elaborate. In the whole circle of poetry there is no finer study for the scholar than these two poems; no example from which we can better learn to estimate the value of the ancient as opposed to the modern school of poetry. The old critic has taught us that, "*ars est celare artem*;" but there is something beyond this, an unconsciousness of art, which is always right, without knowing why it is right, an instinctive feeling of propriety, which belongs only to genius, and which indeed can be distinguished by no other name than genius.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is three hours and ten minutes. The half-price commences at nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

By R.H. is meant. Right Hand.
L.H. Left Hand.
S.E. Second Entrance.
U.E. Upper Entrance.
M.D. Middle Door.
D.F. Door in Flat.
R.H.D. Right Hand Door.
L.H.D. Left Hand Door.

Costume.

POSTHUMUS.—First dress.—A grey old English doublet, and white pantaloons, trimmed with black; russet boots; grey old English hat.—Second dress.—A Roman shape, richly trimmed.—Third dress.—An old English tunic, of dark drab cloth, plain.

CYMBELINE.—An old English robe, richly embroidered and trimmed with ermine; black velvet trunks, and jacket stuffed with white satin, richly embroidered.

CLOTEN.—A pea-green old English jacket, breeches, and cloak, lined, and puffed with pink satin, and richly embroidered.—Second dress.—The same as Posthumus's first dress.

IACHIMO.—A Roman general's dress.

LUCIUS.—Ibid.

GUIDERIUS & POLYDORE.—Green tunics, and flesh coloured pantaloons; sandals; and green caps.

BELARIUS.—Drab tunic; flesh legs; sandals; drab cap.

Roman Officers in generals' dresses richly embroidered.

PISANIO.—A brown old English dress, trimmed with yellow lace.

QUEEN.—Muslin dress, and scarlet cloth robe, trimmed with gold.

IMOGEN.—First dress.—White cloth dress, and robe trimmed with silver.—Second dress.—Grey cloth mantle.—Third dress.—Brown tunic, trimmed with buff; brown pantaloons.

Officers of the Court, and Attendants in rich old English dresses.

Old English Soldiers.

Roman Soldiers.

Persons Represented.

Covent Garden.

<i>Cymbeline</i>	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Guiderius</i>	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Arviragus</i>	Mr. Duruset.
<i>Cloten</i>	Mr. Farley.
<i>Belarius</i>	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Posthumus</i>	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Lochrine</i>	Mr. Hunt.
<i>Madan</i>	Mr. Comer.
<i>Cornelius</i>	Mr. Horne.
<i>Pisanio</i>	Mr. Connor.
<i>Iachimo</i>	Mr. Macready.
<i>Lucius</i>	Mr. Yates.
<i>Varus</i>	Mr. Jefferies.
<i>Philario</i>	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Ilewis</i>	Mr. Mears.

<i>Queen</i>	Mrs. Faucit.
<i>Imogen</i>	Miss Foote.
<i>Helen</i>	Miss Shaw.

British and Roman Officers and Soldiers.—Masquers and Singers.

Scene—sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Britain.—The Garden of Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter PISANIO and MADAN, L.H.

Pis. You do not meet a man, but frowns: our
bloods

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;
Still seem, as does the king's.

Mad. But what's the matter?

Pis. Are you so fresh a stranger to ask that?
His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
That late he married,) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman: she's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

Mad. None but the king?

Pis. Not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

Mad. And why so?

Pis. He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report : and he that hath her,
(I mean that married her,—alack, good man !—
And therefore banish'd,) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare.

Mad. His name, and birth ?

Pis. His father

Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan ;
So gain'd the sur-addition, *Leonatus* :
He had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons ; who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand : for which, their fa-
ther,

Then old, and fond of issue, took such sorrow,
That he quit being ; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection : calls him Posthumus ;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber :
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of ; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 't was minister'd ; and
In his spring became a harvest : liv'd in court,
Which rare it is to do, most prais'd, most lov'd ;
A sample to the youngest : to the more mature,
A glass that feated them ; (1) and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards.

Mad. I honour him

Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king ?

Pis. His only child.

He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it :) the eldest of them at three years old,

(1) A glass that feated them, is a model, by viewing which their form became more elegant, and their manners more polished.

I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in know-
ledge

Which way they went.

Mad. How long is this ago?

Pis. Some twenty years.

Mad. That a king's children should be so convey'd !
So slackly guarded ! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them !

Pis. Howsoe'er 't is strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.—

We must forbear : (*Madan crosses to R.H.*) Here comes
the gentleman,

The queen, and princess. [*Exit Madan, R.H.*]

Enter the QUEEN, IMOGEN, and POSTHUMUS, L.H.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,
daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you : you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate : marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him : and 't were good
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience,
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril :——
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections ; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Imo. O,
Dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds !—My dearest husband,
You must be gone ;

And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's:
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Enter QUEEN, R.H.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure.

(Posthumus and Imogen converse apart.)

Yet I'll move him *(Aside.)*
To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. *[Exit, R.H.]*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow: adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Look here, love:
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
(Gives him a ring.)

But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear (1) up my embracements from a next

(1) In the spelling of the last age, no distinction was made between *cere* cloth and *sear* cloth. Cole, in his *Latin Dictionary*, 1679, explains the word *cerdt* by *sear* cloth. Shakspeare, no doubt, had that practice in his thoughts.

With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here
(*Putting on the ring.*)

While sense can keep it on! (1) And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: for my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love; (2) I'll place it
(*Ties a bracelet on her arm.*)

Upon this fairest prisoner.

Imo. O, the gods!—

When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE, MADAN, and LOCRINE, R.H.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my
sight!

If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!

And bless the good remainders of the court!

I am gone.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death

More sharp than this is.—

Pisanio, go, and see your lord on board.

[*Exit Pisanio, L.H.*

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair (3) my youth; thou heapest many
A year's age on me!—

Imo. I beseech you, sir,

Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare (4)
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my
queen!—

(1) The poet (if *it* refers to the *ring*) ought to have written—can keep *thee* on. But Shakspeare has many similar inaccuracies.

(2) A *manacle* properly means what we now call a hand-cuff.

(3) Renovate.

(4) A more exquisite feeling; a superior sensation.

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not !

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar ; would'st have made
my throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo. No ; I rather added

A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one !

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus :

You bred him as my play-fellow ; and he is

A man, worth any woman ; over-buys me

Almost the sum he pays. (1)

Cym. What !—art thou mad ?

Imo. Almost, sir : heaven restore me !—'Would I
were

A neat-herd's daughter ! and my Leonatus

Our neighbour shepherd's son !

Enter QUEEN, R.H.

Cym. Thou foolish thing !

They were again together : you have done

Not after our command. Away with her,

And pen her up.

(Crosses to R.H.)

Queen. 'Beseech your patience :—peace,

Dear lady daughter, peace ;—sweet sovereign,

Leave us to ourselves ; and make yourself some com-
fort

Out of your best advice. (2)

Cym. Nay, let her languish

A drop of blood a day : and, being aged,

Die of this folly !

[*Exeunt Cymbeline, Locrine, and Madan, R.H.*

Queen. Fie !—you must give way.

(1) So small is my value, and so great is his, that in the purchase he has made, (for which he paid himself,) for much the greater part, and nearly the whole, of what he has given, he has nothing in return. The most minute portion of his worth would be too high a price for the wife he has acquired.

(2) Reflection.

Enter PISANIO, L.H.

Here is your servant,
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so. [*Exit*, R.H.]

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Imo. Well, good Pisanio,
Thou saw'st thy lord on board:—what was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'T was, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me, with this eye,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd
them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next 'vantage. (1)

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,

(1) Opportunity.

How I would think on him, at certain hours,
 Such thoughts, and such ; or have charg'd him,
 At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
 To encounter me with orisons, (1) for then
 I am in heaven for him ; (2) or ere I could
 Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
 Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
 And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
 Shakes all our buds from growing.—See the Queen.—
 Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.

[*Exit*, R.H.]

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exit*, L.H.S.E.]

Enter QUEEN, L.H.S.E. meeting CORNELIUS.

Queen. Now, master doctor ; have you brought
 those drugs ?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay :

(*Gives the Queen a phial in a case.*)

But, I beseech your grace,—without offence,—
 My conscience bids me ask,—wherefore you have
 Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds.

Queen. I do wonder, doctor,
 Thou ask'st me such a question : have I not been
 Thy pupil long ?
 I will try the forces
 Of these thy compounds,
 And apply
 Allayments to their act ; and by them gather
 Their several virtues and effects.—
 Here comes a flattering rascal ; upon him (*Aside.*)
 Will I first work ; he's for his master,
 And enemy to my son.

Enter PISANIO, L.H. and going to R.H.

How now, Pisanio ? (*Stops him.*) Hark thee, a word.—

(1) Meet me with reciprocal prayer.

(2) My solicitations ascend to heaven on his behalf.

Doctor, your service for this time is ended.

(*Talks privately with Pisanio.*)

Cor. (*Aside.*) I do suspect you, madam ;
But you shall do no harm.

I know her spirit,

And will not trust one of her malice with

A drug of such damn'd nature : those, she has,

Will stupify and dull the sense awhile ;

But there is

No danger in what show of death it makes,

More than the locking up the spirits a time,

To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd

With a most false effect ; and I the truer,

So to be false with her.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou ? Dost thou
think, in time

She will not quench ; (1) and let instructions enter

Where folly now possesses ? Do thou work :

When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,

I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then

As great as is thy master : greater ; for

His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name

Is at last gasp :

What shalt thou expect,

To be depender on a thing that leans ? (2)

Who cannot be new built ; nor has no friends,

So much as but to prop him ?

(*The Queen drops a box : Pisanio takes it up.*)

Thou tak'st up

Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour :

It is a thing I made, which hath the king

Five times redeem'd from death : I do not know

What is more cordial :—nay, I pr'ythee, take it :

It is an earnest of a further good

I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how

The case stands with her ; do't, as from thyself.

I'll move the king

(1) Grow cool.

(2) That *inclines* towards its fall.

To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly.

Fare thee well, Pisanio;

Think on my words.

[*Exit*, R.H.]

Pis. And shall do;

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you.
By this he's at Rome, and good Philario,
With open arms, and grateful heart, receives
His friend's reflected image in his son,
Old Leonatus in young Posthumus:

Sweet Imogen, what thou endur'st the while,

Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;

A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,

More hateful than the foul expulsion is

Of thy dear husband—heaven keep unshaken

That temple, thy fair mind, that thou may'st stand

To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[*Exit*, L.H.]

SCENE II.—*Rome.—An Apartment in Philario's
House.—(Music.)*

PHILARIO, (*in the Centre,*) *with a Letter*, IACHIMO,
R.H. and LEWIS, L.H. *discovered at a Banquet.*

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allow'd the name of: but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd than now he is.

Lewis. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter. (1)

Lewis. And then his banishment:—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, (2) are wonderfully to extend (3) him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.—Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

Enter POSTHUMUS, LÆ.

—I (*Philario crosses to Posthumus and embraces him.*) beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

Lewis. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

(*Crosses to Posthumus.*)

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

Lewis. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone (4) my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance (5) of so slight and trivial a nature.

(1) Makes the description of him very distant from the truth.

(2) Under her banner; by her influence.

(3) Exalt.

(4) Reconcile.

(5) Importance is here, as elsewhere in Shakspeare, importunity, instigation.

Post. By your pardon, sir,—I was then a young traveller; but, upon my mended judgment (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

Lewis. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the abitrement of swords.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

Lewis. Safely, I think; 't was a contention in public, which may, without contradiction,(1) suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: this gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

(1) Which, undoubtedly, may be publicly told.

Post. You are mistaken : the one may be sold, or given ; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift : the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you ?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours : but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too : so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual ; a cunning thief, or that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince (1) the honour of my mistress ; if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves ; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me ; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress : make her go back, even to the yielding ; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring ; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something : but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation ; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused (2) in too bold a persuasion ; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that ?

(1) Overcome.

(2) Deceived.

Post. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation (1) of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 't is part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. (2) If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: but, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; (3) and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—Let there be covenants drawn between us: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours;—provided, I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If

(1) Proof.

(2) *You are a friend to the lady, and therein the wiser*, as you will not expose her to hazard; and that you *fear* is a proof of your *religious* fidelity.

(3) *i. e.* I know what I have said; I said no more than I meant.

you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Britain.—Imogen's Apartment.*

Enter IMOGEN, L.H.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. (1)—Who may this be? Fye!

Enter PISANIO, and IACHIMO, L.H.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
Comes from my lord with letters.

(1) "That those are happy who have their honest wills, which gives a relish to comfort; but that those are miserable who set their affections on objects of superior excellence, which are of course difficult to obtain." The word *honest* means *plain* or *humble*, and is opposed to *glorious*.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly.

(Kneels and presents a letter, and kisses her hand as she raises him.)

Imo. Thanks, good sir;
You are kindly welcome. *(Reads the letter.)*

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot! *(Aside.)*

Imo. *(Reads aloud.)*—*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truest*

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd (1) beach,—and can we not
Partition make
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,

(1) Number'd is perhaps *numerous*. *Twinn'd stones* I do not understand.—*Twinn'd shells*, or *pairs of shells*, are very common. For twinn'd we might read twin'd; that is *twisted*, *convolved*; but this sense is more applicable to shells than stones.

That satiate, yet unsatisfied desire,
 Ravening first
 The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
 Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—'beseech you, sir,
 Desire my man's abode where I did leave him;
 He's strange, and peevish. (1) *(To Pisanio.)*

Pis. I was going, sir,
 To give him welcome. *[Exit, L.H.]*

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech
 you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
 So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
 The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
 He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
 Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
 There is a Frenchman, his companion,
 That, it seems, much loves
 A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
 The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
 (Your lord I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries, *O!*
Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with
 laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
 And hear him mock the Frenchman: but, heavens
 know,
 Some men are much to blame,

(1) *Strange* signifies *shy* or *backward*.—*Peevish* anciently meant weak, silly.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he : but yet heaven's bounty towards him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself 't is much ; (1)
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir ?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir ?

You look on me,—what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity ?

Iach. Lamentable ! What !

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff ?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me ?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your—But
It is an office of the gods to 'venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me ; 'pray you,—
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do,)—
Discover to me

What both you spur and stop. (2)

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty ; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here ;—should I—damn'd then !—
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol ; join gripes with hands

(1) If he merely regarded his own character, without any consideration of his wife, his conduct would be unpardonable.

(2) This kind of ellipsis is common in these plays. What both you spur and stop *at* the poet means.

Made hard with hourly falsehood, as with labour ;
 It were fit,
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time
 Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
 Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
 Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
 The beggary of his change ; but 'tis your graces
 That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
 Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. A lady,
 So fair, and fasten'd to an empery, (1)
 Would make the greatest king double ! to be partner'd
 With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
 Which your own coffers yield !—(2)
 Be reveng'd ;
 Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
 Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd !
 How should I be reveng'd ? If this be true,—
 As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
 Must not in haste abuse,—if it be true,
 How should I be reveng'd ?

Iach. Should he make me
 Live like Diana's priest betwixt cold sheets ;
 Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
 In your despite ? Revenge it.
 I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
 More noble than that runagate to your bed ;
 And will continue fast to your affection,
 Still close, as sure. *(Takes her hand.)*

Imo. What ho, Pisanio ! *(Struggling to get loose.)*

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away ! *(Throws him from her.)* I do condemn mine ears, that have

(1) *Empery* is a word signifying sovereign command, now obsolete.

(2) *Gross strumpets*, hired with the *very pension* which you allow your husband.

Imo. All's well, sir : take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks.—I had almost forgot To entreat your grace but in a small request, And yet of moment too, for it concerns Your lord : myself, and other noble friends, Are partners in the business.

Imo. 'Pray, what is't ?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord, The best feather of our wing, have mingled sums, To buy a present for the emperor ; Which I, the factor for the rest, have done In France : 'tis plate, of rare device ; and jewels Of rich and exquisite form ; their values great ; And I am something curious, being strange, (1) 'To have them in safe stowage : may it please you To take them in protection ?

Imo. Willingly :

And pawn mine honour for their safety : since My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk, Attended by my men : I will make bold To send them to you, only for this night ; I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word, By length'ning my return. From Gallia I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise, To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains. But not away to-morrow ?

Iach. O, I must, madam : Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night : I have out-stood my time ; which is material To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.

(1) Being a stranger.

Send your trunk to me ; it shall be safe kept,
And truly yielded you : you are very welcome.

[*Exeunt ; Imogen, R.H. Iachimo, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*An Antichamber to Imogen's
Apartment.*

Enter CLOTEN, LOCRINE, and MADAN, R.H.

Clot. Was there ever man had such luck ! when I kissed the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away ! (1) I had an hundred pound on't : and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing ; as if I borrowed my oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

Loc. (L.H.) What got he by that ? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

Mad. (*Aside, R.H.*) If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clot. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths : ha ?

Mad. No, my lord ; (*Aside.*)—nor crop the ears of them.

Clot. Whoreson dog !—I give him satisfaction ? 'Would he had been one of my rank !

A plague on't ! I had rather not be so noble as I am ; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother : every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down, like a cock that nobody can match. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Loc. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion (2) that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that : but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors. (*Crosses to Centre.*)

Mad. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

(1) He is describing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed. He who is nearest to it wins. To *kiss the jack* is a state of great advantage.

(2) The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt.

Clot. Why, so I say.

Mad. Here comes the king.

(*Locrine crosses to L.H.*)

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN, L.H.

Clot. Good-night to your majesty, and gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?

Will she not forth?

Clot. She vouchsafes no notice; but I will assail her before morning with mask and music.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new,
She hath not yet forgot him; some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Enter an OFFICER, and whispers LOCRINE, L.H.

Queen. You are most bound to the king;
Who lets go by no 'vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter.

Loc. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome,
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow;
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now:
But that's no fault of his.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us, we shall have need
T' employ you towards this Roman.
Betimes to-morrow we'll hear th' embassy.

[*Exit the Officer, L.H.*

Come, madam. [*Exeunt Cymbeline and Queen, R.H.*

Loc. Did you hear of another stranger that's come to court to-night?

Clot. Another stranger, and I not know on't?

Mad. (*Aside.*) He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

Loc. There's an Italian come, and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clot. Leonatus ! A banished rascal ; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger ?

Loc. One of your lordship's pages.

Clot. Is it fit, I went to look upon him ? Is there no derogation in it ?

Mad. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

Come, I'll go see this Italian ; and, if he'll play, I'll game with him ; and to-morrow, with our Father, we'll hear the ambassador—Come, let's go.

Loc. I'll attend your lordship. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*Imogen's Bedchamber.—In one Part of it a Trunk.*

IMOGEN *reading in her Bed* ; HELEN *attending, seated.*

Imo. Who's there ? my woman Helen ?

Hel. Please you, madam,—

Imo. What hour is it ?

Hel. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then : mine eyes are weak :—

Fold down the leaf where I have left : to bed :

Take not away the taper, leave it burning :

And if thou canst awake by four o'the clock,

I pr'ythee call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Helen, R.H.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods !

From fairies and the tempters of the night,

Guard me, 'beseech you ! (*Sleeps.*)

IACHIMO *comes out of the Trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest : our Tarquin thus

Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd

The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed ! fresh lily !
 And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch !
 But kiss ; one kiss !—

'Tis her breathing that

Perfumes the chamber thus : the flame o' the taper
 Bows towards her ; and would under-peep her lids,
 To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
 Under these windows : (1) white and azure, lac'd
 With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design ;—
 To note the chamber :—I will write all down :—

(Takes out his tablets.)

Such, and such, pictures :—there the window :—
 such

The adornment of her bed ;—the arras, figures,
 Why, such, and such :—and the contents o' the
 story,—

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables
 Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her !
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying !—Come off, come off ;—

(Taking off her bracelet.)

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard !—
 'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I' the bottom of a cowslip : (2) here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make.—
 To what end ?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
 Screw'd to my memory ?—She hath been reading late
 The tale of Tereus ; here the leaf's turn'd down,

(1) Her eyelids.

(2) Shakspeare was an observer of nature, though, in this instance, no very accurate describer of it, for the drops alluded to are of a deep yellow.

Where Philomel gave up.—I have enough :
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.

(*Goes into the Trunk.*)

Swift, swift, you dragons of the night ! (1) that dawning
May bare the raven's eye : (2) I lodge in fear ;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

(*Clock strikes.*)

One, two, three :—time, time ! (3) (*The Scene closes.*)

SCENE IV.—*A Gallery.*

Enter CLOTEN, LOCRINE, and MADAN, L.H. and cross
behind to R.H.

Loc. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss,
the coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose.

Loc. But not every man patient, after the noble
temper of your lordship : you are most hot, and fu-
rious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage. If
I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold
enough : It's almost morning, is't not ?

Mad. Day, my lord.

Clot. I would the masquers and musicians were
come ; I am advised to give her music o'mornings ;
they say, it will penetrate.

(*A Flourish of Music in the Orchestra.*)

Loc. Here they are, my lord.

Clot. Come, let's join them. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

(1) The task of drawing the chariot of night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. The whole tribe of serpents sleep with their eyes open, and therefore appear to exert a constant vigilance.

(2) The poet means no more than that the light might wake the raven. It is well known that the raven is a very early bird, perhaps earlier than the lark.

(3) Just before Imogen went to sleep, her attendant informs her it is *almost midnight*. Iachimo, immediately after she has fallen asleep, comes from the trunk, and the present soliloquy cannot have consumed more than a few minutes, yet we are now told that it is *three o'clock*.

SCENE V.—*An Antichamber to Imogen's Apartment.**Enter* CLOTEN, LOCRINE, MADAN, *with Singers*, L.H.

Clot. Come on, tune first a very excellent good conceited thing, after a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

SONG.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chalic'd flowers that lies;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes; (1)
 With every thing that pretty bin,
 My lady sweet arise;
 Arise, arise.*

Clot. So, get you gone:—(*Gives them a purse.*)—if this penetrate, I will consider your music the better. (2)
[Exeunt Singers, L.H.]

If it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats'-guts, nor the voice of eunuch to boot, can never amend. Leave us to ourselves.

[Exeunt Locrine and Madan, L.H.]

If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
 Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—

(Knocks, R.H.)

I know her women are about her: what,
 If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
 Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
 Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
 Their deer to the stand of the stealer: and 'tis gold
 Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
 Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man:
 what

(1) The *marygold* is supposed to shut itself up at sunset.

(2) I will pay you more amply.

Can it not do, and undo? I will make
 One of her women lawyer to me; for
 I yet not understand the case myself.
 By your leave.

(*Knocks*, R.H.D.)

Enter HELEN, R.H.D.

Hel. Who's there, that knocks?

Clot. A gentleman.

Hel. No more?

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Hel. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
 Can justly boast of: what's your lordship's pleasure?

Clot. Your lady's person: is she ready?

Hel. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clot. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

Hel. How? my good name? or to report of you
 What I shall think is good?—The princess—

Enter IMOGEN, R.H.D.

Clot. Good-morrow, fairest sister: your sweet hand.

[*Exit Helen*, R.H.D.]

Imo. Good-morrow, sir: you lay out too much pains

For purchasing but trouble.

Clot. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
 If you swear still, your recompense is still
 That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith,
 I shall unfold equal discourtesy

To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
 Should learn, being taught, forbearance. (1)

(1) A man who is taught forbearance should learn it.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools cure not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners;
But I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you.

Clot. The contract you pretend with that base
wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none.

Imo. Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom. *(Crosses to L.H.)*

Clot. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than
come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men. *(Crosses to R.H.)*

Clot. How now?

Imo. Pisanio! *(Misses her bracelet.)*

Clot. His garment? Now, the devil—

Enter PISANIO, R.H.

Imo. To Helena my woman hie thee presently:—

Clot. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool; (1)
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm; (2) it was thy master's: 'shrew me,

(1) I am haunted by a fool, as by a *spright*. *Sprighted* is a word that occurs in law tricks.

(2) *Accidentally* fallen from my arm by my too great negligence.

If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it then.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search.

[*Exit Pisanio*, R.H.D.]

Clot. You have abus'd me:—

His meanest garment?

I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:

She's my good lady; (1) and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discontent.

[*Exit*, R.H.D.]

Clot. I'll be reveng'd:—

His meanest garment?—Well.

[*Exit*, L.H.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Rome.*—*An Apartment in Philario's House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO, L.H.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come. In these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king

(1) This is said ironically. *My good lady* is equivalent to my good friend.

Hath heard of great Augustus : Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly : and, I think,
He'll grant the tribute ; or your countrymen
Will look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe
(Statist (1) though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war ; our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at : their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers, (2) they are people, such
That mend upon the world :—and more than that,
They have a king, whose love and justice to them
May ask, and have, their treasures, and their blood.
(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Phil. See ! Iachimo !

Enter IACHIMO, R.H.

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land ;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal, the best ; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

(*Crosses to Centre, and gives Post. letters.*)

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like. (*Posthumus reads the letters.*)

Phil. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there ?

(1) Statesman.

(2) To those who try them.

Iach. He was, my lord :—but I
Left, ere I saw him.

Post. All is well yet.—

Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: had I not brought
The knowledge (1) of your mistress home, I grant,
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make it apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

(1) The word is here used in its scriptural acceptation: "And Adam *knew* Eve his wife."

Iach. First, her bedchamber,—
 (Where, I confess, I slept not ; but, profess,
 Had that was well worth watching ;) (1)—it was hang'd
 With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story,
 Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman ;
 A piece of work
 So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
 In workmanship and value.

Post. This is true ;
 And this you might have heard of here, by me,
 Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
 Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
 Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
 Is south the chamber ; and the chimney-piece,
 Chaste Dian bathing : never saw I figures
 So likely to report themselves : (2) the cutter
 Was as another nature, dumb ; (3) outwent her,
 Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
 Which you might from relation likewise reap ;
 Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
 With golden cherubins is fretted.

Post. This is her honour !
 Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and praise
 Be given to your remembrance,) the description
 Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
 The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
 Be pale :—(4) (*Pulling out the bracelet.*)
 I beg but leave to air this jewel : see !—
 And now 'tis up again.

(1) That which was well worth watching, or lying awake *for*.

(2) So near to speech. The Italians call a portrait, when the likeness is remarkable, a *speaking picture*.

(3) The *sculptor was as nature dumb* ; he gave every thing that nature gives, but *breath* and *motion*. In *breath* is included *speech*.

(4) If you can, forbear to flush your cheek with rage.

Post. Jove!—

Once more let me behold it:—(*He shows it again.*)—

Is it that

Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that:

She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;

Her pretty action did outsell her gift,

And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,

And said, she priz'd it once.

(*Gives Posthumus the bracelet.*)

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,

To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis true.—Here, take this too;

(*Crosses to centre, and gives Iachimo the ring.*)

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,

Kills me to look on't:—let there be no honour,

Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,

Where there's another man: the vows of women

Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,

Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—

O, above measure false!

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Phil. Have patience, sir, (*Crosses to Centre.*)

And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:

It may be probable, she lost it; or,

Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,

Hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true;

And so, I hope, he came by't: (*Crosses to Centre.*)

Back my ring;—

Render to me some corporal sign about her,

More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.

'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring;—'tis true: I am sure,

She could not lose it: her attendants are

All sworn, and honourable:—they induc'd to steal it!

And by a stranger?—No; he hath enjoy'd her;

The cognizance (1) of her incontinency

(1) The badge, the token, the visible proof.

Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly.— (*Gives Iachimo the bracelet.*)

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you! (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Phil. Sir, be patient;
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek (*Crosses to Centre.*)
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing,) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life
I kissed it.

You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic; never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn,—

Post. No swearing:—
If thou wilt swear thou hast not done't, thou liest;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-
meal!

I will go there, and do't; i'the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something— [*Exit, L.H.*]

Phil. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath (1)
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

(1) Turn his wrath to another course.

SCENE II.—*Britain.—A Room of State.—*
(Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.)

Six British Officers in the back ground, LOCRINE and MADAN in the front, R.H. CYMBELINE and the QUEEN in the centre, on the throne; six Roman Officers in the back ground, CLOTEN, VARUS, and LUCIUS, in the front, L.H.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar
 Was in this Britain,
 And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
 (Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
 Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,
 And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
 Is left untendered.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
 Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many Cæsars,
 Ere such another Julius. Britain is
 A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our own noses.
 Tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can
 hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon
 in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else,
 sir, no more tribute.

Cym. You must know,
 Till the injurious Romans did extort
 This tribute from us, we were free:
 Say then to Cæsar,
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
 Ordain'd our laws; whose use the sword of Cæsar
 Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
 Though Rome be therefore angry.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
 That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
 Thine enemy:

Receive it from me then :—war, and confusion,
 In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee : look
 For fury not to be resisted :—thus defied,
 I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.

(*Cymbeline and Queen rise.*)

Clot. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two longer : if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle : if you heat us out of it, it is yours ; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you ; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine : All the remain is, welcome.

(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, L.H.*)

[*Exeunt, Britons R.H. Romans L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*An Antichamber to Imogen's Apartment.*

Enter PISANIO, L.H. with Two Letters in his Hand.

Pis. How ! of adultery ? Wherefore write you not
 What monster's her accuser ?—Leonatus !
 O, master ! what a strange infection
 Is fallen into thine ear ? What false Italian,
 As poisonous-tongu'd, as handed, hath prevail'd
 On thy too ready hearing ?—Disloyal ? No :
 She's punish'd for her truth ; and undergoes,
 More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
 As would take in some virtue. (1)—O, my master !
 Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
 Thy fortunes.—How ! that I should murder her ?
 Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command ?—I, her ?—her blood ?
 If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,

(1) To take in a town is to conquer it.

That I should seem to lack humanity,
 So much as this fact comes to ? (*Reading the Letter.*)
Do't : the letter

*That I have sent her, by her own command
 Shall give thee opportunity :—*O damn'd paper,
 Black as the ink that's on thee !—

Lo, here she comes.— (*Puts up his letter.*)
 I am ignorant in what I am commanded. (1)

Enter IMOGEN, L.H.

Imo. How now, Pisanio ?

Pis. Madam, here's a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who ? thy lord ? that is my lord ? Leonatus ?
 (*Takes the letter.*)

You good gods,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
 Of my lord's health, of his content !
 Good wax, thy leave :—bless'd be
 You, bees, that make these locks of counsel !
 Good news, gods !

(*Reading.*)—*Justice, and your father's wrath,
 should he take me in his dominions, could not be so
 cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures,
 would not even renew me with your eyes. Take
 notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven :
 what your own love will, out of this, advise you,
 follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that re-
 mains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings !—Hear'st thou, Pisanio ?
 He is at Milford-Haven : read, and tell me
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day ?—Then, true Pisanio,
 How far is it
 To this same blessed Milford ?
 How may we steal from hence ?

(1) I am unpractised in the art of murder.

I pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, is enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow:—
But this is foolery:—

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say,
She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's (1) housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider,—

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;
(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way.

[*Exeunt; Imo. R.H. Pis. L.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*Wales.—A Cave, on the Sea-shore.*

*Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS,
from the Cave, L.H.S.E.*

Bel. (in Centre.) A goodly day not to keep house,
with such

Whose roof's as low as ours! See, boys: this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens: and bows you
To morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet (2) through,
And keep their impious turbands on, (3) without
Good-morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. (L.H.) & Arv. (R.H.) Hail, heaven!

(1) A *franklin* is literally a *freeholder* with a small estate, neither *villain* nor *vassal*.

(2) Strut, walk proudly.

(3) The idea of a *giant* was among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a Saracen.

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport : up to yon hill,
 Your legs are young ; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
 When you, above, perceive me like a crow,
 That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.
 And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
 Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war :
 This service is not service, so being done,
 But being so allow'd : (1) to apprehend thus,
 Draws us a profit from all things we see :
 And often, to our comfort, shall we find
 The sharded beetle (2) in a safer hold
 Than is the full-wing'd eagle.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak : we, poor unfledg'd,
 Have never wing'd from view o' the nest ; nor know
 not

What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
 If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you,
 That have a sharper known ; well corresponding
 With your stiff age : but, unto us, it is
 A cell of ignorance ; travelling a-bed ;
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit. (3)

Arv. What should we speak of,
 When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing.

Bel. How you speak !
 Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly : the art o' the court,
 As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
 The fear's as bad as falling ; the toil of the war,

(1) In war it is not sufficient to do duty well, the advantage rises not from the act, but the acceptance of the act.

(2) The beetle whose wings are enclosed within two dry *husks* or *shards*. The cases which beetles have to their wings, are the more necessary, as they often live *under the surface of the earth, in holes*, which they dig out by their own industry.

(3) To overpass his bound.

A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour, which dies i' the
search ;

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act ; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well ; what 's worse,
Must court'sey at the censure :—O, boys, this story
The world may read in me : my body's mark'd
With Roman swords ; and my report was once
First with the best of note : Cymbeline lov'd me ;
And, when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off : then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit : but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour !

Bel. My fault being nothing, (as I have told you oft,))
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans : so,
Follow'd my banishment ; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world :
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom ; paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore end of my time.—But, up to the mountains :
This is not hunters' language :—he, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast ;
To him the other two shall minister ;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the vallies.

[*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus, R.H.*]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature !
These boys know little, they are sons to the king ;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine : and, though train'd up
thus meanly

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces ; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much

Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
 The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
 (Once, Arviragus,) in as like a figure,
 Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
 His own conceiving.—

(*A Horn sounds at a distance, R.H.*)

Hark! the game is rous'd!
 O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes:
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse: they took thee for their
 mother,
 And every day do honour to thy grave:
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father.

(*The Horn sounds again, R.H.*)

The game is up.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE V.—*Britain.—An Antichamber to Imogen's
 Apartment.*

(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, L.H.*)

Enter MADAN, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN,
 LUCIUS, VARUS, and LOCRINE, L.H.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

I am right sorry, that I must report ye

My master's enemy.

I desire of you

A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.

Cym. My lord, you are appointed for that office;
(*To Locrine.*)

The due of honour in no point omit :

So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord. (*To Cloten.*)

Clot. Receive it friendly : but from this time forth

I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event

Is yet to name the winner : fare you well.

[*Exeunt Locrine, Lucius, and Varus, L.H.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning : but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better ;

Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business ;

But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter ? she hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day : she looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty ;
We have noted it.—Call her before us ; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit Madan, R.H.D.*]

Queen. Royal sir,

Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her.

. *Enter MADAN, R.H.D.*

Cym. Where is she, sir ? How
Can her contempt be answer'd ?

Mad. Please you, sir,

Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false! [*Exeunt Cymbeline and Madan, R.H.*]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clot. (*Crosses to R.H.*) That man of hers, Pisanio,
her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.— [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE VI.—*Wales.—A Wood.*

Enter PISANIO, and IMOGEN, poorly dressed, R.H.S.E.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
the place
Was near at hand.—
Pisanio! Man!—
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
'That makes thee stare thus?
What's the matter?— (*Pisanio offers her a letter.*)
Why tender'st thou that paper to me?
If it be summer news,
Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.

(*Imogen takes the letter.*)

My husband's hand!—
Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read ;
And you shall find me,—wretched man !—a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. (Reads.)—Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed ; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises ; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life : I shall give thee opportunities at Milford-Haven : she hath my letter for the purpose : where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal. (Imogen sinks overpowered to the earth.)

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword ? the
paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander ;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword ; whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile ; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world.— (*Pisanio raises her.*)
What cheer, madam ?

Imo. False to his bed ! What ! is it, to be false,
To lie in watch there, and to think on him ?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock ? If sleep charge
nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake ? That 's false to his bed,—
Is it ?

Pis. Alas, good lady !

Imo. I false !

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. Come, fellow, be thou honest ;
Do thou thy master's bidding : when thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience : look !—

(*Imogen draws his sword.*)

I draw the sword myself :—(*She gives him the sword.*)

Take it ; and hit

The innocent mansion of my love, my heart :

Fear not; 't is empty of all things, but grief:
 Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
 The riches of it: do his bidding; strike.
 Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!

(He throws away his sword.)

Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Come, here's my heart:—

Something's afore 't:—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;—

(Taking letters from her bosom.)

What is here?

The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus?—

All turn'd to heresy:—Away, away.

(Throws away the letters, which Pisanio picks up.)

Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more

Be stomachers to my heart:—

'Pr'ythee, despatch;—

(She kneels to him.)

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,

When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,

It cannot be,

But that my master is abus'd:

Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,

Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.—

(Takes up his sword.)

I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him

Some bloody sign of it; for 't is commanded

I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,

And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,

What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?

Or in my life what comfort, when I am

Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father.

Pis. If not at court,

Then not in Britain must you bide.—Where then?

Imo. Hath Britain all the sun that shines?

Pr'ythee, think,
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow : now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is,
You should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view : yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus ; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means !—
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure. (1)

Pis. Well, then here's the point :
You must forget to be a woman ; change
Command into obedience :—
Forethinking this, I have already fit
('T is in my cloakbag,) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them ; would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (2) (which you'll make him
know,
If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you ; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me, rich : (3) and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with.—
This attempt

(1) I would risque every thing but real dishonour.

(2) Accomplished.

(3) As for your subsistence abroad you may rely on me.

I am soldier to, (1) and will abide it with
A prince's courage.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell ;
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. (*Crosses to R.H.*) My
noble mistress,
Here is a phial ; I had it from the queen ;
What 's in 't is precious : if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood:—may the gods
Direct you to the best !

Imo. Amen : I thank thee. [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Britain.—A Gallery.*

Enter CLOTEN, L.H.

Clot. I love, and hate her : for she's fair and royal,
I love her ; but
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
I will conclude to hate her ; nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her.—

Enter PISANIO, R.H. and Crosses to L.H.

Who is here ?— (*Cloten draws his sword.*)—
Ah, you precious pandar ! Villain,
Where is thy lady ? In a word ; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord !

(1) I have enlisted and bound myself too.

Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?

Pis. Alas! my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?

Clot. Where is she, sir?

Satisfy me home,—

What is become of her?

Pis. O! my all-worthy lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!

Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. (*Presents a letter.*)

Clot. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
(*Crosses to L.H.*)
Even to Augustus' throne. (*Reads the letter.*)

Pis. (*Aside.*) Or this, or perish.—
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.
I'll write to my lord, she's dead. O, Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah,
if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service,—that is, what villainy so'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord?

Clot. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither; let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit*, R.H.]

Clot. (*Reads.*) *Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—* Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. —I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person. With that suit upon my back, will I first kill him, and in her eyes: he on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my appetite hath dined, to the court I'll foot her home again.—My revenge is now at Milford:—'Would I had wings to follow it! [*Exit*, L.H.]

SCENE II.—*Wales.—A Cave on the Sea-shore.*

Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes, R.H.S.E.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one :
I have tir'd myself : and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain top Pisanio show'd thee,
'Thou wast within a ken ;—two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way : will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them ?—What is this ?
Here is a path to it : 'tis some savage hold :
I were best not call ; I dare not call : yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.—
Ho !—who's here ?
If any thing that's civil, speak.—
Ho !—No answer ? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens !

(*Imogen draws her sword and goes into the Cave.*)

*Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS, R.H.
(The two last carrying a Buck on their Spears,
which they lay down at the side of the Cave.)*

Bel. (In the centre.) You, Polydore, have prov'd
best woodman, (1) and
Are master of the feast : Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook, and servant ;
Come ; our stomachs
Will make what's homely, savoury : weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restive (2) sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself !

(Goes towards the Cave.)

Guid. (L.H.) I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. (R.H.) I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Guid. There's cold meat i' the cave ; we'll browse
on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

(They go towards the Cave.)

Bel. Stay ; come not in :—

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, sir ?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel ! or, if not,
An earthly paragon !—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy !

Enter IMOGEN, from the Cave.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not :
Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took : good
troth,
I have stolen nought ; nor would not, though I had
found
Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for my meat ;

(1) Hunter.

(2) Restive in the present instance, I believe, means unquiet, shifting
its posture, like a restive horse.

I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Arv. Money, youth?

Guid. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven, sir.

Bel. What is your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence. (1)

Bel. 'Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'T is almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Arv. I'll love him as my brother:—

(*Crosses to Imogen.*)

And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours.

Guid. Most welcome! (*Crosses to Imogen.*)
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends. (*Belarius,*
Guiderius, and Arviragus whisper together, R.H.)

Imo. (*Aside.*) 'Mongst friends!
If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less; and so, more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress. (2)

Guid. 'Would I could free't!

(1) *In*, according to the ancient mode of writing, is here used instead of *into*.

(2) *Writhes* with anguish.

Arv. Or I ; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger !

Bel. Hark, boys ! (*They retire a little together.*)

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them,
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods !
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus, false—

Bel. It shall be so.—

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—

(*Belarius advances to Imogen.*)

Fair youth, come in :

Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have supp'd.

We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,

So far as thou wilt speak it.

Guid. 'Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark,
less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

(*Guid. and Arv. take up the Buck on their spears.*)

[*Exeunt into the Cave, L.H.S.E.*

SCENE III.—*Wales.*—*A Forest near the Cave.*

Enter CLOTEN, dressed as Posthumus, L.H.

Clot. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly,—how fit his garments serve me !—Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off ; thy mistress enforced ; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face :—and, all this done, spurn her home to her father ; who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage : but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe : out, sword, and to a sore purpose ! Fortune, put them into my

hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me.

[*Exit, R.H.*

SCENE IV.—*Wales.—A Cave on the Sea-shore.*

Enter from the Cave, BELARIUS, ARVIRAGUS, IMOGEN, and GUIDERIUS.

Bel. You are not well: remain here in the cave; We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. (*To Imogen.*) Brother, stay here:—Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be; But clay and clay differs in dignity, Whose dust is both alike.—I am very sick.

Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not;—yet I am not well: 'Pray you, trust me here.

Guid. Brother, farewell. (*Crosses to Arviragus.*)

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, sir. (*Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus confer apart, R.H.*)

Imo. (*Aside.*) These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court.—

I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug. (*Drinks out of the phial.*)

Guid. I could not stir him:

He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field.—

We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

(*Crosses to Imogen.*)

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. 'Pray, be not sick;

For you must be our house-wife.

(*Leads Imogen to the Cave.*)

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you. [*Exit into the Cave.*]

Bel. This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he
hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he looks!
Nobly he yokes a smiling with a sigh.

Guid. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs (1) together.

Bel. It is great morning. Come; away.

Clot. (*Without, R.H.*) What, shall I never find this
place?

Bel. Who's there?
(*Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus retire.*)

Enter CLOTEN, R.H.

Clot. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me. [*Exit, I.H.*]

Bel. Those runagates!— (*They advance.*)
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.

Guid. He is but one: you and my brother search
What companies are near: 'pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.— (*Guiderius retires.*)
[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus, R.H.*]

Enter CLOTEN, L.H.

Clot. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? Some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.— (*Guiderius advances, R.H.*)
Thou art a robber,
A law breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

Guid. To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have
not I

(1) *Spurs* are the longest and largest leading roots of trees.

An arm as big as thine ? a heart as big ?
 Thy words, I grant, are bigger ; for I wear not
 My dagger in my mouth. (1) Say, what thou art ;
 Why I should yield to thee ?

Clot. Thou villain base,
 Know'st me not by my clothes ?

Guid. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
 Who is thy grandfather ; he made those clothes,
 Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
 Hear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name ?

Clot. Cloten, thou villain.

Guid. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
 I cannot tremble at it ; were't toad, or adder, spider,
 'T would move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,
 Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
 I'm son to the queen.

Guid. I'm sorry for it ; not seeming
 So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afeard ?

Guid. Those that I reverence, those I fear ; the
 wise :
 At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the death :
 When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
 I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
 And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads :
 Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting, L.H.*]

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS, R.H.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world : you did mistake him, sure.

Bel. No ; time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of
 favour

Which then he wore ; the snatches in his voice,

(1) I fight not with my tongue.

And burst of speaking, were as his : I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them.—
But see, my brother.

Enter GUIDERIUS, with Cloten's Sword, L.H.

Guid. This Cloten was a fool ; not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains ; for he had none.

Bel. What hast thou done ?

Guid. Cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report ;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer ; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in, (1)
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they
grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives ? The law
Protects not us : then why should we be tender,
'To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,—
Play judge, and executioner, all himself,—
For we do fear the law ?—What company
Discover you abroad ?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on ; but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants ;
It is not probable he would come alone.—
I had no mind
To hunt this day : the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth. (2)

Guid. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him : I'll throw 't into the creek,
Behind our rock ; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten :
That's all I reck. [*Exit, L.H.*

(1) Conquer, subdue us.

(2) Fidele's sickness made my *walk forth* from the *cave tedious*.

Bel. I fear, 't will be reveng'd :
'Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't ! though
valour

Becomes thee well enough.

Arr. 'Would I had done't !

Bel. Well, 'tis done :—

We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit.—

You and Fidele play the cooks : I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arr. Poor sick Fidele !

I'll willingly to him : to gain his colour, (1)

I'd let a parish of such Cloten's blood, (2)

And praise myself for charity.

[*Exit into the Cave.*]

Bel. O ! thou goddess,
Thou divine nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys ! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood encha'f'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd ; honour untaught ;
Civility not seen from othier ; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd ! Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends ;
Or what his death will bring us.

Enter GUIDERIUS, I.H.

Guid. Where's my brother ?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,

(1) Restore him to the bloom of health, to recal the colour of it to his cheeks.

(2) I would let blood (or bleed,) a whole parish, or any number, of such fellows as Cloten.

In embassy to his mother ; his body's hostage
For his return. (*Solemn Music in the Cave, L. II*)

Bel. My ingenious instrument !—
Hark, Polydore, it sounds ! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion ?—

Guid. Since death of my dear'st mother,
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents.

Enter ARVIRAGUS from the Cave.

Bel. Look,—here he comes.

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
Than have seen this.

Guid. O sweetest, fairest lily !
And art thou gone, my poor Fidele ?—

Bel. What ! is he dead ? How found you him ?

Arv. Stark : (1)—smiling, as some fly had tickled
slumber ;
Not as death's dart, being laughed at : his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Guid. Where ?

Arv. O' the floor ;
His arms thus leagu'd : I thought, he slept.

(*The Boys weep.*)

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less : for
Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys ;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that :
Our foe was princely ;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince. Go, bring your lily.—

[*Exeunt Guid. and Arv. into the Cave.*

O, melancholy !

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom ? find

The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare (1)
Might easiliest harbour in ? (*Music again, L.H.*)
Thou blessed thing !

Jove knows what man thou might'st have made ;
but,—ah !—

Thou died'st, a most rare boy of melancholy.—

*Enter GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS from the Cave,
bearing Imogen's body.*

Come, let us lay the bodies each by each,
(*Crosses to L.H.*)

And strew them o'er with flowers ; and on the morrow
Shall the earth receive them.

Arv. Sweet Fidele !

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's blast ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
And the dream of life is past.

Guid. Monarchs, sages, peasants, must
Follow thee, and come to dust.

[*Exeunt Bel. and the Boys, L.H. bearing the body.*]

SCENE V.—*Britain.—A Gallery.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, MADAN, and PISANIO, in the
custody of Officers, R.H.*

Cym. Again ; and bring me word, how the queen
does.— [*Exit an officer, R.H.*]

A fever with the absence of her son !

A madness, of which her life's in danger !—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me !—Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone ; my queen
Upon a desperate bed ; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me ; her son gone,
So needful for this present : it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,

(*To Pisanio, L.H.*)

Who needs must know of her departure, and

(1) *A crare* is a small trading vessel, called in the Latin of the middle ages *crayera*.

Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will.

Mad. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here :
I dare be bound, he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.
For Cloten,—

There wants no diligence in seeking him ;
He will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome :—
We'll slip you for a season ! but our jealousy
Does yet depend. (1) (*Pisanio retires a little.*)

Enter LOCRINE, L.H.

Loc. So please your majesty,
The Romans legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen !
Let's withdraw ;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us ; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away.—

[*Exeunt Cym. Mad. Loc. and Officers, L.H.*]

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain : (2) 'tis strange :
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings : neither know I
What is betid to Cloten : but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work :
Wherein I'm false, I'm honest ; not true, to be true. (3)
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, (4) or I'll fall in them.

(1) My suspicion is yet undetermined ; if I do not condemn you, I likewise have not acquitted you. We now say, the *cause* is depending.

(2) This might have been a phrase in Shakespeare's time.—We yet say—I have not heard a syllable from him.

(3) *To be*, are an interpolation, which to prevent an ellipsis, has destroyed the measure.

(4) I will so distinguish myself, the king shall remark my valour.

All other doubts, by time, let them be clear'd:
 Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

SCENE VI.—*Wales.—A Forest near the Cave.*

IMOGEN and CLOTEN discovered, laying on a Bank
 strewed with Flowers.

Imo. (Awakes.) Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven: which
 is the way?

I thank you.—By yon bush?—'Pray, how far thither?
 'Ods pittikins! (1)—can it be six miles yet?—

I have gone all night:—'faith, I'll lie down and
 sleep.— (*Seeing the body.*)

But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;

This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;

For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,

And cook to honest creatures.

Good faith,

I tremble still with fear: but if there be

Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity

As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!

The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is

Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.—

A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!—

O, he is murder'd!—

Pisanio,—

'Tis thou, conspiring with that devil, Cloten,

Hast here cut off my lord.—'Tis he;—

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious

And cordial to me, have I not found it

Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:

This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—

All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,

(1) 'Ods pittikins.—This phrase is derived from God's my pity.

And mine to boot, be darted on them !—

O ! my lord ! my lord !—(*Sinks on the body.*)

(*A March.*)

*Enter LUCIUS, VARUS, Six Roman Officers, Standard,
and Twelve Soldiers, R.H.*

Var. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy ; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service ; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them ?

Var. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair.—

Soft, ho ! what trunk is here

(*Varus crosses behind to L.H.*)

Without his top ?—The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How ! a page !—
Or dead, or sleeping on him ? But dead, rather ;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—

(*Varus takes Imogen's hand.*)

Let's see the boy's face.

Var. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—

(*Varus raises Imogen.*)

Young one,

(*Lucius leads her forward.*)

Inform us of thy fortunes ; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded : who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow ?
What's thy interest
In this sad wreck ? How came it ? Who is it ?
What art thou ?

Imo. I am nothing : or, if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain :—Alas !
There are no more such masters.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth !

Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding : say,—thy name, good boy ?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thy name well fits thy faith :—

Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd ; but, be sure,
No less belov'd.—

Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But, first, 'an't please the
gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pick-axes (1) can dig : and, when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his
grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh ;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me. (*She hangs over the body.*)

Luc. Ay, good youth ;

And rather father thee, than master thee.

My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties : let us
Find out the prettiest daizied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A grave.—Come, arm him.—(2)

(*Soldiers go to the body.*)

Boy, he is preferr'd

By thee to us : and he shall be interr'd

As soldiers can.—Be cheerful ; wipe thine eyes :

Some falls are means the happier to arise.

(*A March in the Orchestra.*)

*Lucius and Varus lead off Imogen, L.H. Officers
following—Standard in front of the body—
the other Soldiers surround it, and the front
drop closes them in.*

END OF ACT IV.

(1) Meaning her hands.

(2) Take him in your arms.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Wales.—A Forest near the Cave.**(Drums and Trumpets heard at a distance.)**Enter GUIDERIUS, BELARIUS, and ARVIRAGUS, L.H.**Guid.* The noise is round about us.*Bel.* Let us from it:

We'll higher to the mountains: there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going; newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, nor muster'd
Among the bands,) may drive us to a render (1)
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us
That which we have done, whose answer (2) would be
death,

Drawn on with torture.

Guid. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That, when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, (3) have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army:
And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service nor your loves.

Guid. 'Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

(1) An account of our place of abode.

(2) The *retaliation* of the death of Cloten, would be *death*.

(3) Fires regularly disposed.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
 I'll thither: what thing is it, that I never
 Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
 But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
 I am asham'd
 To look upon the holy sun, to have
 The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
 So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heavens, I'll go:
 If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
 I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
 The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
 The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I; amen.

Bcl. No reason I, since on your lives you set
 So slight a valuation, should reserve
 My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
 If in your country wars you chance to die,
 That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*Wales.—A Plain between the British
 and Roman Camps.*

(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets*, R.H.U.E.)

Enter POSTHUMUS, L.H. *disguised as a Peasant, having
 in his hand a handkerchief stained with blood.*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, (1) I'll keep thee; for I
 wish'd
 Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
 If each of you would take this course, how many
 Must murder wives much better than themselves,
 For wrying but a little!—O, Pisanio!
 Every good servant does not all commands:
 No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
 Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never

(1) The bloody token of Imogen's death, which Pisanio, in the foregoing act, determined to send.

Had liv'd to put on (1) this ; so had you sav'd
 The noble Imogen to repent : and struck
 Me,—wretch !—more worth your vengeance.—
 But Imogen is your own ; do your best wills,
 And make me bless'd to obey !—I am brought hither
 Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom ; 'tis enough
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress ; peace !
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
 Hear patiently my purpose ; I have conceal'd
 My Italian weeds, under this semblance of
 A Briton peasant : so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with ; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen ; even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death : and thus, unknown,
 Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate.—

(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, R.H.*)

Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me !—

Let me make men know

More valour in me, than my habits show.

(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, R.H.*)

[*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*The field of Battle.*

(*Alarums, R.H. and L.H.—An Engagement between the Britons and the Romans.—The Britons are repulsed.*)

Enter IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS fighting.—Iachimo is disarmed.—R.H.U.E.

Post. Or yield thee, Roman, or thou diest.

Iach. Peasant, behold my breast.

Post. No : take thy life, and mend it.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood : I have belied a lady,

(1) To incite, to instigate.

The princess of this country, and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl, (1)
 A very drudge of Nature's, have subdu'd me
 In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
 With heaven against me, what is sword or shield?
 My guilt, my guilt o'erpowers me, and I yield.

[*Exit*, L.H.]

SCENE IV.—*A Forest.*

Enter PISANIO, and MADAN, L.H.

Mad. This is a day turn'd strangely.
 Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Pis. I did:
 Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Mad. I did.

Pis. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
 But that the heavens fought; the king himself
 Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
 And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
 Through a straight lane; the enemy full hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, struck down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Merely thro' fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
 With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
 To die with lengthen'd shame.

Mad. Where was this lane?

Pis. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with
 turf;
 Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier;—
 (An honest one, I warrant;)—athwart the lane,
 He with two striplings, (lads, more like to run
 The country base (2,) than to commit such slaughter,)
 Made good the passage; cry'd to the fliers, "*Stand*;
 "*Or we are Romans, and will give you that*

(1) Clown, or husbandman.

(2) A rustic game, called *prison-bars*, vulgarly *prison-base*.

“*Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.*”—These
three—

Mad. Were there but three?

Pis. There was a fourth man, in a poor rustic
habit,
That stood the front with them. The matchless four,
Accommodated by the place, gilded pale looks:
Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd
coward

But by example, 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick; and the event
A victory for us.

Mad. This was strange chance.—
An old man, two boys, and a poor rustic!

Pis. Nay, do not wonder:—go with me, and see
These wonders, sir, and join the general joy.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *disguised as a Roman*, L.H.

Post. To-day, how many would have given their
honours

To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do 't,
And yet died too?—I, in my own woe charm'd, (1)
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan:
Nor feel him, where he struck.—

Well, I will find him:

No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in: fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is

(1) Alluding to the common superstition of *charms* being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle.

Cym. (To *Pisano*.) No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,

But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
'The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain:

(*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*)

By whom, I grant, she lives: 'tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

Bel. Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen;
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest;
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees: (*They kneel.*)
Arise my knights o' the battle; I create you
(*Touches their shoulders with his Sword.*)

Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.
(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, L.H.*)

Enter MADAN, LOCRINE—*then in chains*, IACHIMO,
LUCIUS, IMOGEN, VARUS, *Roman Officers*, and
POSTHUMUS *behind, guarded by British Sol-*
diers, R.H.U.E.—The Prisoners advance, R.H.

'Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war; the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But, since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:

Augustus lives to think on't : and so much
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only
 I will entreat ; my boy, (*Pointing to Imogen.*) a Briton
 born,

Let him be ransom'd : never master had
 A page so kind, so duteous, diligent :
 He hath done no Briton harm,
 Though he have serv'd a Roman : save him, sir,
 And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him ;
 His favour (1) is familiar to me.—
 Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
 And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
 To say, live, boy :—ne'er thank thy master ; live :
 And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
 Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it ;
 Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
 The noblest ta'en.— (*Imogen looks at Iachimo.*)
 Know'st him thou look'st on ? speak,
 Wilt have him live ; is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

Imo. He is a Roman ; no more kin to me,
 Than I to your highness ; who, being born your vassal,
 Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so ?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
 To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart :
 Walk with me ; speak freely.

(*Cymbeline and Imogen retire a little.*)

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death ?

Arv. One sand another
 Not more resembles :—that sweet rosy lad,
 Who died, and was Fidele :—what think you ?

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace ! see further.

Pis. (*Aside.*) It is my mistress :
 Since she is living, let the time run on,
 To good, or bad.

(*Retires a little; Cymbeline and Imogen advance.*)

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side ;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, step you forth ;
(*To Iachimo.*)

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely ;
Or, by our greatness, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.
(*To Imogen.*)

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
(*Pointing to a ring on Iachimo's finger.*)

Post. (*Aside.*) What's that to him ?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours ?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How ! me ?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which
Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring ; 't was Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish ; and (which more may grieve
thee,

As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord ?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail (1) to remember,—give me leave ; I faint.

(*Madan and Locrine support him.*)

Cym. My daughter ! what of her ? Renew thy
strength :

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour !) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where !) 'twas at a feast, (O, 'would
Our viands had been poison'd ! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head !) the good Posthumus—

Cym. Come to the matter.

(1) Sink into dejection.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.—
 He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
 And she alone were cold: whereat, I,—wretch!—
 Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
 Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
 In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
 By hers and mine adultery.

Away to Britain

Post I in this design: well may you, sir,
 Remember me at court, where I was taught
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous and villainous:—

To be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
 That I return'd with simular proof enough
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown
 With tokens thus, and thus;
 That he could not

But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
 Methinks, I see him now.—

Post. Ay, so thou dost, (*Rushing forward.*)
 Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,
 To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer! (1) Thou, king, send out
 For torturers ingenious: it is I
 That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
 That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
 Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself. (2)
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me; set
 The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain

(1) The most ancient law books have justicers of the peace, as frequently as *justices* of the peace.

(2) She was not only *the temple of virtue*, but virtue herself.

Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus; and
 Be villainy less than 't was!—O Imogen!
 My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
 Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Thou scornful page, there is no peace for me.
(Striking her; she falls into Pisanio's arms.)

Pis. O, gentlemen, help, help
 Mine, and your mistress:—O, my Lord Posthumus!
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now;—help, help!—
 Mine honour'd lady!

Post. How come these staggers (1) on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
 To death with mortal joy.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
 you?

Think, that you are upon a rock; and now
 Throw me again. *(Runs into his arms.)*

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
 Till the tree die!

Cym. My child, my child! my dearest Imogen!

Imo. Your blessing, sir. *(Kneeling.)*

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame you
 not;

You had a motive for't.

(To Guiderius and Arviragus.)

Cym. Imogen,
 Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and 'long of her it was,
 That we meet here so strangely: but her son
 Is gone, we know not how, nor where. *(Pisanio and
 Imogen retire with Posthumus:—an Officer
 takes off his chains.)*

Guid. Let me end his story:
 'Twas I that slew him.

(1) This wild and delirious perturbation. *Staggers* is the horses' apoplexy.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend !
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence : 'pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Guid. A most uncivil one : the wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like ; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me : I cut off's head ;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee :
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law.—Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

(Officers advance, L.H.)

Bel. Stay, sir king :
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself ; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. Let his arms alone ;
(To the Officers, who are seizing him.)
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath ? How of descent
As good as we ?

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy : here's my knee :
Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine ;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting. *(Posthumus, Imogen,
and Pisanio advance.—The Officers retire.)*

Cym. How ! my issue ?

Bel. So sure as you your father's.—*(Rises.)*—I, old
Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd :
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment

Itself, and all my treason ; that I suffer'd,
 Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
 (For such, and so they are,) these twenty years
 Have I train'd up ; those arts they have, as I
 Could put into them.—But, gracious sir, (*Goes be-
 tween the Princes, and takes one in each hand.*)

Here are your sons again :—

(*He presents them to the King—they kneel.*)

And I must lose

Two of the sweet'st companions in the world :—
 The benediction of these covering heavens
 Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are worthy
 To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st and speak'st.—(1)

I lost my children ;
 If these be they, I know not how to wish
 A pair of worthier sons.—Guiderius had
 Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;
 It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he ;

Who hath upon him still that natural stamp :
 It was wise Nature's end in the donation,
 To be his evidence now.

Cym. Bless'd may you be,
 That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
 You may reign in them now !—(*The Boys rise.*)—O,
 Imogen,

Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord ; (*Crosses between them.*)

I have got two worlds by't.—O, my gentle brothers,
 Have we thus met ? O never say hereafter,
 But I am truest speaker : you call'd me brother,
 When I was but your sister ; I you brothers,
 When you were so indeed. (*Crosses back to Post.*)

Cym. Did you e'er meet ?—

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Guid. And at first meeting lov'd.

(1) Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation.

Cym. O rare instinct!
 When shall I hear all through?—(*To Guid. and Arv.*)
 How liv'd you? where?—
 And—(*To Imogen.*) when came you to serve our
 Roman captive?
 How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
 Why fled you from the court? and whither?—
 But nor the time, nor place,
 Will serve our long intergatories.—See,
 Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
 And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
 On him.—All o'erjoy'd,
 Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
 For they shall taste our comfort.—
 (*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*)

Enter Roman Standard and twelve Soldiers R.H.U.E.
Twelve Roman Soldiers. Twelve British Soldiers.

Roman Standard. British Standard.

Roman Officers. British Officers.

Varus, Lucius. Locrine, Madan.

IACHIMO, POST. IMOGEN, CYM. GUID. ARV. BEL.
 R.H. L.H.

(*British Officers take off the chains of the Romans.*)

The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
 He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
 The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
 The soldier that did 'company these three
 In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
 The purpose I then follow'd:—that I was he,
 Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
 Have made you finish.

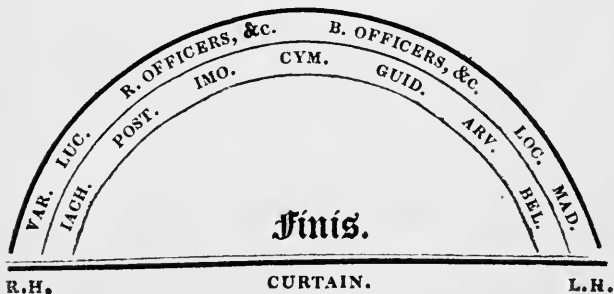
Iach. (*Kneels.*) I am down again:
 But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
 As then your force did.—
 But, your ring first;
 And here the bracelet of the truest princess,

That ever swore her faith :— (Giving them.)
 Now take that life, 'beseech you,
 Which I so often owe.

Post. Kneel not to me :
 The power that I have on you, is to spare you ;
 The malice towards you, to forgive you :—live,
 And deal with others better. (*Iachimo rises.*)

Cym. Nobly doom'd :
 We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ;
 Pardon's the word to all.—Laud we the gods ;
 And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
 From our bless'd altars !—Set we forward : let
 A Roman and a British ensign wave
 Friendly together : so through Lud's town march ;
 Set on there :—never was a war did cease,
 Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.
 (*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*)

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



From the Press of Oxberry and Co.
8, White-Hart Yard.

Orberry's Edition.

MACBETH.

A TRAGEDY;

By William Shakspeare.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

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Remarks.

MACBETH.

Macbeth has long been the most popular of Shakspeare's tragedies ; its beauties are of a more palpable kind, and come more home to the common apprehension than those of Lear, Hamlet, or Othello, which are yet perhaps superior, and most assuredly do not yield to it in excellence. But however we may rank it in the scale with Shakspeare's other plays, it is at all events a most glorious production, and one which exalts the poet far above the greatest writers of any time or any country.

The Witches appear to be the most important point for criticism ; no writer before Schlegel seems to have thoroughly entered into the merits of this subject, for the defence of the poet invariably rested on the manners of the age, which, though it might prove the fiction to be true, as certainly could not prove it to be sublime ; while, on the other hand, the attacks were always founded on a comparison with authorities that Shakspeare did not own, and by which, therefore, he could not decently be tried. Schlegel, perhaps, refines too much, when he says that the witches are mere women when speaking amongst themselves, and when, addressing Macbeth, are under the influence of spirits. We can see nothing of all this ; the witches in selling themselves to the powers of darkness, have added nothing to their original state of womanhood, but the tenfold wish and power to work evil ; the language of a ploughman does not become more polished or his manners more elegant, because the weapons of death are put into his hands ; he will grow more brutal, and his speech may be more violent, but certainly not more refined. Even so it is with the witches ; their language is coarse, for where should they have got knowledge ? But they are terrible from their power, and hateful from their use of it. If any thing were wanted to prove Shakspeare a sublimer poet than

Æschylus, or Milton, or Dante, we have it here ; their materials were sublime, but Shakspeare has produced as great effects from the lowest and most disgusting objects : nothing can be more awful than the incantation-scene, and yet what more base than the ingredients of the cauldron ?

Lady Macbeth is drawn with a masterly hand ; her crimes and her sufferings are of grandeur almost supernatural ; the partial visitings of remorse too are in perfect keeping. In the awful hour of night and murder, when all nature seems to cry out against the deed, one kindly feeling alone clings to her heart,

——“ Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done it.”

This solitary human expression casts a momentary blaze on the scene of horror, only to render the subsequent darkness more tremendous. Let any one read this with the fitting circumstances of time and place, and he will feel its force more fully than by any stage representation. It is not in the blaze of lights and the presence of numbers that the awe of this scene is to be duly estimated ; the cricket will not cry, nor the owl shriek to the imagination, unless in loneliness and the doubtful light of a midnight chamber.

Macbeth's character is so beautifully described by his ambitious wife, that it seems like presumption to add a jot to her delineation.

——“ Thou wouldst be great ;
Art not without ambition ; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win ; thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, thus thou must do if thou have it ;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone.”

Act I, sc. 5.

The heroism of Macbeth is the heroism of a mere soldier,—of the body, and not of the mind. In the murder-scene he is an absolute coward ; with the witches he is desperate, not resolute ; it is in the field of battle only that he is a brave man. It has indeed been said that Shakspeare intended to show the inseparable connexion between true courage and morality ; but Shakspeare had too much knowledge of human nature to think of any such thing ; daily experience shews us that vice is often

brave, and virtue cowardly. Besides, he has left us a Richard the Third, who was as little to be censured for fear, as praised for goodness. Iago, moreover, was a very approved soldier, and yet he had a very indifferent name for virtue.

The plot deserves the highest praise ; the very multitude of its incidents makes the time of its action seem short ; it is as if the balance weights had been taken from the clock of time and the wheels ran on with unchecked velocity ; three great events take place, and though they must of necessity have happened at very distant periods, yet the poet has so admirably linked them together by minor incidents, that no pause occurs, and consequently the unity of time does not appear to be violated.

Of the alterations nothing can be said, unless to express our wonder at the stupid barbarians, who dared to lay hands on this perfect work with the idea of its improvement. We cannot do better than quote the words of Schlegel, who to the shame of the nation be it said, has more respect for the poet, than the generality of his own countrymen.

“Lag doch niemand Hand an Shakspeare's Werke, um etwas wesentlich daran zu ändern ; es bestraft sich immer selbst.”

Let no one lay hand on Shakspeare's works to alter any thing essential ; it carries its own punishment with it. G. SOANE.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is three hours and twenty minutes. The half-price commences at nine o'Clock.

Stage Directions.

By R.H..... is meant..... Right Hand.
L.H..... Left Hand.
S.E..... Second Entrance.
U.E..... Upper Entrance.
M.D..... Middle Door.
D.F..... Door in Flat.
R.H.D..... Right Hand Door.
L.H.D..... Left Hand Door.

Costume.

MACBETH.

First dress.—Scarlet plaid vest, kelt and tartan, cap, feathers, and breast-plate.—Second dress.—Purple robe, white satin vest, and coronet for the head.—Third dress.—Kelt, tartan, cap and armour.

MALCOLM.

Scarlet and green plaid vest, kelt, tartan, breastplate, cap and feathers.

KING.

Crimson velvet robe and vest, richly embroidered.

BANQUO.

Green plaid vest, kelt and tartan, breast-plate and cap.

MACDUFF.

Ibid.

LENOX.

Red and blue,—ibid.

ROSSE.

Blue and crimson,—ibid.

SIWARD.

Scarlet velvet doublet, trunks and cloak, breast-plate, hat and feathers.

SEYTON.

Green plaid vest, kelt and tartan, cap and feathers.

PHYSICIAN.

Black velvet doublet, trunks, cloak, &c.

SERJEANT.

Green and red plaid vest, kelt and tartan, cap, &c.

MURDERERS.

Green worsted plaid dresses.

LADY MACBETH.

First dress.—Black velvet, trimmed with point lace, and plaid sarsnet scarf.—Second dress.—White satin, trimmed with silver, and scarlet cloth robe, trimmed with ermine and silver; coronet for the head.—Third dress.—White muslin morning wrapper trimmed with lace, and a veil,—ibid.

GENTLEWOMAN.

Green satin dress, trimmed with silver, and spangled veil.

HECATE.

Blue vest, with stars shaded by blue gauze, Robe of do. and cap ornamented with snakes.

WITCHES

Similar, but varying in colours.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
<i>Duncan, (King of Scotland.)</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Malcolm</i>	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Connor.
<i>Donalbain</i>	Miss Carr.	Mr. Menage.
<i>Macbeth</i>	Mr. Kean.	Mr. Macready.
<i>Banquo</i>	Mr. Bengough.	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Macduff</i>	Mr. H. Kemble.	Mr. Terry.
<i>Lenox</i>	Mr. Marshall.	Mr. Jefferies.
<i>Rosse</i>	Mr. Holland.	Mr. Comer.
<i>Fleance</i>	Miss A. Carr.	Master C. Parsloc.
<i>Siward</i>	Mr. R. Phillips.	Mr. Crumpton.
<i>Seyton</i>	Mr. Ley.	Mr. Claremont.
<i>Physician</i>	Mr. Maddocks.	Mr. Treby.
<i>Serjeant</i>	Mr. Coveney.	
<i>Murderers</i>	{ Mr. Cooke. Mr. Minton.	} Mess. King & Atkins.
<i>Lady Macbeth</i>	Mrs. W. West.	Mrs. Faucit.
<i>Gentlewoman</i>	Miss Tidswell.	Mrs. Connor.
<i>Hecate</i>	Mr. Smith.	Mr. Taylor.
<i>First Witch</i>	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Blanchard.
<i>Second Witch</i>	Mr. Knight.	Mr. Farley.
<i>Third Witch</i>	Mr. Watkinson.	Mr. Fawcett.

MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The open Country.*

Thunder and Lightning. — Three WITCHES discovered.

1st. *Witch.* When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2d. *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.(1)

3d. *Witch.* That will be ere th' set of sun.

1st. *Witch.* Where the place?

2d. *Witch.* Upon the heath.

3d. *Witch.* There to meet with—

1st. *Witch.* Whom?

2d. *Witch.* Macbeth.

1st. *Witch.* (*Noise of a cat.*) I come, Gray-mal-
kin.(2)

2d. *Witch.* (*Noise of a toad.*) Paddock calls.

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair :(3)

(1) The battle in which Macbeth was then engaged.

(2) From a little black-letter book, entitled, *Beware the Cat*, 1584, I find it was permitted to a Witch to take on her *a cattles body nine times*.—To understand this passage, we should suppose one familiar calling with the voice of a cat, and another with the croaking of a toad.

(3) The meaning is, that to us, perverse and malignant as we are, *fair is foul, and foul is fair*.

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

(*Thunder and Lightning.*)

[*Exeunt ; 1st. and 2d. Witch, L.H. 3d. Witch, R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*The Palace of Fores.*

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, ROSSE, and Two Chamberlains, with keys and wands, L.H. meeting a bleeding OFFICER, R.H.

King. (In the Centre.) What bloody man is that?

He can report,

As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. (L.H.) This is the serjeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity:—hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Off. Doubtfully it stood ;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choak their art. The merciless Macdowald
From the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallow glasses(1) is supplied ;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore : (2) but all's too weak :
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave !
And ne'er shook hands nor bade farewell to him,

(1) Light and heavy armed foot.

(2) Meaning, that fortune, while she smiled on him, deceived him. Alluding to his first successful action, elated by which he attempted to pursue his fortune, but lost his life.

Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. O, valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !

Off. Mark, king of Scotland, mark :

No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compelled these skipping Kernes to trust their heels ;
But the Norweyan lord, surveying 'vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo ?

Off. Yes ;

As sparrows, eagles ; or the hare, the lion.—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy
wounds ;

They smack of honour both :—go, get him surgeons.

[*Exeunt, Officer and Two Attendants, R.H.*

Who comes here ?

Mal. The worthy thane of Fife.

Len. (R.H.) What a haste looks through his eyes !

Rosse. (L.H.) So should he look,
That seems to speak things strange.

Enter MACDUFF, R.H.

Macd. God save the king !

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane ?

Macd. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky, (1)
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict ;

(1) The sense of the passage collectively taken is this : *Where the triumphant flutter of the Norweyan standards ventilates or cools the soldiers who had been heated through their efforts to secure such numerous trophies of victory.*

Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,(1)
 Confronted him with self-comparisons,(2)
 Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
 Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
 The victory fell on us;—

King. Great happiness!

Macd. That now

Sweno, 'the Norways' king, craves composition;
 Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
 Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,(3)
 Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

King. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
 Our bosom interest:—go, pronounce his death,
 And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Macd. I'll see it done.

[*Exeunt Macduff and Lenox, R.H.*]

King. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

(*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*)

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*A Heath, and Bridge in the back
 ground, over the Mountains.*

(*Thunder and Lightning.*)

Enter 1st. WITCH, R.H.S.E. 2d. WITCH, L.H.S.E.

3d. WITCH, R.H.

1st. Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

2d. Witch. Killing swine.

3d. Witch. Sister, where thou?

1st. Witch. A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
 And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—*Give
 me, quoth I.*

(1) Defended by armour of proof.

(2) That is,—gave him as good as he brought, shewed he was his equal.

(3) *Colmes' inch*,—now called *Inch comb*, is a small island lying in the Frith of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columb; called by Camden, *Inch Colm*, or *The Isle of Columba*.

Aroint thee, witch! (1) the rump-fed (2) ronyon (3) cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'the Tyger :

But in a sieve I'll thither sail, (4)

And, like a rat, without a tail, (5)

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2d. *Witch*. I'll give thee a wind. (6)

1st. *Witch*. Thou art kind.

3d. *Witch*. And I another.

1st. *Witch*. I myself have all the other ;

And the very (7) ports they blow,

All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card. (8)

I will drain him dry as hay :

Sleep shall, neither night nor day,

Hang upon his pent-house lid ;

He shall live a man forbid : (9)

Weary seven-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine :

Though his bark cannot be lost,

(1) Avaunt, or be gone.

(2) The chief cooks in noblemen's families, colleges, religious houses, hospitals, &c. anciently claimed the emoluments or kitchen fees of kidneys, fat, trotters, *rumps*, &c. which they sold to the poor. The weird sister in this scene as an insult on the poverty of the woman who had called her *witch*, reproaches her poor abject state, as not being able to procure better provision than offals, which are considered as the refuse of the tables of others.

(3) Scabby or mangy woman. Fr. *rogneux*, *royne*, scurf.

(4) Reginald Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, says it was believed that witches "could sail in an egg shell, a cockle, or mussel shell, through and under the tempestuous seas."

(5) It was the belief of the times that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting. Though the hands and feet, by an easy change, might be converted into the four paws of a beast, there was still no part about a woman which corresponded with the length of tail common to almost all our four-footed creatures.

(6) This free gift of a wind is to be considered as an act of sisterly friendship, for witches were supposed to sell them.

(7) Exact.

(8) The card is the paper on which the winds are marked under the pilot's needle ; or perhaps the *sea-chart* so called in our author's age.

(9) Accursed—unhappy.

Yet it shall be tempest-tost.—

Look what I have.

2d. *Witch*. Show me, show me.

1st. *Witch*. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

(*A March at a distance, L.H.*)

3d. *Witch*. A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird(1) sisters, hand in hand, (*They join hands, and walk mysteriously round.*)

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about.

2d. *Witch*. Thrice to thine,—

(1st. *Witch bows thrice.*)

3d. *Witch*. And thrice to mine,—

(3d. *Witch bows thrice.*)

1st. *Witch*. And thrice again,—

(2d. *Witch bows thrice.*)

All. To make up nine.

1st. *Witch*. Peace ;—the charm's wound up. (*They stand on R.H. of the stage.*)

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, and the Army, over the Bridge, L.H.U.E.

ORDER OF PASSING THE BRIDGE.

*Standard—Six Guards—Band, (playing a March.)
—Six Officers—Macbeth—Banquo—Three Guards
—Standard, and Three Guards, remain on the Bridge.*

Mac. Command they make a halt upon the heath.
(*Within.*) Halt,—halt,—halt!

Mac. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores?—What are these,

(1) *Wierd* comes from the Anglo-Saxon *wýrð*, *fatum*, and is used as a substantive signifying a *prophecy* by the translator of *Hector Boethius*, in the year 1541, as well as for the *Destinies*, by Chaucer and Holinshed.

So wither'd and so wild in their attire ;
 That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,
 And yet are on't?—Live you, or are you aught
 That man may question? (1) (*Each Witch lays the fore-
 finger of her right hand on her lips, and with
 her left hand points to Macbeth.*)—You seem
 to understand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips : (*Crosses to them.*) you should be
 women,

And yet your beards(2) forbid me to interpret
 That you are so.

Mac. (On L.H.) Speak, if you can ;—what are you ?

1st. Witch. (R.H.—*Each Witch takes her finger
 quickly from her lips before she speaks.*) All
 hail,(3) Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane of Glamis !

2d. Witch. (*Next to 1st. Witch*) All hail, Mac-
 beth ! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor !

3d. Witch. (*Next to 2d. Witch.*) All hail, Macbeth !
 that shalt be king hereafter. (*Each Witch
 drops on her knee. They continue to point at
 Macbeth, till Banquo adjures them—“ In the
 name of truth,”—at which they all start up.*)

Ban. Good sir, why do you start ; and seem to fear
 Things that do sound so fair ? I'the name of truth,
 Are ye fantastical,(4) or that indeed
 Which outwardly ye show ? My noble partner
 You greet with present grace, and great prediction
 Of noble having,(5) and of royal hope,
 That he seems wrapt(6) withal ; to me you speak not :
 If you can look into the seeds of time,
 And say, which grain will grow, and which will not ;

(1) That man is permitted to hold converse, or of whom it is lawful
 to ask questions.

(2) *Witches* were supposed always to have hair on their chins.

(3) *All hail* is a corruption of *al-hael*, Saxon, i. e. *ave, salve*.

(4) Creatures of *fantasy* or imagination : the question is, are these
 real beings, before us, or are we deceived by illusions of fancy.

(5) Estate, possession, fortune.

(6) *Rapt* is rapturously affected.

Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1st. *Witch.* Hail !

2d. *Witch.* Hail !

3d. *Witch.* Hail !

1st. *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2d. *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3d. *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be
none.

All. So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo !

Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail ! (*Going, R.H.*)

Mac. (*Crosses hastily over to the Witches.*) Stay,
—you imperfect speakers, tell me more :

By Sinel's(1) death, I know, I am thane of Glamis ;

But how of Cawdor ? the thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman ; and, to be king,

Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence

You owe this strange intelligence ? or why,

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetic greeting ?—

[*Thunder and Lightning.—Witches vanish, R.H.*
Speak, I charge you.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,

And these are of them :—whither are they vanish'd ?

Mac. Into the air ; and what seem'd corporal,
melted

As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid !

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about ?

Or have we eaten of the insane root,

That takes the reason prisoner ?

Mac. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Mac. And thane of Cawdor too ; went it not so ?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words.—(*Trumpet
sounds, R.H.*)—Who's here ?

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX, R.H.

Macd. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,

(1) The father of Macbeth.

The news of thy success : and, when he reads
 Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
 His wonders and his praises do contend,
 Which should be thine or his: silenc'd with that,(1)
 In viewing o'er the rest o'the self-same day,
 He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
 Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
 Strange images of death. As thick as tale,(2)
 Came post with post ; and every one did bear
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
 And poured them down before him.

Len. We are sent,
 To give thee from our royal master, thanks ;
 Only to herald thee into his sight,
 Not pay thee.

Macd. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
 He bade me, from him call thee, thane of Cawdor :
(Macbeth and Banquo start.)
 In which addition, hail, most worthy thane !
 For it is thine.

Ban. What ! can the devil speak true? *(Aside.)*

Mac. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
 In borrow'd robes ?

Macd. Who was the thane—lives yet ;
 But under heavy judgment bears that life,
 Which he deserves to lose ;
 For treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd
 Have overthrown him.

Mac. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor :
 The greatest is behind.—*(Aside.)*—Thanks for your
 pains.— *(To Macd. and Len.)*

Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
(Aside to Banquo.)

When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
 Promis'd no less to them.

Ban. That, trusted(3) home,

(1) Wrapped in silent wonder at the deeds performed by Macbeth, &c.

(2) The news, came as *thick* as a *tale* can *travel* with a *post*.—That is, posts arrived as fast as they could be counted.

(3) Entirely, thoroughly relied on.—*Home* means to the uttermost.

Might yet enkindle(1) you unto the crown,
 Besides the thane of Cawdor. But, 'tis strange :
 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;
 Win us with honest trifles to betray us
 In deepest consequence.—Cousins, a word, I pray you.
(They converse apart.)

Mac. (Aside.) Two truths are told,
 As happy prologues to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
 This supernatural soliciting(2)
 Cannot be ill ; cannot be good :—if ill,
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,
 Commencing in a truth ? I am thane of Cawdor :
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion(3)
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
 And make my seated heart(4) knock at my ribs,
 Against the use of nature ? Present fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings : (5)
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my single state of man, (6) that function
 Is smother'd in surmise ; and nothing is,
 But what is not. (7)

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Mac. (Aside.) If chance will have me king ; why,
 chance may crown me,
 Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him

(1) Stimulate, fire you.

(2) Information.

(3) Temptation.

(4) Fixed, firmly placed.

(5) *Present fears* are *fears of things present*, which Macbeth declares, and every man has found, to be less than the imagination presents them while the objects are yet distant.

(6) *Double* and *single* signifies *strong* and *weak* when applied to liquors, and perhaps to other objects. The *single* state of Macbeth may therefore signify his *weak* and *debile* state of mind.

(7) All powers of action are oppressed and crushed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is present to me but that which is really future. Of things now about me I have no perception, being intent wholly on that which has yet no existence.—*Surmise*, is speculation, conjecture concerning the future.

Like our strange garments ; cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Mac. (Aside.) Come what come may ;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day. (1)

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Mac. Give me your favour : (2)—my dull brain was
wrought (3)

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. (4)—Let us toward the king.--
Think upon what hath chanc'd ; and at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other. (*To Banquo.*) (5)

Ban. Very gladly.

Mac. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. (*March.*)
[*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Palace at Fores.*

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

*Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, ROSSE,
and two Chamberlains, L.H.*

King. Is execution done on Cawdor ? Are not
Those in commission yet returned ?

Mal. (On L.H. of Donal.) My liege,
They are not yet come back.
But I have spoke

With one that saw him die : who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons ;
Implor'd your highness' pardon ; and set forth
A deep repentance : nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it ; he died

(1) *i. e.* Time with his hours.

(2) Indulgence, pardon.

(3) *Worked, agitated*, put into commotion.

(4) He means that they are registered in the table-book of his heart.
So Hamlet speaks of the *table* of his *memory*.

(5) You having weighed it in the *interim*.

As one that had been studied, in his death (1)
 To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
 As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art,
 To find the mind's construction in the face ;(2)
 He was a gentleman on whom I built
 An absolute trust.—

Enter MACDUFF, MACBETH, BANQUO, and LENOX, L.H.

O worthiest cousin !
 The sin of my ingratitude even now
 Was heavy on me : thou art so far before,
 That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
 To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserved :
 That the proportion both of thanks and payment
 Might have been mine ! only I have left to say,
 More is thy due than more than all can pay.(3)

Mac. The service and the loyalty I owe,
 In doing it pays itself. Your highness' part
 Is to receive our duties : and our duties
 Are to your throne and state, children and servants ;
 Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
 Safe toward your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither :
 I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
 To make thee full of growing.(4)—(*Macbeth crosses
 behind to R.H.*)—Noble Banquo,
 That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
 No less to have done so ; let me enfold thee,
 And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
 The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,

(1) Instructed in the art of dying. It was usual to say *studied* for *learned* in science.

(2) We cannot construe or discover the disposition of the mind by the lineaments of the face.

(3) More is due to thee, than, I will not say *all*, but *more* than all, *i. e.* the greatest recompense, can pay.

(4) Exuberant, perfect, complete in thy growth.

Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
 In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
 And you whose places are the nearest, know,
 We will establish our estate upon
 Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
 The Prince of Cumberland:—(*All bow to Malcolm.*)
 which honour must

Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
 But signs of nobleness like stars shall shine
 On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
 And bind us further to you. (*To Macbeth.*)

Mac. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you;
 I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
 The hearing of my wife with your approach;
 So, humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor.—

(*The King and nobles retire up the stage.*)

Mac. (*Crosses to R.H.*) (*Aside.*) The Prince of Cum-
 berland!—That is a step,

On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
 For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
 Let not light see my black and deep desires:
 The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
 Which the eye fears, when it is done to see. [*Exit, R.H.*]

King. (*Advancing.*) True, worthy Banquo: he is
 full so valiant:(1)

And in his commendations I am fed;
 It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
 Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome;
 It is a peerless kinsman. [*Exeunt, R.H.*]
 (*Flourish of trumpets and drums.*)

SCENE V.—*Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, R.H. reading a Letter.

Lady M.—*They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, (2) they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I*

(1) He is to the full as valiant as you have described him.

(2) By the best intelligence.

burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves—air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives (1) from the king, who all hailed me Thane of Cawdor; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time with, Hail, king that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
 What thou art promised:—yet do I fear thy nature;
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
 To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
 Art not without ambition; but without
 The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst
 highly,
 That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
 And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have, great
 Glamis,
 That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it;*
 And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
 Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round, (2)
 Which fate and metaphysical (3) aid doth seem
 To have thee crowned withal.

Enter SEYTON, L.H.

What is your tidings?

Sey. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it:

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
 Would have inform'd for preparation?

Sey. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:

(1) Messengers.

(2) Diadem.

(3) Supernatural.

One of my fellows had the speed of him ;
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
 Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending,
 He brings great news. [Exit Seyton, L.H.
 The raven himself is hoarse,
 That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
 Under my battlements. Come, all you spirits
 That tend on mortal thoughts,(1) unsex me here ;
 And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
 Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood,
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse ;(2)
 That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose ; nor keep pace between
 The effect and it ! (3) Come to my woman's breasts,
 And take my milk for gall,(4) you murdering ministers,
 Wherever in your sightless substances
 You wait on nature's mischief ! (5) Come, thick night,
 And pall(6) thee in the dunnest smoke of hell !
 That my keen knife(7) see not the wound it makes ;
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket(8) of the dark,
 To cry, *Hold, hold !*—(9)

(1) This expression signifies not the *thoughts of mortals*, but *murderous, deadly, or destructive designs*.

(2) *Remorse*, in ancient language signifies pity.

(3) Lady Macbeth's purpose was to be effected by action. *To keep peace between the effect and purpose*, means to delay the execution of her purpose ; to prevent its proceeding to *effect*. For as long as there should be a peace between the effect and purpose, or, in other words, till hostilities were commenced, till some bloody action should be performed, her purpose, (that is, the murder of Duncan) could not be carried into execution.

(4) *Take away my milk*, and put *gall* into the place.

(5) *Nature's mischief*, is mischief done to nature, violation of nature's order committed by wickedness.

(6) Wrap, invest.

(7) *Knife* was anciently used to express a *sword or dagger*.

(8) Blanket was perhaps suggested to our poet by the coarse *woollen* curtain of his own theatre, through which, probably, while the house was yet but half lighted, he had himself often *peeped*.

(9) The thought is taken from the old military laws which inflicted capital punishment upon "whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary either in the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *hold*, to the intent to part them, except that they did fight a combat in a place enclosed : and then no man shall be so hardy as to bid *hold*, but the general.

Enter MACBETH, L.H.

Great Glamis ! worthy Cawdor !
 Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter !
 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 This ignorant present, (1) and I feel now
 The future in the instant.

Mac. My dearest love,
 Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence ?

Mac. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
 Shall sun that morrow see !
 Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
 May read strange matters : (2)—to beguile the time,
 Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue : look like the innocent flower,
 But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
 Must be provided for : and you shall put
 This night's great business into my despatch ;
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Mac. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear :
 To alter favour (3) ever is to fear :
 Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt, R.H.*

SCENE VI.—*The Gates of Inverness Castle.*

A flourish of trumpets and drums.

*Enter KING DUNCAN, BANQUO, MALCOLM, DONAL-
 BAIN, MACDUFF, LENOX, ROSSE, and two Cham-*

(1) *Ignorant* has here the signification of *unknowing* ; that is, I feel by anticipation those future honours, of which according to the process of nature, the present time would be *ignorant*.

(2) Thy looks are such as will awaken men's curiosity, excite their attention, and make room for suspicion.

(3) Look.

berlains, R.H.S.E.—(Malcolm, Donalbain, and Macduff, pass over behind to L.H.)

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat ;(1) the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.(2)

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage,(3) but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

*Enter LADY MACBETH, SEYTON, and two Ladies,
through the gate.*

King. See, see! our honour'd hostess!—

(All bow to Lady Macbeth.)

The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid heaven yield(4) us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.(5)

King. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor; but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him

(1) Situation.

(2) *Senses are nothing more than each man's sense. Gentle sense is very elegant, as it means placid, calm, composed, and intimates the peaceable delight of a fine day.*

(3) Convenient corner.

(4) Reward.—So Ophelia, "God 'ield you."

(5) *We, as hermits, will pray for you.*

To his home before us : fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,(1)
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess.—(*Takes Lady M.'s hand.*)
(*Flourish of trumpets and drums.*)
[*Exeunt through the gate.*]

SCENE VII.—*Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.*

Enter MACBETH, R. H.

Mac. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere
well

It were done quickly; if the assassination
Could trammel (2) up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, (3) success :—'that but this blow
Might be the be-all, and the end-all, here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,(4)—
We'd jump(5) the time to come.—But, in these cases,
We still have judgement here, that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
To plague the inventor : this even-handed justice
Commends(6) the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips.—He's here in double trust :
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself.—Besides, this Duncan

(1) Subject to accompt.

(2) *Trammel*, is a net.

(3) Cessation, stop.

(4) By the *shoal of time*, our author means the shallow ford of life, between us and the abyss of eternity.

(5) We'd *hazard* or run the risk of what might happen in a future state of being.

(6) This verb has many shades of meaning. It seems here to signify *offers* or *recommends*.

Hath borne his faculties⁽¹⁾ so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
 The deep damnation of his taking off:

I have no spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
 And falls on the other—how now ! what news ?

Enter LADY MACBETH, R.H.

Lady M. He has almost supped: why have you
 left the chamber ?

Mac. Hath he asked for me ?

Lady M. Know you not, he has ?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this business :
 He hath honoured me of late ; and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
 Wherein you dressed yourself ? hath it slept since :
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely ? From this time,
 Such I account thy love.—(*Crosses to L.H.*)—Art thou
 afeard

To be the same in thine own act and valour,
 As thou art in desire ? Wouldst thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life
 And live a coward in thine own esteem,—
 Letting I dare not wait upon, I would,
 Like the poor cat i'the adage ? (2)

Mac. 'Prythee, peace :

I dare do all that may become a man ;
 Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it then,
 That made you break this enterprise to me ?

(1) *Faculties*, for office, exercise of power.

(2) The adage alluded to is, *the cat loves fish, but dures not wet her feet.*

When you durst do it, then you were a man :
 And, to be more than what you were, you would
 Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :
 They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
 Does unmake you. I have given suck ; and know
 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me :
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums
 And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn
 As you have done to this.

Mac. If we should fail?——

Lady M. We fail!—

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,(1)
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
 (Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
 Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
 Will I with wine and wassel so convince,(2)
 That memory, the warder of the brain,
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt(3) of reason
 A limbeck(4) only : when in swinish sleep
 Their drenched(5) natures lie, as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 The unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon
 His spongy officers ! who shall bear the guilt
 Of our great quell ?(6)

(1) Shakspeare took his metaphor from the *screwing up* the chords of stringed instruments to their proper degree of tension, when the pig remains fast in its *sticking-place*, i. e. in the place from which it is not to move.

(2) Overpower, subdue.—*Wassel*—anciently called *Wase haile*, was an annual custom observed in the country on the vigil of the new year. *Wase haile*, and *drinc-heil*, were the usual phrases of quaffing among the English. *Wassel* or *Wassail* is a word still in use in the midland countries, and signifies at present what is called Lamb's-wool, i. e. roasted apples in strong beer, with sugar and spice. *Wassel*, is sometimes used for general riot, intemperance, or festivity. On the present occasion, it evidently means intemperance.

(3) Receptacle.

(4) The *limbeck* is the vessel, through which distilled liquors pass into the recipient. So shall it be with memory ; through which every thing shall pass and nothing remain.

(5) *Soaked*, saturated with liquor.

(6) *Quell* is *murder*, *manquellers* being, in the old language, the term for which *murder* is now used.

Mac. Bring forth men-children only !
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose
 Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd, (1)
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
 Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
 That they have don't ?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
 As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
 Upon his death ?

Mac. I am settled, and bend (2) up
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.—
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.—The Gallery.*

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, with a Torch, R.H.

Ban. How goes the night, boy ?

Fle. The moon is down : I have not heard the
 clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't 'tis later, sir.

Ban. There's husbandry (3) in heaven,
 Their candles are all out.—
 A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
 And yet I would not sleep : merciful powers,

(1) Understood, apprehended.

(2) A metaphor from the bow.

(3) Thrift, frugality.

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose !

Enter SEYTON with a Torch, and MACBETH, L.H.D.
Who's there ?

Mac. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest ? The king's a-bed :
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices : (1)
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess ; and shut up (2)
In measureless content.

Mac. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect ;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.—
I dream'd last night of the three weird sisters :
To you they have show'd some truth.

Mac. I think not of them :
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Mac. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you. (3)

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.

Mac. Good repose the while !

Ban. Thanks, sir : the like to you !

[*Exeunt Fleance, and Banquo, L.H.U.E.*]

Mac. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Seyton, L.H.*]

(1) Rooms appropriated to servants ; perhaps it should be read, *officers*.

(2) *Shut up*, is to conclude.

(3) i. e. If you will closely adhere to my cause, if you will promote as far as you can, what is likely to contribute to my satisfaction and content,—*when 'tis*, when the prophecy of the weird sisters is fulfilled, when I am seated on the throne, the event shall make honour for you.

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee :——

I have thee not ; and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind ; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppress'd brain ?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going ;
And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest : I see thee still ;
And on thy blade and dudgeon, (1) gout (2) of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing :

It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, (3) and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep ; now withcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings ; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
Towards his design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, (4) for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,

Which now suits with it. (*A clock strikes two, R.H.*)

I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan : for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit, R.H.D.*
(*Thunder and lightning.*)

(1) Though *dudgeon* sometimes signifies a *dagger*, it more properly means *the haft or handle* of a dagger.

(2) Spots.

(3) That is, over *our hemisphere* all action and motion seem to have ceased.

(4) Macbeth would have nothing break through the universal silence that added such a horror to the night, as suited well with the bloody deed he was about to perform.

Enter LADY MACBETH, L.H.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire :—hark !
—Peace !

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the stern'st good night. He is about it :
The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores : (1) I have drugg'd
their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Mac. (*Within*, R.H.) Who's there ?—what, ho !

Lady M. Alack ! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done :—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us : hark !—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't. My husband ?

Enter MACBETH, R.H.D. *with two bloody daggers.*

Mac. I have done the deed :—didst thou not hear a noise ?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak ?

Mac. When ?

Lady M. Now.

Mac. As I descended ?

Lady M. Ay.

Mac. Hark !—Who lies i'the second chamber ?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Mac. This is a sorry sight. (*Looking on his hands.*)

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Mac. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cry'd murder !

(1) That is, by going to sleep, they trifle and make light of the trust reposed in them.

That they did wake each other ; I stood and heard them ;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Mac. One cried, *God bless us*, and *Amen*, the
other ;

As(1) they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear,(2) I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways : so, it will make us mad.

Mac. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no
more !*

To all the house ;—

*Glamis hath murder'd sleep ; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more !*

Lady M. Who was it, that thus cried ? Why, wor-
thy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things : go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
They must lie there : go, carry them ; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Mac. I'll go no more :

I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose !

Give me the daggers ; the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil.—If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit*, R.H.D.]

(1) As if.

(2) Listening to their fear.

Mac. (*Knocking within, L.H.*) Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
 What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
 Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
 Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
 The multitudinous seas incarnadine, (1)
 Making the green—one red.

Enter LADY MACBETH, R.H.D.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
 To wear a heart so white. (*Knocking within, L.H.*)

I hear a knocking
 At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:
 A little water clears us of this deed:
 How easy is it then? Your constancy
 Hath left you unattended. (*Knocking within, L.H.*)

Hark! more knocking:
 Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
 And shew us to be watchers.—Be not lost
 So poorly in your thoughts.

Mac. To know my deed, 'twere best not know
 myself. (*Knocking within, L.H.*)
 Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, 'would thou
 could'st! (*Knocking within, L.H.*) [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

Enter SEYTON, MACDUFF, and LENOX, L.H.U.E.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, 'ere you went to bed,
 That you do lie so late?

Sey. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second
 cock. (2)

Macd. Is thy master stirring?——
 Our knocking has awak'd him: here he comes.

Enter MACBETH, L.H.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

(1) To stain any thing of a flesh colour, or red.

(2) Cock crowing.

Mac. Good-morrow, both! [*Exit Seyton, L.H.*]

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Mac. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him :
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Mac. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you ;
But yet 'tis one.

Mac. The labour we delight in, physics(1) pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited(2) service. [*Exit, R.H.D.*]

Len. Goes the king from hence to-day ?

Mac. He does : he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly : where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down : and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i'the air ; strange screams of death,
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New-hatch'd to the woeful time : the obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night : some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Mac. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter MACDUFF, R.H.D.

Macd. O horror ! horror ! horror ! Tongue, nor
heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee !

Mac. and Len. What's the matter ?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece !
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o'the building.

Mac. What is't you say ? the life ?

(1) Affords a cordial to it.

(2) Appointed.

Len. Mean you his majesty ?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon:—do not bid me speak ;

See, and then speak yourselves

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox, R.H.D.*

Awake ! awake !—

Ring the alarum-bell :—Murder ! and treason !

Banquo, and Donalbain ! Malcolm ! awake !

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself !—up, up, and see

The great doom's image !——Malcolm ! Banquo !

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,

To countenance this horror. (*The bell rings out.*)

Enter BANQUO and ROSSE, L.H.U.E.

O, Banquo, Banquo,

Our royal master's murder'd !

Enter MACBETH and LENOX, R.H.D.

Mac. Had I but died an hour before this chance,

I had liv'd a blessed time ; for, from this instant,

There's nothing serious in mortality :

All is but toys : renown, and grace, is dead ;

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees

Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN, R.H.U.E.

Mal. What is amiss ?

Mac. You are, and do not know it.

'The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood

Is stopp'd : the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom ?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't ;
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,

So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows : they star'd, and were distracted ;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

[*Exeunt Donalbain and Malcolm, R.H.D.*]

Mac. O yet, I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so ?

Mac. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and
furious,

Loyal and neutral in a moment ? No man :

The expedition of my violent love

Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood ;

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,

For ruin's wasteful entrance : there the murderers,

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers

Unmannerly breech'd with gore : (1) who could refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage, to make his love known ?

Ban. Fears and scruples shake us :

In the great hand of heaven I stand ; and, thence,

Against the undivulg'd pretence (2) I fight

Of treasonous malice.

Mac. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macd. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,

And meet i'the hall together ;

And question this most bloody piece of work,

To know it further.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt, Mac. and Len. R.H. the rest, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Wood on the skirt of a Heath.*

(*Thunder and Lightning.*)

Enter the three WITCHES, and a chorus of WITCHES.

1st Witch. Speak, sister, speak ;—is the deed done ?

(1) The expression may mean, that the daggers were covered with blood, quite to their breeches, i. e. *hilt*s or *handles*.

(2) Intention, design.

2d Witch. Long ago, long ago ;
Above twelve glasses since have run.

3d Witch. Ill deeds are seldom slow,
Nor single ; following crimes on former wait ;
The worst of creatures fastest propagate.

Chor. Many more murders must this one ensue :

Dread horrors still abound,
And every place surround,
As if in death were found

Propagation too.

1st Witch. He must,—

2d Witch. He shall,—

3d Witch. He will spill much more blood,
And become worse, to make his title good.

Chorus. He must, he will spill much more blood,
And become worse, to make his title good.

1st Witch. Now let's dance.

2d Witch. Agreed.

3d Witch. Agreed.

Chor. We should rejoice when good kings bleed.

1st Witch. When cattle die, about we go ;

When lightning and dread thunder

Rend stubborn rocks in sunder,

And fill the world with wonder,

What should we do ?

Chor. Rejoice, we should rejoice.

2d Witch. When winds and waves are warring,
Earthquakes the mountains tearing,

And monarchs die despairing,

What should we do ?

Chor. Rejoice, we should rejoice.

3d Witch. Let's have a dance upon the heath,
We gain more life by Duncan's death.

1st Witch. Sometimes like brinded cats we shew,
Having no music but our mew.

To which we dance in some old mill,

Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel,

To some old saw, or bardish rhyme,—

Chor. Where still the mill-clack does keep time.

2d Witch. Sometimes about a hollow tree,

Around, around, around dance we ;
 Thither the chirping cricket comes,
 And beetle singing drowsy hums ;
 Sometimes we dance o'er fern or furze,
 To howls of wolves, or barks of curs ;
 And when with none of those we meet,—

Chor. We dance, to th' echoes of our feet.

(*Thunder, &c.*)

3d Witch. At the night-raven's dismal voice,
 When others tremble, we rejoice.

Chor. And nimbly, nimbly, dance we still,
 To th' echoes from a hollow hill. [*Exeunt, severally.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.*

Enter MACDUFF, L.H. meeting LENOX, R.H.

Len. How goes the world, sir, now ?

Macd. Why, see you not ?

Len. Is't known, who did this more than bloody
 deed ?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Len. Alas, the day !

What good could they pretend ? (1)

Macd. They were suborn'd :

Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
 Are stol'n away and fled ; which puts upon them
 Suspicion of the deed.

Len. 'Gainst nature still :—

Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up
 Thine own life's means !—Then 'tis most like,
 The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

(1) Intend, design.

Macd. He is already nam'd ; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

Len. Where is Duncan's body ?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill ; (1)
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Len. Will you to Scone ?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Len. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there ;
—adieu !—

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new !

[*Exeunt, Macd. R.H. Len. L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*The Palace at Fores.*

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, R.H.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd ; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't ; yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity :
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings : if there come truth from them,—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,—(2)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope ?

(*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*)

But, hush ; no more.

*Enter MACBETH, as King ; SEYTON, LENOX, ROSSE,
and Attendants, through the gates.*

Mac. Here's our chief guest :
If he had been forgotten,

(1) Or *Colm-kill*, is the famous *Iona*, one of the western isles. It is now called *Icolmkill*. *Kill*, in the Erse language, signifies a *burying-place*.

(2) Prosper.

It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.—
To-night, we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me : to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Mac. Ride you this afternoon ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Mac. We should have else desir'd your good
advice—

Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,—
In this day's council ; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride ?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper : go not my horse the better, (1)
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Mac. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Mac. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland ; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention : but of that to-morrow ;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse : adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord : our time does call upon us.

Mac. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot ;
And so I do commend (2) you to their backs.
Farewell.— [*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance, L.H.*
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night ; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone : while then, heaven be with you!
[*Exeunt, all but Mac. and Sey. through the castle gates.*

(1) That is, if he does not go well. Shakspeare often uses the comparative for the positive and superlative.

(2) Send, or dismiss you to mount them.

Sirrah, a word : attend those men our pleasure ?

Sey. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Mac. Bring them before us.—[*Exit Seyton*, L.H.D.]

To be thus, is nothing :—

But to be safely thus :—our fears in Banquo

Stick deep : and in his royalty of nature(1)

Reigns that, which would be fear'd : 'tis much he dares ;

And, to(2) that dauntless temper of his mind,

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour

To act in safety. There is none, but he,

Whose being I do fear : and, under him,

My genius is rebuk'd : as, it is said,

Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,

When first they put the name of king upon me,

And bade them speak to him ; then, prophet-like,

They hail'd him father to a line of kings :

Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,

And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,

Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,

For Banquo's issue have I 'fil'd(3) my mind ;

For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd ;

And mine eternal jewel

Given to the common enemy of man,

To make them kings.—The seed of Banquo kings !—

Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,

And champion me to the utterance ! (4)

(1) Nobleness, supreme excellence.

(2) In addition to.

(3) Defiled.

(4) This passage will be best explained by translating it into the language from whence the only word of difficulty in it is borrowed. *Que la destinée. Se rend en lice, et qu'elle me donne un défi* a l'outrance, a challenge, or a combat, a l'outrance, to extremity, was a fixed term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an *odium internecinum*, an intention to destroy each other, in opposition to trials of skill at festivals, or on other occasions, where the contest was only for reputation or a prize. The sense therefore is : Let fate, that has fore-doomed the exaltation of the sons of Banquo, enter the lists against me, with the utmost animosity, in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the danger.

Enter SEYTON, with two Officers, L.H.D.

Now to the door, and stay there till we call.—

[Exit Seyton, L.H.D.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1st Off. It was, so please your highness.

Mac. Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches?

Do you find

Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospel'd,(1)
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

2d Off. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

1st Off. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,(2)
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Mac. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

1st Off. True, my lord.

Mac. So is he mine : and in such bloody distance,(3)
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life : and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For sundry weighty reasons.

(1) Gosselled, means, kept in obedience of that precept of the gospel, which teaches us "to pray for those that despitefully use us."

(2) Tugged or worried by fortune.

(3) Such a distance as mortal enemies would stand at from each other, when their quarrel must be determined by the sword. This sense seems evident from the continuation of the metaphor, where every minute of his being is represented as thrusting at the nearest part where life resides.

2d Off. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.—

1st Off. Though our lives—

Mac. Your spirits shine through you. Within this
hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness:(1) and with him,—
To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,—
Fleance, his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour: resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

1st Off. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Mac. I'll call upon you straight! abide within.

[*Exeunt Officers*, L.H.D.]

It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit*, R.H.]

Enter LADY MACBETH, as Queen; and SEYTON, R.H.]

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Sey. Ay, madam; but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Sey. Madam, I will.

[*Exit*, L.H.D.]

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.—

Enter MACBETH, L.H.D.]

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,

(1) That is, you must manage matters so, that throughout the whole transaction, I may stand clear of suspicion.

Of sorriest fancies(1) your companions making?—
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy,
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Mac. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds
suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.(2)—Duncan is in his grave;—
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further! (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Lady M. Come on: gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks: be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.

Mac. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.(3)

Mac. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle,(4) with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

(1) Worthless, ignoble, vile.

(2) *Ecstasy* in its general sense, signifies any violent emotion of the mind. Here it means, the emotion of pain, agony.

(3) The *copy*, the *lease*, by which they hold their lives from nature, has its time of termination limited:—*eterne* for *eternal* is often used by Chaucer.

(4) The *shard-borne* beetle is, the beetle borne along the air by its *shards* or *scaly* wings.

Mac. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
 chuck,(1)
 Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling night,(2)
 (*Crosses to L.H.*)
 Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
 And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
 Cancel and tear to pieces, that great bond
 Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens:(3) and the
 crow
 Makes wing to the rooky wood:
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
 Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.(4)
 Thou marvel'st at my words: but hold thee still;
 Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.
 (*Exeunt, L.H.*)

SCENE III.—*A Park near the Palace at Fores.*

Enter the Two OFFICERS, L.H.

1st. Off. The west yet glimmers with some streaks
 of day:
 Now spurs the lated(5) traveller apace,
 To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
 The subject of our watch.
2d. Off. Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. (*Within, R.H.*) Give us a light there, ho!
1st. Off. Then it is he; the rest;
 That are within the note of expectation,(6)
 Already are i'the court.

(1) Corrupted from *chick* or *chicken*.

(2) *Seeling*, i. e. *Blinding*. It is a term in falconry.

(3) By the expression, *light thickens*, Shakspeare means, *the light grows dull or muddy*.

(4) This appears to be said with reference to those dæmons who were supposed to remain in their several places of confinement all day, but at the close of it were released.

(5) Benighted.

(6) That is, those who are set down in the list of guests, and expected to supper.

2d. *Off.* His horses go about.

1st. *Off.* Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate,
Make it their walk.

2d. *Off.* A light, a light!

1st. *Off.* 'Tis he. (*They retire, R.H.*)

Enter FLEANCE, with a torch, and BANQUO, R.H.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

[*Exeunt Fleance and Banquo, L.H.*]

1st. *Off.* Let it come down. [*Exeunt Officers, L.H.*]

Ban. (Within.) O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance,
fly, fly, fly;—

Re-enter FLEANCE, hastily, L.H.

Fle. Murder! murder! murder! [*Exit, R.H.*]

Ban. (Within.) Thou may'st revenge.—O slave!—
O, O, O! (*Dies.*)

Re-enter OFFICERS, pursuing FLEANCE, L.H.

1st. *Off.* Why didst strike out the light?

2d. *Off.* Was't not the way?(1)

1st. *Off.* There's but one down; the son is fled.

2d. *Off.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1st. *Off.* Well, let's away, and say how much is
done. [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Banqueting-room, in the Palace
at Fores.*

(*Music.—A Banquet prepared.*)

MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, SEYTON,
Attendants, Guards, &c. discovered.

(1) The best way to evade discovery, and effect their purpose.

ORDER OF THE BANQUET.

*Guards—Banner.**Banner—Guards.**Throne.*

MARSHAL—KING—QUEEN—SEYTON.

Gent.
Lady.
Gent.
Lady.
Gent.
Lady.
Rosse.

Table Decorated.

Table Decorated.

Table Decorated.

Gent.
Lady.
Gent.
Lady.
Gent.
Lady.
Lenox.
A Chair.

Mac. You know your own degrees, sit down : at first,

And last, the hearty welcome.(1)

Rosse. Thanks to your majesty.

Mac. Ourself will mingle with society,
 And play the humble host :

Our hostess keeps her state ;(2) but, in best time,
 We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends :

For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Mac. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks :—

Both sides are even : here I'll sit i'the midst :
 Be large in mirth ; anon, we'll drink a measure
 The table round.—

Enter 1st. OFFICER, I.H.D.—Macbeth crosses over to him, and takes him aside.

There's blood upon thy face.

1st. Off. 'Tis Banquo's then.

(1) All, of whatever degree, from the highest to the lowest, may be assured that their visit is well received.

(2) Continues in her chair of state at the head of the table.

Mac. Is he despatch'd?

1st. Off. My lord, his throat is cut : that I did for him.

Mac. Thou art the best o'the cut-throats : yet he's good,

That did the like for Fleance.

1st. Off. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Mac. Then comes my fit again : I had else been perfect ;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock :

As broad, and general, as the casing air :

But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe ?

1st. Off. Ay, my good lord ; safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched(1) gashes on his head ;
The least a death to nature.

Mac. Thanks for that :—

There the grown serpent lies : the worm,(2) that's fled,

Hath nature that in time will venom breed,

No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone ; to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Officer, L.H.D.*]

Lady M. My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer ; the feast is sold,(3)

That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,

'Tis given with welcome ; to feed, were best at home ;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony ;

Meeting were bare without it.

Mac. Sweet remembrancer ! (*Crosses to centre.*)

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,

And health on both !

Len. May it please your highness sit ?

Mac. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,

(1) *Trancher*, to cut. Fr.

(2) This term, in our author's time, was applied to all of the serpent kind.

(3) Meaning, that which is not *given cheerfully*, cannot be called a gift ; it is something that must be paid for. It is common to say, that we *pay dear* for an entertainment, if the circumstances attending the participation of it prove irksome to us.

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!

(*Banquo enters, bloody, L.H. and seats himself
in the vacant chair.*)

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blames upon his promise. Please it your high-
ness

To grace us with your royal company?

Mac. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Mac. Where?

Len. Here, my lord. What is't that moves your
highness?

Mac. Which of you have done this?

Len. What, my good lord?

Mac. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often
thus,

And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought(1)
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—(*Comes down from the
throne to Macbeth, on R.H. and takes him
apart.*)—Are you a man?

Mac. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws,(2) and starts,—
Impostors to true fear,(3)—would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,

(1) As speedily as thought can be exerted.

(2) *Flaws* are sudden gusts.

(3) *Impostors to true fear*, mean impostors when compared with true fear. Such is the force of the preposition *to* in this place.

Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
 Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
 You look but on a stool.

Mac. 'Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo!—How
 say you?—

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—

If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send

Those that we bury, back; our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites. [*Exit Banquo, L.H.*]

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Mac. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame! (*Returns to her seat.*)

Mac. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'the olden
 time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;(1)

Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd

Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,

That, when the brains were out, the man would die,

And there an end: but now, they rise again,

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

And push us from our stools: this is more strange

Than such a murder is. (*Apart.*)

Lady M. My worthy lord,

Your noble friends do lack you.

Mac. I do forget:—

Do not muse(2) at me, my most worthy friends;

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, love and health to
 all;

Then I'll sit down:—give me some wine, fill full:—

(*Seyton pours out the wine, and presents it to
 the king.*)

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss

'Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,(3)

(1) The peaceable community, the state made quiet and safe by human statutes.

(2) Wonder.

(3) We desire to drink.

And all to all. (1)

Rosse. Our duties, and the pledge.

Enter BANQUO, R.H.

Mac. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth
hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other:
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Mac. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling, I inhabit, then protest me
The baby of a girl.—Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, (2) hence! — [*Exit Banquo, R.H.*
Why, so;—being gone,

I am a man again.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.—(*Comes down from the
throne to Macbeth, on L.H. and speaks to him
apart.*)

Mac. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud, (3)
Without our special wonder? You make me strange (4)
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,

(1) Meaning, all good wishes to all, such as he had named above, love, health, and joy.

(2) Unsubstantial pageant.

(3) Can such wonders as these *pass over us* without wonder, as a casual summer cloud *passes over us*.

(4) *You make me amazed.* The word strange was then used in this sense.

When mine are blanch'd(1) with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse :

Question enrages him : at once, good night :—

Stand not upon the order of your going,

But go at once.

[*Exeunt, all but the King and Queen, on the sides nearest to them.*]

Mac. It will have blood : they say, blood will have blood :

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak ; (2)

Augurs, and understood relations,(3) have

By magot-pies,(4) and choughs, and rooks, brought forth

The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night ?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Mac. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,

At our great bidding ?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir ?

Mac. I hear it by the way ; but I will send :

There's not a one of them, but in his house

I keep a servant fee'd.—I will to-morrow,

And betimes I will, unto the weird sisters :

More shall they speak ; for now I am bent to know,

By the worst means, the worst : for mine own good,

All causes shall give way ; I am in blood

Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

(1) Turned pale.

(2) Alluding perhaps to the vocal tree which (See the Third Book of the *Ænead.*) revealed the murder of Polydorus.

(3) By the word *relation* is understood the *connection* of effects with causes ; to *understand relations* as an *augur*, is to know how those things *relate* to each other which have no visible combination or dependence.

(4) Magot-pie, is the original name of the bird. The modern *Mag* is the abbreviation of the ancient *Magot*, a word which we had from the French.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures,
sleep. (1)

Mac. Come, we'll to sleep : my strange and self-
abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use :

We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE V.—*The open country.*

(*Thunder and Lightning.*)

Enter the three WITCHES, L.H. meeting HECATE, R.H.

1st. Witch. Why, how now, Hecate ? you look an-
gerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold ? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death ;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never called to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art ?
But make amends now : get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning ; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.—
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside :
I am for the air ; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal-fatal end.

[*Exeunt the three Witches, R.H.*]

1st. Spirit. (*Within, R.H.*) Hecate, Hecate, Hecate !
O, come away !

Hec. Hark ! I am call'd :—my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and waits for me.

(2) *You want sleep, which seasons, or gives the relish to all nature.*
“ Indiget somni vitæ condimenti.”

2d Spirit. (Within, R.H.) Hecate, Hecate, Hecate!
O, come away!

Hec. I come, I come, with all the speed I may.—
Where's Stadlin?

3d Spirit (Within.) Here;—

Hec. Where's Puckle?

4th Spirit. (Within.) Here;—

5th Spirit. (Within.) And Hoppo too, and Hell-
waine too;—

6th Spirit. (Within.) We want but you, we want
but you.

Enter the Chorus of Witches.

Cho. Come away, make up the count.

Hec. With new-fall'n dew,
From church-yard yew,
I will but 'noint, and then I mount.

1st Spirit. Why thou stay'st so long, I muse.

Hec. Tell me, Spirit, tell, what news?

2d Spirit. All goes fair for our delight.

Hec. Now I'm furnish'd for the flight.

(Hecate places herself in her Chair.)

Now I go, and now I fly,
Malkin, my sweet spirit and I.
O, what a dainty pleasure's this,
To sail in the air,
While the moon shines fair!

To sing, to toy, to dance and kiss!
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over seas, our mistress' fountains,
Over steeples, towers, and turrets,
We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.

Cho. We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.

*[Exeunt Hecate in the air and the Witches, R.H.
and L.H.]*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Cave.—In the middle, a Cauldron boiling.*

(*Thunder.*) *The three WITCHES discovered.*

1st *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd. (1)

(1) A cat from time immemorial, has been the agent and favourite of witches. This superstitious fancy is pagan, and very ancient; and the original, perhaps this: "When Galinthia was changed into a *cat*, by the Fates, (says Antonius Liberalis, *Metam.* c. xxix.) by witches, (says Pausanias in his *Bæoticks*,) *Hecate* took pity of her, and made her her priestess; in which office she continues to this day. *Hecate* herself too, when Typhon forced all the gods and goddesses to hide themselves in animals, assumed the shape of a *cat*. So, *Ovid*—

"*Fele soror Phæbi latuit.*"

As this is the chief scene of enchantment in the play, it is proper, in this place, to observe with how much judgment Shakspeare has selected all the circumstances of his infernal ceremonies; and how exactly he has conformed to common opinions and traditions:

"Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd."

The usual form in which familiar spirits are reported to converse with witches, is that of a cat. A witch who was tried about half a century before the time of Shakspeare, had a cat named Rutterkin, as the spirit of one of those witches was Grimalkin; and when any mischief was to be done, she used to bid Rutterkin *go and fly*. But once, when she would have sent Rutterkin to torment a daughter of the Countess of Rutland, instead of *going* or *flying*, he only cried *mew*, from whence she discovered that the lady was out of his power, the power of witches being not universal, but limited, as Shakspeare has taken care to inculcate:

"Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost."

The common afflictions which the malice of witches produced, were melancholy, fits, and loss of flesh, which are threatened by one of Shakspeare's witches:

"Weary sev'n nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine."

It was likewise their practice to destroy the cattle of their neighbours, and the farmers have to this day many ceremonies to secure their cows and other cattle from witchcraft; but they seem to have been most suspected of malice against swine. Shakspeare has accordingly made one of his witches declare that she has been *killing swine*; and Dr. Harsnet observes, that, about that time "*a sow could not be ill of the measles, nor a girl of the sullens, but some old woman was charged with witchcraft.*"

2d Witch. R.H. 'Thrice: and once the hedge-pig
whin'd.

"Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one,
Sweltered venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot."

Toads have likewise long lain under the reproach of being by some means accessory to witchcraft, for which reason, Shakspeare, in the first scene of this play, calls one of the spirits Paddock or Toad, and now takes care to put a toad first into the pot. When Vannius was seized at Tholouse, there was found at his lodgings *ingens bufo vitro inclusus*, a great toad shut in a vial, upon which those that prosecuted him *Veneficium exprobrabant*, charged him, I suppose, with witchcraft.

"Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog;—
For a charm," &c.

The propriety of these ingredients, may be known by consulting the books *De Viribus Animalium* and *De Mirabilibus Mundi*, ascribed to Albertus Magnus, in which the reader who has time and credulity, may discover very wonderful secrets.

"Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-delivered by a drab;"

It has been already mentioned, in the law against witches, that they are supposed to take up dead bodies to use in enchantments, which was confessed by the woman whom King James examined; and who had of a dead body, that was divided in one of their assemblies, two fingers for her share. It is observable, that Shakspeare, on this great occasion, which involves the fate of a king, multiplies all the circumstances of horror. The babe, whose finger is used, must be strangled in its birth; the grease must not only be human, but must have dropped from a gibbet, the gibbet of a murderer; and even the sow, whose blood is used, must have offended nature by devouring her own farrow. These are touches of judgment and genius.

"And now about the cauldron sing,—
Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may."

And, in a former part:

"—weird sisters, hand in hand,—
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine!"

These two passages I have brought together, because they both seem subject to the objection of too much levity for the solemnity of enchantment, and may both be shown, by one quotation from Camden's account of Ireland, to be founded upon a practice really observed by the uncivilised natives of that country;—"When any one gets a fall, *says the informer of Camden*, he starts up, and turning three times to the right, digs a hole in the earth; for they imagine that there is a spirit

3d Witch. L.H. Harper cries ; (1)—'tis time, (2) 'tis time.

1st Witch. Round about the cauldron go ;
In the poison'd entrails throw.—
Toad, that under the cold stone
Days and nights hast thirty-one,
Swelter'd venom (3) sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot !

All. (*Going round the cauldron.*) Double, double (4) toil and trouble ;
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron bubble.

2d Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake :

in the ground, and if he falls sick in two or three days, they send one "of their women that is skilled in that way to the place, where she says, I call thee from the east, west, north, and south, from the groves, the woods, the rivers, and the fens, from the *fairies, red, black, white.*" There was likewise a book written before the time of Shakspeare, describing, amongst other properties, the *colours* of spirits.

Many other circumstances might be particularised, in which Shakspeare has shown his judgment and his knowledge.

(1) *Harper*, perhaps, may be only a mis-spelling, or mis-print, for *harpy*. So, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, &c. 1590 :

"And like a *harper* tyers upon my life."

The word *cries* likewise seems to countenance this supposition. *Crying* is one of the technical terms appropriated to the noise made by birds of prey. So, in the nineteenth *Iliad*, 350.

"Ἡ δ' ἈΡΠΗ εἰκυῖα τανυπτέρυγι, ΛΙΓΥΦΩΝΩ,
Οὐρανῷ ἐκκατέπαλτο,—

Thus rendered by Chapin :

"And like a *harpie* with a voice that shrieks," &c.

(2) —'Tis time, 'tis time.) This familiar does not cry out that it is time for them to begin their enchantments ; but *cries*, i.e. gives them the signal, upon which the third Witch communicates the notice to her sisters :

Harper cries :—'Tis time, 'tis time

(3) *Swelter'd venom*.—) This word seems to be employed by Shakspeare, to signify that the animal was moistened with its own cold exsudations. So, in the twenty-second Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* :

"And all the knights there dubb'd the morning but before,
The evening sun beheld them *swelter'd* in their gore."

In the old translation of Boccace's *Novels* (1620) the following sentence also occurs : "—an huge and mighty *toad* even *sweltering* (as it were) in a hole full of poison."—"Sweltering in blood," is likewise an expression used by Fuller, in his *Church History*, p. 37. And in Chnrchyard's *Farewell to the World*, 1593, is a similar expression.

"He spake great things that *swelter'd* in his grease."

(4) *Double, double toil and trouble* ;) As this was a very extraordi-

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
 Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
 Adder's fork,(1) and blind-worm's sting,(2)
 Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
 For a charm of powerful trouble,
 Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. (Going round the cauldron.) Double, double
 toil and trouble ;

Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

3d Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf ;
 Witches' mummy ; maw, and gulf,(3)
 Of the ravin'd(4) salt-sea shark ;
 Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark ;
 Liver of blaspheming Jew :
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
 Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse ;
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;(5)
 Finger of birth-strangled babe,
 Ditch-delivered by a drab,
 Make the gruel thick and slab :
 Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,(6)
 For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. (Going round the cauldron.) Double, double
 toil and trouble ;

Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

2d Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
 Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, R.H.U.R.

Hec. O, well done ! I commend your pains ;

nary incantation, they were to double their pains about it. I think, therefore, it should be pointed as I have pointed it :

Double, double toil and trouble ;

otherwise the solemnity is abated by the immediate recurrence of the rhyme.

(1) Serpents, have very thin tongues, and the same three-forked.

(2) Slow-worm.

(3) The *gulf* is the *swallow*, the *throat*.

(4) *Ravin*, is the ancient word for *prey obtained by violence*.

(5) These ingredients, in all probability, owed their introduction to the detestation in which the Turks were held on account of the *holy wars*.

(6) Entrails.

And every one shall share i' the gains.
 And now about the cauldron sing,
 Like elves and fairies in a ring,
 Enchanting all that you put in.

*Enter SPIRITS, and the Chorus of WITCHES, from
 different parts of the stage.*

MUSIC AND SONG.

*Hec. Black spirits and white,—
 Red spirits and grey,—
 Mingle, mingle, mingle,
 You that mingle may.*

*1st Spirit. Tiffin, Tiffin,
 Keep it stiff in.*

*2d Spirit. Firedrake Puckey,
 Make it lucky.*

*3d Spirit. Liard Robin,
 You must bob in.*

*Cho. Around, around, around, about, about ;
 All ill come running in, all good keep out !*

4th Spirit. Here's the blood of a bat.

Hec. Put in that, put in that.

5th Spirit. Here's Libbard's brain.

Hec. Put in a grain.

*6th Spirit. Here's juice of toad, and oil of adder ;
 Those will make the charm grow madder.*

*Hec. Put in all these ; 'twill raise a pois'nous
 stench !*

Hold—here's three ounces of a red-hair'd wench.

*Cho. Around, around, around, about, about ;
 All ill come running in, all good keep out !*

*Hec. By the pricking of my thumbs, (1)
 Something wicked this way comes :—(Noise with-
 out, L.H.)*

(1) It is a very ancient superstition, that all sudden pains of the body, and other sensations, which could not naturally be accounted for, were presages of somewhat that was shortly to happen.

Open, locks, whoever knocks.

[*Exeunt all but the three Witches, R.H.U.E. and L.H.U.E.*

Enter MACBETH, L.H.U.E.

Mac. How now, you secret, black, and mid-night
hags?

What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Mac. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me
To what I ask you.

1st Witch. Speak.

2d Witch. Demand.

3d Witch. We'll answer.

1st Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our
mouths,

Or from our masters?

Mac. Call them, let me see them.

1st Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow : (1)—grease, that's sweeten
From the murder's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low ;
Thyself and office, deftly (2) show. (*Thunder.*)

*First APPARITION, an armed head, rises from the trap
in the middle of the stage.*

Mac. Tell me, thou unknown power,——

1st Witch. He knows thy thought ;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

Appa. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware
Macduff ;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me :—Enough.
(*Descends.*)

(1) Probably, Shakspeare caught the idea of this offence against nature from the laws of Kenneth the Second, King of Scotland : "*If a sowe eate hyr piggs, let hyr be stoned to death, and buried, that no man eate of hyr fleshe.*"

(2) Adroitly.

Mac. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd(1) my fear aright:—but one word
more—

1st Witch. He will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first. (*Thunder.*)

2d APPARITION, a bloody child rises.

Appa. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Mac. Had I three ears I'd hear thee.

Appa. Be bloody, bold and resolute; laugh to scorn,
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. (*Descends.*)

Mac. Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate; thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder. (*Thunder.*)

3d APPARITION, a Child crowned, with a bough in his
hand, rises.

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?(2)

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

Appa. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. (*Descends.*)

Mac. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest;(3) bid the tree

(1) To *harp*, is to touch on a passion as a harper touches a string.

(2) The *round* is that part of the crown that encircles the head. The *top* is the ornament that rises above it.

(3) *i. e.* Who can command the forest to serve him like a soldier impressed.

Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
 Yet my heart
 Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
 Can tell so much, shall Banquo's issue ever
 Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Mac. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
 And an eternal curse fall on you!— (*Thunder.—The
 cauldron sinks.*)

Let me know,
 Why sinks that cauldron? (*Groans without.*)
 And what noise is this?

1st Witch. Show!

2d Witch. Show!

3d Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
 Come like shadows, so depart.

*Apparitions of eight Kings, the last with a glass in
 his hand, followed by BANQUO, pass across the
 stage from R.H.U.E. to L.H.U.E.*

Mac. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
 Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—and thy hair,
 Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
 A third is like the former:—filthy hags!
 Why do you shew me this?—A fourth? Start, eyes!—
 What! will the line stretch out to the crack of
 doom?—(1)

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
 And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
 Which shews me many more:—

BANQUO enters,—and the Witches vanish, R.H.

Horrible sight!—Ay! now, I see, 'tis true!
 For the blood-bolter'd(2) Banquo smiles upon me,

(1) The dissolution of nature. *Crack*, has now a mean signification. It was anciently employed in a more exalted sense.

(2) To *bolter*, in Warwickshire, signifies to *daub*, *dirty*, or *begrime*.

And points at them for his.—What? is this so?—
Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—(1)
Come in, without there!

Enter SEYTON, L.H.U.E.

Sey. What's your grace's will?

Mac. Saw you the weird sisters?

Sey. No, my lord.

Mac. Came they not by you?

Sey. No, indeed, my lord.

Mac. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

Sey. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you
word,
Macduff is fled to England.

Mac. Fled to England?

Sey. Ay, my good lord.

Mac. Time, thou anticipat'st (2) my dread ex-
ploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it; from this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand: and even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
done.

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife: give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting, like a fool:
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool.—
Where are these gentlemen? [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

(1) In the ancient almanacks, the unlucky days were distinguished by a mark of reprobation.

(2) *Anticipate*, is here, to *prevent*, by taking away the opportunity.

SCENE II.—*The Country,—in England.**Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF, L.H.*

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword : and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom : (1) each new morn,
New widows howl ; new orphans cry ; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllables of dolour.

Mal. What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest ; you have lov'd him well ;
He hath not touched you yet.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. (2)

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my
doubts.
Why in that rawness (3) left you wife, and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking ?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country !
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee !—
Fare thee well, lord :

(1) Birthright.

(2) A good mind may *recede* from goodness in the execution of a *royal commission*.

(3) Without previous provision, without due preparation, without maturity of counsel.

I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Mal. Be not offended;
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right:
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself, I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful;
But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness.
The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them: but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uprouse the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh, Scotland! Scotland! (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak.

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live.—O nation, miserable,
 With an untitled tyrant, bloody-scepter'd,
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne
 By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
 And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
 Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore thee,
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
 Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
 These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
 Have banished me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
 Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
 Child of integrity, hath from my soul
 Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
 To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth,
 By many of these trains hath sought to win me
 Into his power: and modest wisdom plucks me
 From over-credulous haste;(1) but heaven above
 Deal between thee and me! for even now
 I put myself to thy direction, and
 Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
 For strangers to my nature.

What I am truly,
 Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
 Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
 All ready at a point, was setting forth:
 Now we'll together; and the chance, of goodness,
 Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
 'Tis hard to reconcile.—See who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not. (2)

(1) Over hasty credulity.

(2) Malcolm discovers Rosse to be his countryman, while he is yet at some distance from him, by his dress.

Enter ROSSE, L. H.

Macd. (*Crosses to the centre.*) My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good heaven, betimes remove

The means that make us strangers !

Rosse. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Rosse. Alas, poor country ;

Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot

Be called our mother, but our grave ; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;

Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy : (1) the dead man's knell

Is there scarce asked, for whom, and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true !

Mal. What is the newest grief ?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker :
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife ?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children ?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?

Rosse. No ; they were all at peace, when I did leave
them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech : how goes it ?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,

(1) *Modern*, is generally used by Shakspeare to signify *trite*, common ; and *ecstasy* is used for a temporary alienation of mind.

For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot :
Now is the time of help : your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither : gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men ;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like ! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.(1)

Macd. What concern they ?
The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief,(2)
Due to some single breast ?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe : though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever.
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum ! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd ; your wife, and
babes,
Savagely slaughter'd : to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry(3) of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven !
What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows
Give sorrow words ; the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too ?

(1) To *latch* (in the North country dialect) signifies the same as to *catch*.

(2) A peculiar sorrow, a grief that hath a single owner.

(3) *Quarry* is a term used both in hunting and *falconry*. In both sports, it means the game after it is killed.

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence !
My wife kill'd too ?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted :
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children,—all my pretty ones ?
Did you say, all ?—O, hell-kite !—All ?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop ?

Mal. Dispute(1) it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so ;
But I must also feel it as a man :
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look
on,
And would not take their part ? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee ! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls !

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword : let
grief
Convert to anger ; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine
eyes,
And braggart with my tongue !—But, gentle heaven,
(*Kneels.*)

Cut short all intermission ; (2) front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself ;
Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too ! (*Rises.*) [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

END OF ACT IV.

(1) Contend with your present sorrow like a man.

(2) i. e. all pause, all intervening time.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—LADY MACBETH'S *Chamber in the Castle at Dunsinane.*

Enter a GENTLEWOMAN and a PHYSICIAN, R.H.

Phy. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Phy. What, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Phy. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech. Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a Taper, R.H.

Phy. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Phy. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Phy. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Phy. Hark, she speaks.

Lady. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One: two; why then 'tis time to do't: Hell is murky!(1)—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Phy. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Phy. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Phy. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried: he cannot come out of his grave.

Phy. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done, cannot be undone; to bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit*, R.H.]

Phy. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Phy. More needs she the divine than the physician.
Look after her; (The *Gent.* crosses to R.H.)
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her,—
Good heaven, forgive us all!

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle at Dunsinane.**Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.**Enter MACBETH, and Attendants, R.H.*

Mac. Bring me no more reports; let them fly
all: (1)

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus:
*Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power upon thee*—Then fly, false
thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg (2) with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter 2d. OFFICER, R.H.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon! (3)
Where got'st thou that goose look?

2d Off. There is ten thousand——

Mac. Geese, villain?

2d. Off. Soldiers, sir.

Mac. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch? (4)
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors (5) to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

2d. Off. The English force, so please you.

(1) Tell me not any more of desertions. Let all my subjects leave me—"I am safe till, &c.

(2) *Swag*, sink down by its own weight.

(3) Base fellow.

(4) An appellation of contempt, alluding to the *pied*, *patched*, or parti-coloured coats, anciently worn by the fools belonging to noble families.

(5) They inflict others who see them with cowardice.

Mac. Take thy face hence. [Exit Officer, R.H.
Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
 When I behold—*Seyton*, I say!—This push
 Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
 I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
 Is fall'n into the sear, (1) the yellow leaf:
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have: but, in their stead,
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.—
Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON, R.H.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Mac. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Mac. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be
 hack'd.—

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Mac. I'll put it on.—

Enter the PHYSICIAN, L.H.

Send out more horses, skirr (2) the country round:
 Hang those that talk of fear.— [Exit Seyton, R.H.
 How does your patient, doctor?

Phy. Not so sick, my lord,
 As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
 That keep her from her rest.

Mac. Cure her of that:
 Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
 And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
 Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff,

(1) Dry.

(2) Scour.

Which weighs upon the heart?

Phy. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

*Enter SEYTON, with the King's Truncheon, and a
Marshal with his Armour, R.H.*

Mac. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—
If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou of
them?

Phy. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Mac. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.
(*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*)
[*Exeunt, R.H.*

SCENE III.—*Birnam Forest.*

(*A March.*)

*Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, LENOX,
ROSSE, and Soldiers, L.H.U.E.*

Mal. (In the centre.) Cousins, I hope, the days are
near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Macd. (R.H.) We doubt it nothing.

Siw. (L.H.) What wood is this before us?

Len. (Next to Mal. L.H.) The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,

And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Len. It shall be done.

Rosse. (*Next to Mal.* R.H.) We learn no other, but
the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Macd. 'Tis his main hope :
For where there is advantage to be gone,
Both more and less (1) hath given him the revolt ;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Siw. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Macd. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say, we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate ;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate : (2)
Towards which advance the war.

[*March.—Exeunt into the Wood,* R.H.]

SCENE IV.—*The Ramparts of the Castle at Dunsinane.*

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, *Marshal, and Attendants,* L.H.

Mac. Hang out our banners; on the outward walls,
The cry is still, *They come* :—Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague eat them up :
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,

(1) Greater and less—high and low.

(2) Determine.

We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.

(*A cry within, of women, L.H.*)

What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Mac. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell(1) of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON, L.H.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Mac. She should have died hereafter;

(*Crosses to L.H.;*)

There would have been a time for such a word.—

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and—to-morrow

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,

To the last syllable of recorded time;(2)

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,

And then is heard no more: it is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing.—

Enter First OFFICER, R.H.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

1st Off. Gracious my lord,

(1) My hairy part, my capillitium. *Fell* is *skin*.

(2) Not only the time that *has been*, but also that which *shall be* recorded.

I should report that which, I say, I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Mac. Well, say, sir.

1st Off. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Mac. Liar and slave !

1st Off. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so :
Within this three mile may you see it coming ;
I say, a moving grove.

Mac. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling(1) thee : if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much : —
I pull in resolution ; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth : *Fear not, till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunsinane ; — and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. — Arm, arm, and out ! —
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o'the world were now undone ! —
Ring the alarum bell : — blow, wind ! come, wrack ! (2) !
At least we'll die with harness(3) on our back.

(*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*)

[*Exeunt*, R. H.]

(1) *Clung*, in the northern counties signifies anything that is shrivelled or shrunk up.

(2) In the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides, the sentiment of Eteocles, in nearly the same situation, bears a striking resemblance to this of Macbeth.

—— ἴτω μὲν πῦρ, ἴτω δὲ φάσγανα,
Ζεύγυσθε δ' ἵππους, πεδία πίμπλασθ' ἁρμάτων,
Ὡς ἂν παρήσω τῷδ' ἐμὴν τυραννίδα.

Eur. *Φοινισσ.* A. I. Sc. 6.

(3) An old word for armour.

SCENE V.—*A Plain before the Castle at Dunsinane.**(Flourish of trumpets and drums.)*MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, LENOX, ROSSE, and
Soldiers, with boughs, discovered.

Mal. Now near enough; your leafy screens throw
down,
And show like those you are:—you, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Len. This way, my lord, the castle's best approach'd.

Siw. Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all
breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

(Alarums.)

*[Exeunt; Mal. Macd. Len. Scotch Banner, and
Six Guards, R.H.—Siw. Rosse, English Banner,
and Six Guards, L.H.]*

SCENE VI.—*A Court in the Castle at Dunsinane.**(Alarums.)**Enter MACBETH, R.H.*

Mac. They have tied me to a stake: I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.—*(Alarums.)* *[Exit, R.H.]*

Enter MACDUFF, L.H.

Macd. That way the noise is:—tyrant, shew thy face;

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
 My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
 I cannot strike at wretched kernes, (1) whose arms
 Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
 Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
 I sheath again undeeded.
 Let me find him, fortune! and
 More I beg not. (*Alarums.*) [Exit, L.H.]

SCENE VII.—*The gates of the Castle at Dunsinane.*—(*Alarums.*)

Enter MACBETH, *from* L.H. *through the gates.*

Mac. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
 On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
 Do better upon them. (*Going to* R.H.)

Enter MACDUFF, *through the gate, and coming down,* R.H.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Mac. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
 But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
 With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
 My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain
 Than terms can give thee out! (*Fight.*—*Alarums.*)

Mac. Thou losest labour:
 As easy may'st thou the entrenchant air (2)
 With thy keen swore impress, as make me bleed:
 Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
 I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
 To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
 And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,

(1) Common soldiers.

(2) Air which cannot be cut.

Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Mac. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man !
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter(1) with us in a double sense :
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole ;(2) and under-writ,
Here you may see the tyrant.

Mac. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last :—
Lay on, Macduff ;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold ! enough !*(3)
[*Alarums.—They fight.—Macbeth falls and dies.*
(*Flourish of trumpets and drums—shout, &c.*)

*Enter MALCOLM, ROSSE, LENOX, SIWARD, Gentle-
men and Soldiers, through the gate.*

Macd. Hail, King ! for so thou art : the time is
free :
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,(4)
That speak my salutation in their minds :
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, King of Scotland !

All. King of Scotland, hail !
(*Flourish of trumpets and drums.*)

(1) Shuffle with ambiguous expressions.

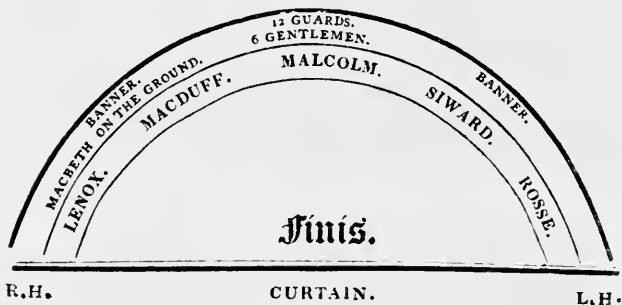
(2) That is on cloth suspended on a pole.

(3) By crying *hoo*, i. e. hold.—See p. 15, note 9.

(4) Wealth.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
 Before we reckon with your several loves,
 And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
 Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
 In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
 That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
 We will perform in measure, time, and place :
 So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
 Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
(Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.)

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



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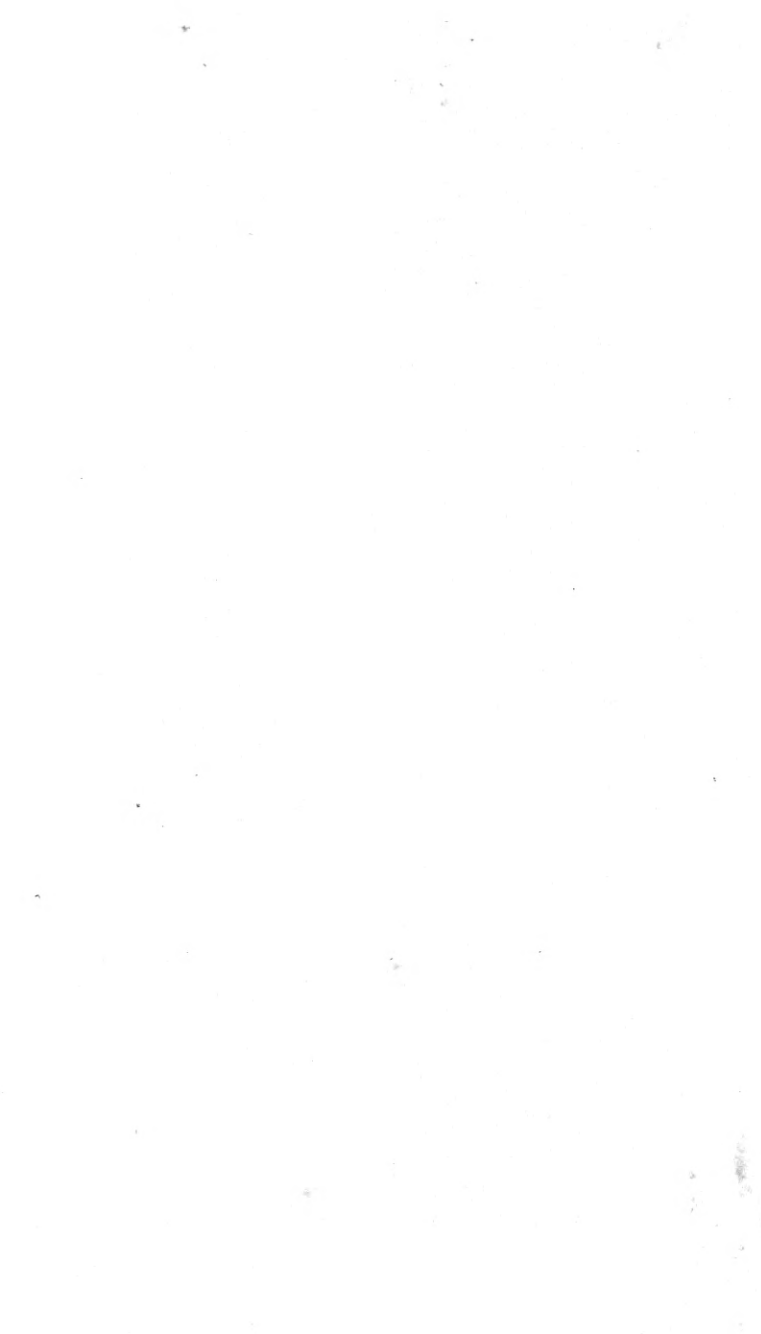
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